THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1911

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

It is a natural conception to think of history as partially bound to the regions of its development by a mysterious chain of which no rational explanation can be given. Under diverse forms, and at widely separated epochs, certain phenomena repeat themselves with singular constancy. It is of this odd and mysterious law that I always think when I go to Rome, and from the marvelous Janiculum contemplate the Vatican and St. Peter's.

The Roman Empire is not yet utterly destroyed. Even to-day in Rome there still sits upon his throne a direct successor to the Roman Emperor — the Pope. He bears the very title, Pontifex Maximus, with which the Emperors were once accustomed to adorn their names. He is the head of that spiritual and religious empire into which the material and political structure of the Roman Empire was transmuted at the downfall of ancient civilization. From Rome he still rules over interests and men scattered throughout the whole world, and the empire of which he is the head has the same constitution and is to-day affected by the identical maladies from which, even in its palmiest days, the Roman Empire was perpetually suffering. Again, as in the case of the Roman Empire, an Emperor is elected for life under purely autocratic methods, by virtue of which, as head of the Empire, he is invested with prodigious authority and burdened with responsibilities so enormous and of such diverse kinds that to cope with them demands talents vast and varied as the responsibilities themselves.

On the other hand, the field of choice from which a Pope is selected is now extraordinarily limited, and, as time goes on, becomes more so. Thus the probability of finding a man really adequate to the office grows steadily less. Just as the Emperor was elected by the Senate, the Pope is elected by the College of Cardinals. Again, the College of Cardinals is nominated by the Pope, just as formerly the Senate was nominated by the Emperor. This body is composed of seventy-two members. According to the canons of the Church, the Sacred College is unrestricted in the choice of Pontifex Maximus, and is freer by far than was the Roman Senate in the selection of an Emperor. According to the theory of the Church, the Sacred College may make its choice from among the dignitaries of the Catholic communion, from among the humble priests, from the monks, even from the ranks of the laity who have not received holy orders of any kind. Thus it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theoretically within the power of the Sacred College to make a choice such as will annihilate all the subordinate hierarchies of the Church, all privileges of authority, and distinctions of rank, in order, at a single stroke, to exalt him who was last to the first place, if only he be worthy to hold the first place.

This is no doubt a sublime doctrine. But broad and beautiful as it is in theory, little by little, by the attrition of the centuries, human passions and human interests have crystallized it within narrow limits. So far, indeed, has this process gone that the College of Cardinals has now little more freedom of choice than the Roman Senate, whose discretion was gradually curtailed until it became the sole privilege of the Senators to ratify a selection made by the deceased Emperor, who in default of direct heirs was accustomed to make the choice of his successor from among the little group of aristocratic families which surrounded him.

For centuries, according to the ancient custom, the Pope has been selected from among the College of Cardinals, — that is (since it is seldom that the College is complete) from among sixty-odd persons. In actual practice, however, the choice is far more restricted; for another custom, grafted upon the earlier practice, makes it an unwritten law that the Pope be chosen from among the Italian cardinals, — that is, from a group of not more than forty persons. But, again, this range of choice is still further reduced; for, from great age, from an uncertain condition of health, and from notorious mediocrity, a certain number of cardinals are sure to be withdrawn from consideration before each election. The veto of the Catholic powers, an absurd institution which everybody supposed had long since fallen into desuetude, but which, at the last conclave, was unexpectedly revived by Austria, adds still another limitation. The net result of this whole process is that the Pope is selected from amongst ten or twelve Italian cardinals.

While the field of choice lying open to the Consistory has been thus narrowed, the qualifications necessary to a successful candidate have been considerably and remorselessly increased. It was never, as we know, an easy task to rule the Church, even in the days when the world was more thinly populated, more ignorant of learning, more harmonious in matters of thought; but to-day the task is well-nigh superhuman. The reforms of Pius IX have made of the Church an absolute monarchy, and have put into the Pope's hands the conduct of the weightiest affairs. The doctrine of infallibility has created an iron solidarity among the pontiffs in all questions relating to morals and to dogma, for the work of one Pope can no longer be undone by his successors. At the same time, Catholicism has become enormously enlarged and diversified. Although the Church is *one* in its supreme hierarchy, there are in reality many Catholicisms. French Catholicism is a different thing from Spanish Catholicism; Austrian differs from Italian; Polish from Hungarian; North American from South American; and the significance of this lies in the fact that in these differentiations the Church is required to confront difficulties, conquer rivalries, exert influences and manage governments, all in endless variety.

From this consideration of the subject, it follows that the Pope ought necessarily to be cosmopolitan in spirit, with the capacity for serving comprehensively, and for watching faithfully, the greater part of the world from the cupola of St. Peter's. The more languages a Pope can know, the better. The larger the number of nations he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has visited, the more at ease will he be in the apartments of the Vatican. If he had crossed the Atlantic once, twice, many times, he would not have been wasteful of his time, but would merely have fulfilled the preparation essential to his office.

It is not enough that the Pope should be merely a cosmopolitan spirit. He must be a great theologian as well. One of the gravest of the questions which agitate the Church to-day is the reform of theology, which can no longer as hitherto be shut up in its ivory tower secure from the persistent and tireless attacks of the propaganda of the Protestant world and of liberal thought. In all countries of the civilized world, historical criticism has won such a following, and has acquired such a tight grasp upon the minds of men, that stubborn resistance to its investigations can only precipitate an irreparable disaster. Even in the New World, the powerful force of American Catholicism rises to grapple with the reform of theology. On the other hand, to come to an agreement with Protestant criticism and incredulous rationalism, after having for so many centuries waged war without quarter against them, is an undertaking almost infinitely difficult and delicate.

This delicate operation, these manœuvres of war and peace, ought to be carried on by the Pope upon the battlefield of theology and history. This was the policy of Leo XIII, who instituted the Commission for the Study of the Bible, which has been discontinued by his successor. Leo also always protected the Abbé Loisy, who has, on the other hand, been condemned by the present Pope.

But of all the problems which confront the Church, the most important are found in the multitudinous political interests of Europe, which the tumultuous current of present-day history swells in every nation with ever-increasing complication and violence. To-day the Church is at war with the French Republic. It is tacitly negotiating a clandestine peace with the Kingdom of Italy. In Germany, it sometimes supports, sometimes (by means of the party of the Centre) combats the policy of the Lutheran Empire. In Austria, it buttresses the old Catholic Empire of the Hapsburgs. In Spain, it seeks to stem the stream by erecting a dam across the rising tide of Liberalism. There can be no doubt that the Catholics in all nations act upon their own initiative, and that the Church of Rome now influences rather than directs; but praise, blame, stipulations, restraints, should pour forth continually upon the whole world from the paternal mind of the Pope, who from the cupola of St. Peter's beholds every day of his life the extermination of faithful flocks which God has confided to his care.

And so it is essential that the Pope should be an able diplomatist and a politician as well, capable of a complete understanding of both democracy and aristocracy. He must be as well adapted to conduct negotiations with the New World as with the Old World, with monarchies as well as with republics. He must have the ability to win the confidence of the desperate army of workingmen who labor in the workshops of huge industrial centres, without arousing the fears of their employers. He must know the art of soothing the exasperated patriotism of the oppressed Poles, without incurring the suspicions of the three nations which oppress them.

Finally, the Pope should be a man endowed with extraordinary physical vigor. Every day he must be able to perform a cruelly hard day's work. The whole year round it is his duty to dwell in Rome, never stepping out of his vast

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

palace and stupendous gardens. The climate of Rome is a little too hot for a civilization such as our modern one, which demands of men an intense, continuous, and rapid expenditure of nervous force, and which is therefore best able to flourish in rather cool countries. Since the unification of the nation has brought people of every section of Italy to Rome, it has often been the experience of us who live there, that men from the northern districts who go down to the capital to direct complicated political affairs or settle important economic questions in the interest of the Kingdom of Italy, are frequently heard to remark how much more peaceful life is in Rome than in other parts of the peninsula: in this gentle climate, beneath this luminous sky, in the midst of this vegetation almost approaching the luxurious growth of the Tropics. But in spite of the comfort of existence, many people complain that work in Rome is far more wearisome and difficult than at the foot of the Alps. And so many people repeat this complaint in so many different ways that it must have some validity.

It is of no avail against this argument to cite the great deeds which the ancient Romans accomplished under this sky and in these climatic conditions. Ancient civilization was much simpler. Its pace was far less rapid than is ours. It did not make its progress, as the modern world does, through the nervous force, intense, multiplied, and continuous, of millions of men. The building of the Roman Empire was accomplished at an immense expense of fatigue, but we must not forget that the labor of it was divided among many men, distributed through many centuries. To every generation was its little share allotted, and in the work every man played his little part.

To-day it is otherwise. We cannot, therefore, marvel if even for the Pope the necessity of supporting such anxieties and fatigue, the duty of ruling with such intense nervous force, may be a wearisome task.

This idea leads us to a new consideration. The Pope cannot moderate the effects of the climate by changing his residence at will. He cannot, for example, escape the heats of summer, which are especially pernicious for any one who has to use his brain without intermission. From January to December the Pope is immured in his palace. It is, I think, only with time that the world will come to appreciate how serious may be the results to the Church arising from this incarceration of her head within the walls of the Vatican since 1870, and what grave consequences her action in making this protest against the House of Savoy may entail. This action of the Church adds a new difficulty, a physical one, to the mass of existing difficulties which attend the selection of a pontiff. Until now, an accident has disguised the seriousness of this difficulty, for the Conclave of 1878 had the good fortune to choose a man who, within a slender body, concealed prodigious strength and an unparalleled physical adaptation to his environment. But if Leo XIII had also the traditional 'Pope's health,' it is impossible to believe that these gifts can always be found among all the papal cardinals.

To-day, change of residence has become a physical and moral necessity for every man devoted to intense and unremitting intellectual labor. Change is a means of renewing periodically the vigor of the body, the strength of the will, the elasticity of the mind; of sharpening the edge of the will and of the intelligence, when long-continued use has blunted it. The proof of this may readily be found among the Americans who work so hard and travel so much.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No matter how gifted a man may be with rich and rare faculties, no one, without deterioration, can apply himself, year in, year out, to intense labor while imprisoned in a few thousand square metres, even though within this little space there may be gathered for his refreshment the most famous beauties of the arts, the most perfect industrial appliances, and the choicest refinements of life. Life in the cloister must inevitably lay upon the greater number of those who have chosen to live there a heavy burden of physical fatigue which few indeed can bear.

From all of these considerations, a really effectual Pope ought to sum up in himself many diverse qualities, physical and intellectual, which it is very unusual to find united in a single personality. Indeed, if there is to be any chance of finding such a man as this, it is essential that there should be every opportunity of choosing him from among a large number of persons. But, as we have already seen, the selection of a Pope, instead of being made from a multitude of candidates, is restricted to a choice from ten or twelve persons. Even if these ten or twelve have themselves been chosen from a large body, we must remember that they have been chosen for other considerations. Is it probable that within this tiny group can be found that rarest consummation of human nature—a being endowed with all the necessary qualifications? One might well ask whether it is too bold to say that, under such conditions, it may indeed be impossible to find him. Leo XIII proved that a man such as this does sometimes exist. But surely, it is not over-bold to affirm that the possibility is small, and that the Church will run serious risks if she has not the strength to reform the methods of electing the Supreme Pontiff and to break the barriers of custom which today restrict the field of choice within such narrow limits.

American Catholics must not delude themselves by forming their opinions on the European situation from conditions at home, which, for the moment, happen to be far better. In Europe, times of peculiar difficulty for the Church are approaching. Any historian who has been on the watch for signs of the period will see absolute proof of this in the events in France, Spain, and Portugal. These crises are drawing near because the Catholic Church in so many nations of Europe forms one of the political forces which control the State; but of all these forces in every State it is the feeblest. Political parties, representing special policies, local financial interests, traditions, and national institutions — all these forces are narrow in their scope; but, for that very reason, they make a deeper impression, each in its own field of activity, than the universal Church, which exists everywhere and is everywhere feebler than the forces with which it contends; a Church whose doctrines can no longer embrace the many urgent material and ideal necessities of the contemporary world. In every nation the Church can exercise a certain influence by playing upon the discords which divide the other political forces. In each instance, however, the Church runs the definite risk of paying well for its pains through the temporary alliances, the swaps and dickers which the other forces are continually making with one another. In all this manœuvring, there is the ever-present risk of becoming the scapegoat of these transactions amid all the discords and difficulties which habitually beset the rivalry of contending parties.

A striking instance of this may be found in the history of contemporary France. If one wishes really to com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prehend what may happen, and what actually does happen, between Church and State in Europe, one must never forget that the anti-clerical policy — which was begun so circumspectly by Waldeck-Rousseau, and was subsequently prosecuted with a kind of fanatical energy by Combes — was primarily a policy introduced to divert the attention of the nation. The memorable struggle for the revision of the Dreyfus case had given rise to such a chaos of party government that at one time it seemed impossible to govern France unless, by some hook or crook, some portion at least of the Parliament and of the nation could be induced to unite in common cause against the enemy. Anti-clericalism was the means adopted to reconstitute a majority capable of carrying on a government in the French Parliament, and of creating in the nation a new current of interests and opinions. And this policy prevailed, as I have said, not because the Church was the most formidable among the social forces which created and complicated that terrific imbroglio, but because it was the feeblest of all of them. It was precisely because the Church was feebler than the great financial interests, the supreme bureaucracy, or even than organized industry, that it was possible to load the Church with all the blame; to cast upon her not only all her own but all her partners' guilt, and to ascribe to her almost every ill which in the events of recent years had irritated and exasperated the multitude.

Something very similar to this is to-day happening in Portugal and in Spain; and, in a greater or less degree, the same situation may be repeated in all the States of Europe in which the Church still preserves a measure of political power. It is for these reasons that many luminous intellects, like Fogazzaro, would like the Church to withdraw altogether from political controversy. Men such as these maintain that the Church should lay aside all ambition to a share in the government of nations by manipulation of the machinery of state; that she should resolve to become a simple, pure, and undisturbed school of religion and of morals; that she should expound to the masses the solution of the obscure problem of the beginning and of the end of all things — that problem which science cannot solve, which philosophy has striven for centuries to explain by formulæ too abstruse to be comprehensible to any but a few deep and serious natures; that problem of which religion alone, with the aid of the arts, can utter a solution such as may spread among the masses of mankind a new significance of the meaning of good and evil. These are ideas which have had especial favor and popularity in America, where religion has succeeded in divesting itself of so many political and worldly interests which in Europe still clog its movements.

If only doctrines such as these should one day prevail in the Church, there would certainly be no further necessity of choosing a Pope who is at once a great sage learned in theological lore, an expert judge of men, a philosopher, a politician, and a diplomatist. It would suffice if the Church were to choose a simple, pious man nourished in the pure tradition of the Gospels; and his simplicity would be all the more secure from the artifices of the diplomat and the wiles of the politician, since he would never have to meet them on their own ground.

But who can say that a revolution which goes to the very core of the Catholic Church is possible in the near future? It may be a mere figment of the American imagination, but the idea has its roots in European soil. For many centuries the Catholic Church

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has, in the eyes of the Old World, been a true administrative and political empire. Throughout the turbulent Occident, among the ruins of that mighty homogeneity broken in pieces by the barbarians, the Church has for centuries been regarded as the continuation of the Roman Empire. In Europe the political spirit of the Roman Empire is stamped deep with all the secular traditions of history; it is stamped by the very title which ornaments its head, even as the Roman Emperors, beginning with Augustus, decked themselves with the same title — Pontifex Maximus. It is not by chance, but from a cause which lies deeply embedded in history, that the residence of the head of the Catholic Church is a royal palace wherein abide the pomp and glory and the works of art with which kings are wont to surround themselves. Such a mass of tradition clusters about these venerable monuments, this storied record, these doctrines elaborated for centuries, these present intertwisted interests, that it cannot be wiped away in a few years.

And so it is that for some time yet the Pope must not only be a man of God, but a man of the world, and a finished politician after the manner of those Roman Emperors from whom he is descended, and whose line, incarnate in his person, still lives in Rome among the mutilated marbles of the Forum and the huge hulks of the ancient Baths.

And if the policy of the Papacy is to continue, the Church must find the expedient method of choosing at every vacancy a Pope who shall be a theologian of vast doctrinal learning, a politician of wide outlook, a diplomatist of sensitive instinct. The pious Pope, the example only of evangelical purity, is still a dream; nor does the time seem near in which the Holy Father shall be solemnly reinstated in the gorgeous palace of the Vatican as a symbol of regenerate Christianity. When the time comes for us to read that a simple, pious, unlearned man of God has once more made his appearance in the Vatican, among the subtle theologians, the astute diplomatists, the rulers of mankind, we may well say that a crisis is approaching. It is possible that this crisis may, through painful experience, finally come to simplify and purify the Church; but the generation which witnesses it, must feel the full force of the struggle. For the present, the Pope still dwells in Rome as Pontifex Maximus, successor of Augustus and of Trajan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POPE AND DEMOCRACY

BY WILLIAM CANON BARRY

FROM among the shadows that come and go upon the stage of royalty, there stands out in our time a most pathetic and arresting figure, Pius the Tenth, Pope of Rome. He, the Supreme Pontiff, combines in his own person claims which might appear at first view in deadly opposition; for his dignity comes by election and betokens a democratic triumph, while his powers are held to be supernatural, and not of this world. He is a king of men, yet by birth a peasant. Not born in the purple, he takes rank before Imperial Cæsar. Armed with unquestioned authority over tens of millions, he governs by divine right; yet whoso will may join or may quit the Catholic Church, since it is founded on the free choice and deliberate faith of its members. The American Republic itself is not more of a voluntary and sovereign society than is the Roman Communion. And the Pontiff on the Vatican Hill, like the President in the White House, rules by the people's selection of him for a trust that is more sacred than the interests of any passing generation, — liberty at Washington, religion at Rome. These are the highest services that can be rendered to mankind. Catholicism and Democracy are two Greek words, signifying the same thing; for it has been said 'The truth shall make you free'; *Veritas liberabit vos.*

How great these subjects are may be shown by their aptitude for rhetorical handling. They lend themselves to poetry as they demand enthusiasm, that is to say, the passionate vision of ideals, if we may aim at measuring their significance. The proof is that men and women have always been ready to die on behalf of the Republic and the Church. I should feel ashamed, however, to use rhetoric in speaking of Pius X, did it imply undue heightening of such facts as, related in cool prose, bear out my argument and prove him to be a most palpable instance of the likeness, the affinity, between Catholic and democratic principles.

It will not be charged upon me, I hope, that I am looking rather to forms than to realities, or declaring monarchy unchristian. But long before the American Constitution was dreamed of, and nearly two hundred years previous to the States-General of 1789, our leading theologians, Jesuits in the front, had affirmed that power comes to the ruler through the people, who are its immediate depositary. In resisting that superstition which makes kings irresponsible, these eminent teachers were following St. Thomas Aquinas; they did but repeat the lessons inflicted on European tyrants by the Papacy during its glorious Middle Age. To bring out the whole of the story by citation from documents is not now my design. Scholars know it well. Pope Leo XIII has thrown into lucid Latin the idea itself in his beautiful style; and the eloquent state paper which begins 'Immortale Dei,' or that other entitled 'Libertas,' will furnish me with warrant enough for the parallel on which I am insisting.

The sum of these things is that as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regards the persons who shall govern, the Catholic Church is a free elective system; that Catholics are as much members of a voluntary association as are the citizens of every true Republic; that the Pope himself is, according to the sublime ascription, 'Servant of the servants of God'; and that consequently he is at home in a democratic age, as he never could be under the yoke of the old absolute monarchies. Therefore he belongs to the future, not to the ancient *régime*.

I am quite unable to see how these positions can be denied by historians or overthrown by political philosophers. If any fact is clear in past centuries it is that the Papacy brought in, and has ever upheld, the distinction between Church and State, whereby absolute power finds a check to its exorbitance. The world-famous quarrels, lasting all through feudal times, renewed under Napoleon, and raging at this present hour, have always turned on the claim of the Holy See to independence. The Pope will never consent to be a state official like the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Metropolitan of Moscow. He will die rather than submit to an earthly government. He glories in the record of such past martyrdoms. And by independence he means the freedom which Catholics are everywhere to enjoy as regards their dogmas, their worship, their discipline, united to the head of their Church on earth.

If this be termed an *imperium in imperio*, then the Pope lays claim to it. He cannot give it up. Whether in Seville or Smyrna, in London or San Francisco, his spiritual jurisdiction is the same; but, evidently, it makes for freedom, supposes the willing assent of believers, and appeals to each as if alone; in other words, it implies democracy. For if I do not vote to be a Catholic there is an end of the matter. Faith is in a very definite fashion my free thought. And what the Pope demands for himself he demands for all who are on his side.

This it is which makes the pathos and the tragedy of a character such as Pius X. He cannot rely upon the forces of the world; they have turned against him. To the enemies who are bent on destroying Catholicism it may well appear that never before could they reckon so many chances in their favor. Liberals, Freemasons, Positivists, Socialists, Modernists, — a motley but united array; these gathering hosts are encamped over against St. Peter's shrine, in the Holy City, this year keeping holiday to celebrate their victorious advance. The Pope is beleaguered in the Vatican. A great painter, who could indeed dip his pencil 'in the gloom of thunder and eclipse,' might show us that solitary, saint-like apparition, clad in white raiment, lifting pure hands and beseeching eyes in prayer beneath a stormy sky, not daunted by the tumult and the shouting, saddened yet steadfast in the presence of anarchy, which boasts of itself under discordant names and flags of rebellion as pledged to the liberty it will not share with Catholics, to the progress it is making in civilization falsely so-called.

Pius X prays and does not surrender. He remains, in this day of rebuke and blasphemy, the champion of religious freedom. There is tragedy in the picture of a Vatican so beleaguered; but there is pathos, too; for these new Liberals — who are glorifying the Slave State, with its compulsory secular education, its collective despotism, its seizure of public and private resources — have almost persuaded their victims that the Pope is the people's enemy. Such is the amazing condition of the French and Latin world. If the Vatican were taken, absolute secular gov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernments would control and exploit it from end to end.

A prisoner in his own palace, undoubtedly, hard bestead by Apollyon's confederated hosts, Pius X might be compelled to come to terms with 'modern civilization' but for one thing. He holds the secret of democracy. What is it? you will ask. I answer, it is that which lay hidden or implicit in the Catholic Church from the beginning, — you may find it in the most astonishing sentences of St. Paul's Epistles, — but which was partly revealed by the printing-press, yet more by scientific method, by Galileo, Descartes, Newton, and at last by the revolutions that swept into limbo eighteenth-century Europe. Let me call it the universality of man. Wherever man is, in spite of race, color, custom, tradition, there is Humanity whole and entire. If you will throw yourself upon some instinct or power common to all, no space can imprison you. Neither Jew nor Greek nor Scythian, but human, as right, duty, science, religion — those laws and discoveries of man thinking universally — are human, — in this lies the secret.

Now what, by definition and purpose, as well as by strenuous endeavor from the first, does the Catholic Church declare itself to be? 'Universal' is the very style and title which it assumes. The Pope is international, ubiquitous, pervading the whole organism by a constant action to which every part and element makes reply. He is the visible embodiment of a universal power, just as science is, or printing, or true philosophy; and he simply cannot become a mere local name. The Vatican does not hold him in; the Papacy is as wide as the world. He is an incarnate idea, appealing to mankind at large. But this, and nothing else, is what we understand by Democracy, the inheritance common to all. You remember Napoleon's account of it, which Carlyle thought so admirable: 'A career open to talent.' The talent of talents is religion, and Catholicism knows the way to its use. If the City of Man does not suffer a miraculous change into the City of God, — if the New Jerusalem foretold by prophets, beheld in visions of the night by saints, is a myth and a delusion, — what profit in our Republic, though never so free? We must be free to conquer and possess divine things.

Hence, the Pope's unique situation comes out more vividly on our modern background every year, in the decay of Churches once upon a time dogmatic as Rome itself, and as the newer sects multiply. For he abides, the keeper of divine knowledge, or as we say, of Revelation, maintaining its literal truth, its place in history, against dissolving critics, on behalf of the multitude who cannot live by criticism. Cardinal Newman was speaking with scientific precision when he described the Pope as 'heir by default of antiquity.' Who, he suggested, has brought down to Western civilization the religious treasures of the past, if Rome has not? With equal point we may affirm that Pius X is heir by remainder of Christianity, which in the strongest among non-Catholic bodies would seem stricken unto death by those portents termed Monism and Modernism. I state facts; the evidence is at hand; too abundant, alas, and growing night and day. Revelation is in charge of St. Peter's successor. He is the king, priest, and prophet whom the world must see and hear, whether it will or no. In the language affected by Kantians, he holds of the transcendental. Faith tells us that he has the keys of eternity. The thousand churches of unbelief admit or insist that no one else puts forward this bold pretension, or would deserve a moment's credit in comparison with him. If Pius X is not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the greatest of impostors, he is what he calls himself, the Vicar of Christ.

I grant, and all Catholics with me, that if Christ be dead once for all, never having risen and never to come again, the Pope will die too. But mark how we stand toward the movements of this time. At heart neither Monist nor Modernist — to say nothing of the vulgar Socialist — believes in anything real except his own mind. He cannot get away from himself. All that he magnifies under the name of humanity — whatever he would fain take to be Christ or God — is the Brocken-shadow projected by his dreams on the void beyond him. To that complexion he has already come, or must come; for by the philosophy of modern skepticism, current among all these reformers, man is imprisoned in his own Ego. He has created God and Christ, and now is uncreating the work of his hands. This will leave him with his world of the five senses, and physical science as their instrument. Do we seek illustrations? Let us read the journals of life in New York, Paris, Berlin. Outside Catholic influence and that which the separated Churches have not yet lost of it, what do men and women live by? Not by ideals, nor with a view to establishing ideals. The springs of conduct are interests and passions; Utopia when it arrives is to make a life beyond the grave superfluous and incredible. The dispute between rich and poor, as carried on by Social Democrats, is not for righteousness' sake, but for possession.

Yet man has that within which transcends the shows of time; he is and will be religious, that is to say, a lover of eternal things; and prophets he must have, true or false, who will bring him a message from the unseen. To tell him that his dreaming fancy has created God and Christ is to drive him upon moral suicide. Since the Eternal exists, there shall be some way of grasping it; on that he is determined. The history of Religion, with its splendors and its sorrows, is man's answer to theories of the Unknowable. His heart leaps up at the saying in Pascal, 'Thou hadst never sought Me, hadst thou not known Me.' And lo, the undying power of Catholic dogma, which, in affirming Bible, Creed, Sacraments, Papacy, has done for an experimental and sure acquaintance with religious realities the same service that modern science has rendered to physics and biology. It has discovered, and afterwards democratized, the method of Religion. Taking to itself the most ancient symbols, building its Holy Place in Rome between East and West, it holds out Revelation to all tribes and tongues, as from a central shrine.

Rome is the Christian Delphi. The Vatican is still the oracular Mount of Vision. Whatever else it was, or may be, forms but an episode in the supernatural history which it carries onward. The Roman Empire was its preparation; the Kingdom of Italy is a guest in one of the Papal Courts, and may pass with to-morrow. Papal Rome cannot pass. It is the organized and concrete shape of that Bible religion which has called out of chaos Europe and America, subduing their peoples to Roman law, Greek philosophy, and the God of Israel. It is antiquity living and moving in the world of to-day.

A living, not a dead antiquity, that is my contention; and the seeming paradox will bear a great weight of argument. Scholars delight in the wonderful changes which were due to the Renaissance, — changes transfiguring art and literature. But of the Catholic Church we may say that it is a perpetual Renaissance, without which the younger peoples would be utterly divided from the past. And how grotesque, how uncultivated, is a present

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so shut in upon itself! Among the English-speaking races, when attempts are made to found a new religion, what monstrous births affront the light: Mormonism and Eddyism, most unbeautiful to behold! Culture is the safeguard of genius in religion as elsewhere; the saint should edify, not lay waste, the sanctuary. At all events, Catholic usage binds and builds up; it is original even when observant of tradition; and Rome is the Mother of Saints.

We need only glance at Pius X to learn how magnificent and stubborn a character may be developed on purely orthodox lines, by a training into which not one single principle has been admitted from outside. Your common schools in America, we are told by observers, do not create strong men. But the Catholic seminary does; the master of novices in a religious order knows how it may be achieved. Heroic resistance to evil seems in the eyes of Pius X as plain and clear a duty as attending on lepers in Molokai seemed to Father Damien. Our annals of the latest canonized men and women are crowded with figures like these. The Catholic standard is always heroism; and every good priest or nun expects to be found in some minority which wins by suffering.

Thus I am brought to the strange position of latter-day Catholicism and of the Papacy, which journalists, or even statesmen, cannot reduce to any formula, satisfactory to themselves. Sharp-eyed reporters look in at our churches, sketch in glowing colors the scenes they present, and go away profoundly ignorant of the spirit therein. To newspapers, taking and making impressions of this kind only, the Catholic Church is all parade, panorama, and at best a Passion-play. No view could be more misleading. These journalist-eyes are traitors to the vital fact. Politicians, again, feel toward the Pope much as that English philosopher did who defined him as the ghost of Cæsar, sitting crowned on his tomb. The Holy See is a Great Power, yet unsupported by fleets or armies, somehow spell-binding large populations, marring the symmetry of the State, vexatious and unmanageable—in short, Cæsar's ghost wandering at large. But neither Cæsar nor ceremonies will exhaust the mystery of that disturbing force. There is in it something beyond nature, hence it appears almost spectral in common daylight. Thanks to its supreme impulse, into every form of art and energy it can pour its inspiration, from Palestrina's music to the lowliest offices in prison, hospital, almshouse.

But its miracle, every day repeated, is the new-creation of men. Catholicism, taking hold of its subject under any condition offered, begins at the heart, moulds the will, subdues the intellect, and sends out of its spiritual retreat to fight, if necessary to die, the creature it found a slave and has made, by obedience, free. This wonder it can do for any race, however low down in the scale—for Australians, Chinese, Central Africans, Malays, taming and lifting them, as it tamed and lifted our wild forefathers of the forest and the ocean. It makes Christians by making men. Is not that the true Democracy?

Consider, if it be so, what follows. A genuine Catholic, man or woman, is inured to self-control and ready for self-sacrifice. With transcendent calm the Church requires of her clergy and religious orders that they shall renounce home, forsake their kindred, labor without reward, and die without notice. She recruits them from all ranks, by the ten thousand; and they succeed so brilliantly that, after the persecutions and spoilings on every side, they stand in the twentieth century em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

battled, the mightiest army of conservative forces on earth. Their identity of principles sustains a discipline by which all move on, Pius X leading, but no more a master than the babe christened yesterday. He did not make the Church; the Church made him. What he says and does, any priest would do and say who was throned in St. Peter's Chair. Yet not by mere policy, not as kings read speeches that ministers have composed for them, but from heartfelt conviction, as one, and as affirming that which all believe. If M. Loisy or another dissent, he falls out, as it were in obedience to a law of gravity; the faithful drop away from him, and he becomes, ever since Lamennais, a lonely heresiarch without a following.

All the signs tell us that while the Reformed bodies disintegrate, the Church of Rome concentrates; and that by a rapidly growing instinct, or by the sense of danger, as if a world-crisis were at hand, we may picture what is happening in two strokes: persecution without, Modernism within. These are the perils of the last times. How shall they be met?

By persecution I understand the effort to put down real Christianity, to secularize education, and to destroy family life. In all countries, by no means excepting the United States, this Antichrist wields great power; but his headquarters are, as we should expect, at Paris. From the City of Light he rays out darkness. In the name of a free people, he stamps his image and prints the mark of the beast on millions of children forced into his training-schools. He confiscates the property of religious orders, and flings them out of France. He professes to be an atheist, and will not suffer God to be mentioned in books of history. It is the head and front of his design to make it impossible that a priest should teach, or so much as breathe, in the liberal air of enlightenment. To the supernatural Church he opposes the all-too-natural school, where young children are taught freedom from every law except state law. Moral anarchy, protected by an absolute government, is the goal to which democracy of the French type rushes onward at accelerated speed. Moral anarchy, judging by symptoms and statistics, will yet claim a footing in free America. The average citizen, brought up in a school without God, feels bewildered for want of guidance, and drifts whither impulse takes him. His mind is a chaos; he has never been taught to obey others, or to control himself. He is not the mighty atom, but the feeble unit. And so he drifts, and democracy in his wake, toward Niagara.

He drifts, I say, — hopelessly. All his works prove it. The organized powers, which have robbed him of his public resources, exploit him and them. He has no resisting force, simply because he never knew what it was to rely on the divine arm; and he is weak because he is undisciplined, selfish, and separated from the brethren. This peculiarly modern man is the exact opposite of the Catholic. But he forms the majority: a disorganized, anarchic majority, taught what it shall do by newspapers, and those not its own. An unstable majority, lost in eager money-making, and trivial or obscene amusements. An untrained majority, which cannot fight the lordly syndicate it abhors; and what would it do if an army of resolute aliens, broken to the laws of war, came against it? Perhaps it would learn then, by anguish and defeat, that the condition of victory is obedience.

That is an old principle in the Catholic system. We are in a minority; be it so. But our regiments know how to march, and how to fight. In a few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years, if the French persecution goes on, and the other Latin States follow its example, such an awakening may be looked for as will surprise the world. These fiery trials have their purpose. They burn up the chaff; they clear the ground; we know what has been their effect in Ireland, in Poland, in Catholic Germany, in Belgium. Moreover, we are laying the foundations of a new Christendom. The old was established by law and privilege; deservedly so, for the Popes had rescued Europe from barbarism. But this which I contemplate as the grand event, the golden age, in a world regenerate, will found itself on free human choice, on the gradual drawing together of Christian elements, wherever existing, into a society ruled by the mind of the Master. It will be a visible kingdom, yet no force save that of opinion will hold its parts in their due place and rank. It will deserve to be called an International, but not an Empire. Language, race, boundaries, flags, will put no limits to its influence. The world is moving on all paths toward this confederation, not military, nor political, but of the higher type cherished by Catholicism from the day of Pentecost. In Virgilian words, prophetic when first uttered, 'Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo.' The people reign; they must have religion; there is none that can meet the demands of civilized order save the Christian; and historical Christianity is centred in Rome.

Such, in substance and principle, would be the Catholic answer to prophets of evil who imagine that where democracy flourishes the Church cannot live. These men do not perceive that modern anti-clerical governments, French or Italian, are nothing else than forms of the Servile State, and that 'Secularism' is merely a false religion. But Rome has long known these truths. Rome has a clear policy of resistance, and appeals from Cæsar, republican or monarchical, to conscience, to freedom, and to the people. We have seen that strong attitude maintained from the dawn of the French Revolution until now, — a period of one hundred and twenty years. On the other hand, Catholicism makes way at a growing rate in the United States and the British Empire. And why? Because in such countries government lets it alone. There the enthusiasm which works miracles finds free scope. Hence, although unwilling to yield up her chartered rights at the bidding of her enemies, Rome has never been afraid of dealing directly and democratically with the millions. She welcomes the hour when her teachers can address them face to face.

The Pope himself is as accessible in the Vatican to pilgrims of every clime and every color as a father to his children; and they come to him more and more. He is not a recluse, not a veiled prophet, not simply a name, but familiar as no other living ruler to all his faithful. This, too, is exceedingly modern. The great era of public audiences and world-celebrations dates from Pius IX; it covers a range of sixty years. Thanks in large measure to the facilities granted by science, the Pope now governs by personal action as he has never done at any previous epoch. Moreover, three Pontiffs have reigned, in all, nearly seventy years. Their policy, amid complications never before experienced, has been consistent from the religious point of view, and so far a success that no hostile power has been able to score a victory over it except by brute force. Germany, in the person of Prince Bismarck, went to Canossa; Piedmont is merely entrenched in Rome; France discovers that even M. Briand was giving way before the Catholic conscience. In seventy years no surrender has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been registered. But there are more Catholics, and better Catholics, too, in the civilized world than ever.

Great changes are hanging over us. Demands of intellect and energy unprecedented in extent will be made on the supreme Pontiff, as on every man who holds in his hands immense public charges. But the Pope is not so much an individual as the embodiment of a system, and that system at once rigid in principles and astonishingly flexible in matters of detail so long as the faith is secure. 'It treats the world,' says J. A. Froude, in his biting way, 'alternately as an enemy to be encountered, or as an instrument to be bent to its own designs, and caring nothing for any institution but itself; free from all prejudices in favor of any nation or any political form of government, it allies itself with all the principles which sway successively in the various organizations of society. Monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, it accepts them all.' Nevertheless, Froude, on the same page, declares that 'the Holy See remains unchanged, and incapable of change.'

What can be the meaning of characteristics opposed in this manner? Surely that the Catholic spirit is one, persisting under every reign, be it long or short; that individual genius will always find itself mastered by the tradition of which it is the keeper; in American language, that the President passes, but the Constitution is immortal. We may use up our popes as the French use up their ministers; how can that signify when the Church's mind is the same? Changes, I repeat, are to be expected in a changing world. They move toward democracy; they will bring about a common sharing in all that is best, in the treasures of religion, culture, art, science, human fellowship. It is impossible that the future should not inherit the past. Now, the past is gathered up in Christian Rome. And Rome without the Pope would be a desolation as Virgil's hero beheld it,—

'passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro, et lautis mugire Carinis.'

Our problem is formidable, as never perhaps in any previous era, but it is simple. Regarded in the light of a method to direct life, science has been declared bankrupt. It cannot define what we should live by; that purpose, that final cause, we learn from a teacher the latchet of whose shoe science, physical or biological, is unworthy to loose.

Again, the large plausible schemes of Humanitarians come to nothing, for they despise, if they do not deny, man's immortal yearnings; and where is their obligation? how shall they persuade any man picked out of the crowd to sacrifice for a posterity unknown his present pleasure? Socialism makes an end of freedom, and man would be free. The Catholic Church, while enhancing his freedom, holds up for imitation a perfect human life, supplies abundance of motives to minds and tempers the most varied, teaches with authority, and proves her teaching by experience. The Communion of Saints has been a thousand-fold kinder to man and his works than the best-meant Communion of goods among non-Christians ever could be; and we know how these attempts have ended. I do not hesitate to say that democracy without religion is slavery, more or less disguised. No force on earth can balance it except a power that derives its origin from heaven. The safeguard of liberty for the people and, when need shall be, against them, is Revelation.

At such a time of intellectual confusion the challenge of Modernism rang out, asking Catholic dogma to disarm before the enemy. There was to be no Revelation, but only men's accumu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lated fancies, which converted some Oriental documents into the written word of God, and magnified a mere Hebrew peasant as His Son. If the Church would bow to this philosophy of unbelief and make-believe, she might find indulgence at the bar of science and history; otherwise, her doom was sealed. By the most daring of pious frauds she had won her great dominion; by confessing it she would win a greater still. With infinite delicacy, with unction almost apostolic in its fervor, and with a pleading earnestness, the new Concordat was urged upon Rome. Other Churches, or at least many of their representative clergy, were hastening to sacrifice the truth of the letter that they might save the spirit of a hardly-pressed Christianity; why should the Vatican hold out? It was not a question of one doctrine, but of all; yet how easy to mutter the word 'Pragmatism,' and reduce eternal truths to the opinions of a Time-Spirit, who had spoken Hebrew before learning Greek, and had discarded Latin for German as he traveled down the centuries! The mind of Christ, after all, was but a name for the views of theologians, beginning with St. Paul, about Him. He was a creation of religious genius.

And the answer came, without delay, from a peasant, exalted because of his simple Christian faith and saintly life to the infallible Chair. It was given him, at an unexampled moment, to save the Creed. I compare him, in that hour of distress, to Lincoln; and, in doing so, I would honor the American patriot, the Roman Pontiff. These otherwise very unlike men had one thing in common: each knew what was at stake. Their clear vision was owing to their grand, their heroic simplicity. Lincoln saw that the Union must be preserved at whatever cost, if democracy were not to perish from off the face of the earth. He has said it in words that will endure with those of the Athenian Pericles, consecrating freedom in its springtide on the shores of Hellas. And Pius X is our Lincoln, who saw that if Revelation is not a dream and the Gospel a lie, the Church must maintain her dogma, — though it should drive thousands into revolt. But the Union was brought out safe, doubtless that popular rights and elected governments might have their day. The Church, in like manner, stands foursquare to all the winds that blow. When Pius quits the scene, Peter will not die. What signify the political vicissitudes of Italy in comparison with a new Christendom, planted securely on the faith once delivered to the Saints? That is a power to move the world, when our little jarring sects of Liberals and Freethinkers shall have sunk into the deeps out of which they arose.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARY

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THE Birth Register declares that Mary was born in 1880; but for my part I can hardly believe it. For Mary's record proves, by internal evidence, that she lived in a future so remote from the present that she cannot have been born in the past. I have never been able to understand how there can be any basis in history for the lives of people who are in advance of their age; and Mary was greatly in advance of hers. Thus I am wholly at a loss to construct a tense which would convey an idea of the date of Mary's birth. Even the paulo-post-futurum would be, in my opinion, far too early.

Although Mary was a New Woman, she was certainly the most charming of my friends. This is not a novel; none the less I cannot refrain from recording that Mary had a tall and graceful figure, and, in the judgment of all men and some women, a perilously beautiful face. She was gay, witty, mordant, audacious — and she had other qualities of a like nature which, though theoretically not lovable in women, have the property of causing them to be loved. And with these went an endowment of the softer graces which, even if the others had been absent, would have endowed her personality with a desolating force. Moreover, she was an M.A.

As to the New Womanhood represented by Mary, I must confess myself in a difficulty. It is, I believe, the old trouble about the definition of terms; though Mary always herself set it down to my want of intelligence. In one sense every woman you meet is most emphatically a New One; and the last one met is always so surprising as to leave most people incapable for the time being of apprehending anything Newer. But the phrase on Mary's lips had a technical signification to which she attached great importance; and this meaning, there is reason to think, is very hard to convey to persons who lack a Special Training.

Lacking this training myself, I was never a good subject for enlightenment, though Mary took great pains to enlighten me. I could never grasp the point at which the Newness of the New Woman began. As I listened to her explanations, I invariably fell a victim to the association of ideas and fancied I was hearing a lecture on Archæology: a distinct flavor of antiquity would come into my mouth and I would begin to think about Mother Eve and Jezebel; about Schliemann's discoveries at Troy; about the Taj Mahal; about the ladies whose residuary forms are to be seen in the mummy cases at the British Museum — and so on.

Mary was not domesticated, and pitied those who were. She earned her own living easily, and maintained a rather elegant little flat in the West End. To her excellent father, who was a Baptist minister, she was a sore perplexity; to her ignorant and bigoted mother she was an object of bitter aversion. Her sisters were afraid of her; and her brother, who was going

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be a missionary, could n't 'make her out.'

When Mary lived at home, there were daily scenes; and her occasional visits, after she had become independent, seldom failed to raise a breeze. Her father was often heard to lament 'that he had ever sent her to college,'—an enterprise which had cost him half his income and deprived him of his daughter. Night and morning he prayed for her return to straight paths—openly in family prayers, privately as he walked his rounds, or after he had retired to his room. He would lie awake for long hours—praying for Mary, and when at last he fell asleep he would pray for her in his dreams. But the heavens were deaf to his entreaties. The more he prayed the more 'dreadful' became Mary's views. How the good man managed to retain his faith in the efficacy of prayer, and to uphold that of his flock, I know not.

Looking down upon the actual world from her view-point in the Nietzsche enlightenment, Mary saw nothing but stupidity. She saw society based upon stupid conventions; she saw civilization devoted to stupid aims; she saw religion nurtured on stupid illusions. And of all the stupid things in this stupid world, the British Public was the stupidest. One debt, and one debt only, did Mary acknowledge to society: it provided her with 'subjects'—subjects for mirth, subjects for brilliant satire, subjects for extremely profitable literary enterprise. Mary had already written two plays, one of which had been accepted by a London manager. It dealt of course with the marriage problem, and the elegant little flat was its fruit. One often wondered what occupation would be left for a person of Mary's gifts if his lot should happen to be cast in a world where there was no marriage problem, or in an age when the British and other Publics had sloughed off their stupidity and become as clever as Mary herself.

Indeed, I was often surprised that Mary should keep acquaintance with a person like myself. I now believe that it was my excessive stupidity, and that alone, which drew her to my doors. In me she found gathered up, in a cheap and easily accessible form, the various illusions which it was her mission to defy and shatter, and thus she obtained, in the time required for smoking two cigarettes, a familiarity with current obscurantisms which would otherwise have involved her in weeks of laborious observation. There is no cherished conviction of mine on any subject which has not been exploded by Mary a score of times. So often has she raked me fore and aft in the presence of my family and of my friends; so often has she compelled me to admit, in spite of myself, that my views were those of a perfectly irrational being; so often has she turned the laugh against my idols; so often has she converted my serious arguments into good stories to be told at my expense, that it strikes me as very strange that I still should love her memory. I could not have endured it from another person. But, somehow, I enjoyed being made ridiculous by Mary. Nay, when I was dragged, after much reluctance, to see her play, 'The Fall of Polly,' on the night of its two hundred and fiftieth performance, and saw everything that I loathed held up to honor, and everything that I honored trampled in the mud, I was still not offended, but rather gratified, for I remembered that Mary had done it; and when she appeared before the curtain I cried, 'God bless her!'—to the infinite amusement of the people in the stalls.

'Have you seen "The Indiscretions of Gwendoline?" she said to me one day, 'it's the greatest drama of modern times.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'No,' I answered, 'I've not seen it. I never go to the theatre, if I can avoid it.'

'Poor thing! Why don't you come out of your hole?'

'Because I like my hole. It's warm and comfortable.'

'You're an incarnation of the whole British Public — at least you would be, if you were not so thin.'

'Mary,' I said, 'you're playing with fire.'

'Quite so. But your hole, that you find so comfortable, is warmed by the fires that people played with in the past. We're warming the hole for the future, and using the smoke for driving you out of yours.'

'Mind you don't get suffocated in your own smoke.'

'Dearest uncle! I'll work you a pair of nice warm slippers for your next birthday. But tell me — have you read "Les Aveugles"?'

'What?'

'"Les Aveugles" — it's all the rage in Paris. The plot turns on the problem of —'

'Not another word, Mary. It makes me sick to hear you speak of this.'

'And so say all of you! And because you say it, the curse hangs heavy on millions of human lives.'

'Silence!'

'Well said, old mole! But I'm not so easily shut up. I've not taken part in Suffragette demonstrations for nothing. And how, pray, do you propose to deal with the evil?'

'Rather than tell *you*, Mary, I'd tear my tongue out.'

'Which is only a melodramatic way of expressing your childlike innocence of the whole matter. Well, I've something to say about that question, and before six months are out all London will be talking about it.'

'Under its breath, I trust. But, Mary, does this mean that you are writing another play?'

'It does.'

'Don't — dear Mary, don't! What cursed spite has doomed a sweet young girl like you to sully her fingers with such filth! You're floundering in a bog of lies. Get out of it, for God's sake! Take a cottage in Surrey, with three acres and a cow — and a pony and cocks and hens. Milk the cow and clean out the pony's stable and put your play on the fire-back, and you'll become a sane woman."

'Ferocious Puritan,' said Mary, 'we'll crop your ears and put you in the pillory as soon as the New Order begins. But you're a dear old ignoramus, all the same. Have you never read in those learned books of yours that the grossest subjects lose their grossness under the transmuting touch of Art? What about Keats and the Pot of Basil?'

'Fudge!' I said. 'If Keats had been obsessed by any such theory he would never have written a line worth remembering. Fancy Shakespeare sitting down to write a psychological play! Why, Mary, can't you see that all your characters are just marionettes? Your 'Fall of Polly' is no more a drama than Punch and Judy is. I fancied I saw you pulling the strings; and really, my girl, you pulled them rather clumsily at times.'

'It's made my fortune, anyhow,' said Mary.

'No doubt. But if your estimate of British stupidity were a trifle more thorough-going, you'd understand why. The play succeeds because it contains just the kind of humbug that pleases people who want to think themselves as clever as you are. And there's another reason which your denomination is rather slow to see. You flatter yourselves that you are widening the horizon of the British public, while all the time you are only providing them with the low sensations they love. Without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that salt to flavor your dish, nobody would ask for it. That's what makes it go down.'

'This,' said Mary, 'is both stupid and commonplace. The glory of the modern drama, if you could only see it, is that for the first time in history we are putting plays on the stage that are true to human nature, and express the fundamental needs which convention has suppressed.'

'Fudge again!' I said. 'Your notion that life is acted psychology is the fundamental lie which dooms the whole array of your novels and plays to the dung-hills of history. Fortunately for the world, there are some strings in human nature which not even Ibsen and Nietzsche can teach you to pull. And I'll tell you another thing. People nowadays — thanks to your doings — love to imagine themselves in situations which they have n't the courage to touch in real life. Provide them with that sort of imagery, and they will pay you well. Meanwhile they are losing interest in the actual world because it fails to yield them the spiced poison diet of your impossible psychology. And there is not a single thing they learn from you which one in ten thousand is bold enough to translate into action.'

'You've said that twice over,' answered Mary, 'and I'm doubtful if it's worth saying at all. Besides I've heard it before: it's quite a commonplace. However, you admit that one person in ten thousand has the courage to *do* something. Don't you think the example of that one may hearten up the others in course of time?'

'No, I don't. The one imagines, no doubt, he's going to be a lighthouse. And he invariably turns out a shipwreck.'

'Indeed! What about ——' And Mary mentioned names, beginning with George Sand, and ending with the heroine of the last sensational novel.

'A most illustrious company,' I said. 'But, Mary, don't you think it a trifle inconsistent that you who preach the duty of being original should yet find your type of originality in women who have defied convention on a solitary point? After all, there is no fixed way of being original; not even that of running off with another woman's husband. Can't you invent a new sin? The monotony of this one is appalling.'

'The newness consists in the way you do it,' said Mary, 'and the ways of doing it are endless. I've invented over forty myself. In fact, there's nothing that gives more scope to the imagination.'

'I wish you'd stop inventing them, and invent a new mouse-trap instead. This house is overrun with mice, and a really efficient trap would be a boon indeed. Society would be even more grateful for a new mouse-trap than for a new form of breaking the marriage vow. Besides, Mary, I'm old-fashioned enough to be thinking that your imagination could find as much scope and more wholesome occupation in some other field. And then think how easily people who want those things can invent them for themselves. Whereas a good mouse-trap is a work of genius, and utterly beyond the compass of most of us.'

'Well,' said Mary, 'you'll be pleased to hear that I'm not going to invent any more. At least I'm first going to try some experiments. Meanwhile I'll think about the mouse-trap.'

She put a finger to her lips and stared into the fire. Her last words startled me, for they were spoken in a deep voice which Mary always used when she meant more than she said. When, a moment later, she turned her eyes upon me, they were full of tears. She sprang from her seat, grasped my hand and departed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

As we have seen, Mary was, in her own way, a philosopher. Under the guidance of Nietzsche and other kindred spirits, she had excogitated or perhaps stolen, a *Weltanschauung* — a view of life. Up to a certain point in her career, Mary's view of life resembled that of several other philosophers in being a view, and nothing more. That is to say, it was something wholly apart from the life of which it professed to be a copy. Life existed for the purpose of providing clever people, like herself, with the opportunity of viewing it, criticizing it, and, in the case of very clever people, of making fun and money at its expense. That any one should make the attempt to *live* according to his views of life had never occurred to Mary as a serious proposition; for according to her philosophy — I mean the unconscious part of it — views were not made for life, but life for views. Nor had she ever reflected on the hideous ruin and combustion that would fall — not on life, which is sublimely tolerant of such things, but on the world of 'views' itself — if those who professed them were compelled by Act of Parliament to live up to their professions.

To an impartial outsider it would have been plain that Mary's emancipated views, which appeared so appalling in the eyes of the excellent Baptist minister, were in point of fact relatively innocuous; inasmuch as the primal necessities of eating, drinking, sleeping, and following the multiplication-table, placed an impassable barrier between them and their practical application.

When, however, Mary began to write for the stage, the grounds of this security were undermined. She now learned that her views could be acted — on the stage. The best actors of the day acted them; packed houses applauded; they flung bouquets when she appeared before the curtain; the newspapers next morning said variously that her play was 'a work of Art,' 'a candid and scathing exposure of real motives,' 'a rebuke to our social hypocrisy,' 'the trumpet-call of a new age,' 'psychologically true,' 'true in the higher Sense of Truth,' 'a transcript of life — as life would be if men were honest with themselves.'

Hitherto Mary's views of life had been things to talk about, to argue for, to wax witty in defending, — but now they took form in breathing men and women; she saw them as trees walking; the 'fierce glare' of the footlights brought out their solidity; they showed their force in the shifting of the scenery; at their bidding a drawing-room in Mayfair was changed into a deer-forest in the Highlands, and a divorce court into a terrace at Monte Carlo; they ruined an American millionaire, and outwitted the cleverest detective in New York; they unfrocked a priest, horsewhipped a villain, enabled kindred souls to break down stupid barriers of British Law; caused a father to confess his sins to a daughter, a bishop to apologize to a burglar, and an earl to accept a stable-boy for his son-in-law; the very thunders rolled at their command; and they clothed the heroine in the daintiest of frocks. When Mary's views had worked these miracles two hundred and fifty times, she felt that they were potent to the moving of the world. She was no longer simply the holder of a theory, but the mistress of a going concern.

From that moment dangers began to gather and thicken round Mary's path. So long as her emancipation had remained at the theoretical stage, I had harbored no fears for her future, and had even predicted that she would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marry a curate; for I had seen enough of life to know that for certain natures the merely speculative interest in wickedness is one of the most innocent forms in which original sin can find a vent, — just as, on the other hand, the merely speculative interest in goodness is often the precursor of all that is mean in the day's work. I had often discussed this with Mary; but now I see that it was a matter on which I should have been better advised to hold my tongue; for Mary, secretly agreeing with what I said and conscious that her emancipation was nothing but a pose, began to cast about for means to take herself more seriously, and once at least came perilously near to scorching herself in the fire with which she played. But the innate purity of the young girl had saved her, as it saves thousands who have less of it than she. Mary, in her way, was like the Man in Black of Goldsmith's immortal sketch. She loved to fancy herself the wickedest woman alive; but the core of the creature was of the finest gold. The libertine was afraid of her, and kept aloof; but the wretched of her own sex were drawn to her, as by a spell. Forget not, O Recording Angel, to make mention on the Judgment Day of Mary's private mission to the miserable night-walkers of the London streets!

'It's the most sporting thing I do,' she said to me. 'You have to be as wily as a cat, and as quick too. I've caught over twenty already — some of 'em regular Turks, but others — O my God! broken all to little bits.'

'How do you do it, Mary?'

'A little hymn of my own composing. Would n't be any use to you.'

'But you know it's highly dangerous. These women are watched by men — ferocious bullies — who'd kill you, if —'

'*Would* they?' said Mary. 'Let 'em try! Look at that.' She opened a drawer and showed me a bright little revolver and a box of cartridges. She went on, 'You see, they provide me with subjects — sometimes. The best notions in "The Fall of Polly" came from one of them. Philanthropy — oh dear, no! Not for me. And yet I don't know how I should get on without old Stephens, the slum-missionary. He pulls me through at the finish. But Stephens can't *catch* 'em. That's *my* little game! Know Stephens? Well, he's the only good man there is left in the world. Never bullies me — as you do. No lectures. No warnings. Oh, Stephens is a brick! If I was n't myself I'd like to be Stephens — and no one else.'

I have said that Mary was approaching the zone of danger. The following is a telegraphic summary of what took place. I leave to the reader's imagination the easy task of filling in the sordid details, if he thinks them of any account; but for my part not all the revilings of outraged Art shall extract from me anything more than what is here set down.

Prominent among Mary's male friends at this time was a certain doctor — a mental pathologist — whose pseudonym was famous in the world of letters. He was married to a stupid and austere woman with whom he did not exchange a dozen words a day; and he had children. These two gifted simpletons — Mary and the Doctor — now began to play the perilous game of 'kindred souls.' Their minds crammed with 'views,' and thickly overlaid with secondary impressions, they ignored the real forces which dominated their relationship, and, taking account of everything except what lay immediately under their noses, they presently persuaded themselves that their destinies were linked under a common star. In due time — naturally a short time — the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor had confided to Mary the tragedy of his life — to wit, his marriage; had consulted her in the handling of his most intimate difficulties, and, in fine, appointed her the presiding genius of his life. Mary reciprocated these confidences, submitted her 'views' to the Doctor's criticism; and rewrote the third act of her new play under his direction.

Thus without much difficulty they managed to create a situation which bore a remarkable resemblance to the opening scenes of 'The Fall of Polly.' When they were apart, each of them would dramatically construct a future in which the sequence of events was determined according to the pattern of Polly's Fall; and when they met, there would be a period of silence in which the imagination of each was busy in rehearsing the coming scenes, as though the thing were to be produced at the Haymarket next week. The moment Mary heard the Doctor's step on the stairs an unconscious impulse lifted her from her chair, placed her erect by the fire, with one foot on the fender and one arm on the chimney-piece — the very attitude taken by the fallen Polly, at two hundred and fifty successive performances, as she waited for Count Petrarch in the cottage by the Thames. The Doctor, on his part, marched down the street to the accompaniment of a mixed and broken rhythm, composed partly of visual images, partly of stage eloquence, in which bishops apologized to burglars, millionaires handed over their hoards, earls killed fatted calves for stable-boys, hypocritical society confessed itself unmasked, and souls rushed together at the meeting of the lips.

As they sat and talked together, they were, in their own eyes, two spiritual beings of an exalted order, aiding each other's flight to a promised Paradise, where they would walk forever, hand in hand, among the flowers: artists in life, magicians, masters of destiny, heralds of a new enlightenment, joint heirs of the Golden Age. Thus were they in their own eyes. But, in the eye of sober fact, they were two frail organisms of human flesh, slowly moving to destruction under the pressure of those elementary instincts which society has been seeking to restrain, at infinite cost of blood and woe, since the first dawn of man's intelligence. And the Furies were already mustering among the low clouds on the edge of the horizon, and whispering to one another that there was game afoot.

'The Fall of Polly,' as handled by Mary's decadent 'Art,' and motived by her spurious psychology, had been an extremely gorgeous and triumphant affair, in which events came in to the tunes of seductive music and went out in explosions of colored stars. I am sorry to say that the part of Mary's actual history to which we are now come cannot be presented in this manner.

Were it my business to dramatize what took place I should have to manage the 'idealization' on quite another principle. To represent by appropriate stage effects the real inner nature of these events, and their true connection with one another, I should look for my symbolism in a region neither sweet-scented nor picturesque. I should lay the scenes, not on the sunlit terraces of Monte Carlo, but in sordid back yards and by the margin of rotten fens. I would clothe my heroine in no dainty gowns; the female parts I would give to harpies, the male to fat-headed school-boys with breaking voices. I would light the theatre with phosphorus, and a troop of braying asses should be my orchestra. I would open the play by making all the characters announce their need of a bath — and their firm determination not to take one; the second act should turn on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desperate search for a piece of lost soap; and I would then draw on the action to a tremendous crisis in which the leading school-boy, who had hidden the soap, should be soundly birched in public.

Now this, I admit, has little external resemblance to what actually took place; none the less I contend that it jumps more evenly with the inner truth of Mary's experience than any scheme of symbolism in which sweet-faced girls and upstanding men should play a part, or any transaction which could be represented as taking place with a sunset for canopy or soft music for accompaniment.

I must now leave the reader to interpret my symbolism as he will, and to draw his own conclusion as to the details of the crisis.

When the news of Mary's flight with the Doctor had been finally confirmed, I betook myself for consolation to the presence of Old Stephens, the slum-missionary. Old Stephens was not a person of great intelligence, or of exceptional spiritual gifts. I knew that his mouth would be filled with commonplace, and that was the reason I sought him out. For it seemed to me at that moment that a commonplace mind was precisely the best fitted to deal faithfully with the situation; and I had been irritated by certain other persons, of intelligence and culture, who having heard of Mary's lapse had immediately turned it into a theme for clever, subtle, and penetrating remarks.

One of my friends in particular had greatly annoyed me. He was a person who prided himself on his knowledge of feminine psychology, and had written a book called *The Place of Woman in the Society of the Future*, a work of extraordinary prophetical skill which already caused several otherwise sensible women to begin anticipating events, thereby making themselves extremely ridiculous and troublesome. This gentleman honored me with a visit for the purpose of explaining how the conduct of Mary confirmed and illustrated one of the subtlest points of his theory. I forget what the theory was; and I refrain from any attempt to recover it, lest in so doing I should confuse it with some other on the same subject, of which I have heard several scores, and should thus do the author a wrong.

Incapable of criticizing his arguments, bored to death by his subtleties, and appalled by his callousness, — for he had a heart of stone, — I became hungry for human commonplace; and to Old Stephens I accordingly went.

'She was the one bright spot in my life,' said Old Stephens, — 'a very depressing life, I assure you, and a very fatiguing one too. We see such terrible evils. Grace alone enables us to endure — and Grace can do all things. I hope you believe that, sir. There's nothing else to cling to in this wicked world. Grace will find Mary even yet, — never doubt it for a moment. It's impossible that my prayers, and her father's — and I hope yours too, sir — will remain unanswered. Mary will yet be dedicated to the Lord. She's not under reprobation — only under chastisement. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. But it's a heavy cloud — a very dark, heavy cloud. It's hard to lose the one bright spot in your life. I took it to the Lord at once and He said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee" — and for Mary too — not a doubt of it.

'I've often tried to speak to her of Sacred Things. But, oh, these clever people! they won't listen. And so many of them nowadays. I greatly doubt if all this education is doing good. I can assure you that it helps *us* very little. The poor are none the better for it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You should see the things they read! I often wish they could n't read. It's a very great hindrance to the cause of Christ — especially with the young. And the rich are growing very careless. Of course, there are many that help; but there are more that don't. But Mary was n't like that. She helped. Helped in the most practical way — yes, the most courageous way — I can assure you. I wish I could tell you about that — but she made me promise not to. Some of the very worst cases I have ever had to do with have turned out well — all her doing. She only pretended she was wicked. She was good — I know it. And she's good still — in spite of all; you can take my word.

'"Mary," I said to her once, — I've known her from a child, — "Mary, look into your own heart, and see if the works of Grace have not already begun." "Uncle Steve," she said, "my religion's the Future. We're building the Future, when there'll be no more slums, and no more people like Fanny Starr" — that was one of the cases I just referred to. "Mary," I said, "leave the Future to Him in whose hands it is, and attend to the present. 'Now is the day of salvation.'"

'It was not often I could get a little serious talk like that. But you'll admit, sir, that her remark showed a good heart — a heart ripe for the work of Grace. She saved others; herself she could n't save. Oh, it's a terrible danger to be a beautiful woman. If I had a beautiful daughter I'd never have a moment's peace. But it's the Lord who makes them beautiful, and the Lord will make allowance; depend upon it He'll make allowance. A vast number of these cases come under my notice — for my work lies largely among the fallen — and I've come to the conclusion that allowance *must* be made. You see a woman's face is like a *force*, — you can't control it, — you never know what it's going to do next, — *they* don't know themselves, — nobody knows; and is it reasonable to think that they'll be made accountable for all it does? No, sir. Allowance will be made — there's not a doubt of it.'

Thus the innocent creature continued to babble. When he had done, I went away comforted, and not without hope for Mary.

III

The experiences through which Mary had now to pass were not true to sample — what human experience ever is? The psychological diagram on which she had based 'The Fall of Polly,' and the gorgeous colors with which she had overlaid it, were not reproduced. The Manager of the Theatre seemed to have completely forgotten the whole scheme of stage-setting with which he had been provided. The scene-painters indulged in a reckless originality. Instead of the terrace at Monte Carlo they painted the Brompton Road. The dresses were all wrong. The scenes came on anyhow. The bishop did not apologize to the burglar. No American millionaire took the slightest notice of the offending couple. The relations of earls with their stable-boys remained unchanged. Hypocritical society did not confess itself unmasked. The detective was not outwitted, — on the contrary, he did his work with conspicuous success. The Uniformity of Nature, and the invariability of the psychological order, which had been so convincingly illustrated by two hundred and fifty successive performances, came completely to grief at the two hundred and fifty-first. The Reign of Law seemed to be suddenly invaded by confusion. In short, the whole thing was a surprise — an extremely un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasant one to the persons principally concerned.

To begin with, the deserted wife did not accept her position, and her family showed not the slightest respect for the categorical imperatives of the New Morality. They set the law in motion, hypocrites as they were. And the law gave them all they wanted, — and was remarkably quick about it. Five thousand pounds was the sum which the erring Doctor was required to pay down immediately for the support of his family. Also, he was commanded to restore certain securities which he had somehow managed to withdraw from the custody of his wife's trustees. Both these demands were extremely embarrassing, for the Doctor was unable to fulfill either of them. So he borrowed a first instalment from Mary, and a further sum with which he proceeded to speculate on the Stock Exchange — on inside information. Most of this he lost in a month. Then Mary turned disagreeable; the Doctor reciprocated, and even went so far as to hint that it was she who had got him into this trouble. That made Mary more disagreeable than before. Had you seen Mary and the Doctor at breakfast six weeks after their return, you would never have suspected that they were kindred souls.

The deserted wife had an only brother in Western Canada. As this young gentleman's time was divided between the rounding-up of cattle, the clearing of forests, and occasional appearances as a heavy-weight boxer, he was naturally unable to keep abreast of the New Morality, and his education fell sadly into arrears. Hearing what had taken place, he resolved to come home and investigate matters, bringing with him no weapons save his fists. He felt sure he would be wanted.

The Doctor returning one night to his lodgings saw standing near the door a good-looking, fresh-faced youth, some six foot two in his stockings, with exceedingly broad shoulders, and with large violet eyes that moved slowly and glittered. The Doctor failed to recognize the giant, so the giant introduced himself. 'I'm Joe,' said he. 'Guess I've grown some since you saw me. Look here, Doc: you're too little to *hit*, so I'm just going to *slap* you.' And the Doctor stayed in bed for a week.

The duty of poulticing her wounded knight ought to have devolved on Mary. But this unnatural female by no means relished the task, and deputed it to the landlady. The landlady's poultices were always either much too hot or much too cold; and her manners were equally unsympathetic. The wounded man repeatedly summoned Mary to the sick-chamber: but Mary refused to come.

The position of this unfortunate man was one which even better men than he might be forgiven for sustaining with little credit; and I have often thought that to him also some extension is due of the principle which lay at the root of Old Stephen's philosophy — the principle that 'allowance will be made.' He was not a bad man, any more than Mary was a bad woman. I am sure of this; for, though I never knew him personally, a friend of mine who is a strong defender of his character told me a thing about him which carries conviction on the face of it. Once my friend had been robbed of all his money while traveling in Italy, and found himself together with his sick wife in a very embarrassing position. The Doctor, who happened to be in the same town, hearing of his misfortune, came over to the hotel where he was staying, and, without making any inquiries, promptly lent him forty pounds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Had the Eumenides left him alone, I think that he would have managed in the long length to give a good account of himself — as good, at all events, as most of his judges are likely to produce. But disappointment had been his secret portion for many years; and the lot was all the harder to endure because its bitterness was not apparent to the outward eye. That marriage of his had been in very truth a tragedy; but a tragedy of which the full significance was from the nature of the case incommunicable, being entirely unsupported by outward evidence of one kind or another.

I hope the reader will not accuse me of lax morality when I say that the discovery in Mary of a person to whom he might tell the truth was, to this poor man, a temptation which might tax the integrity of an accomplished saint; and who can wonder that the effect of that communication was to force the pace in their relationship to a degree beyond all human foresight or control? It was as though a young horse had bolted. The intervention of the friendly policeman, who appears at the critical moment and seizes the dragging reins with the strong hands of moral tradition, might still have saved them; but, unfortunately, Mary and the Doctor had a theory about the police which forbade them to permit rescue from that quarter. Hence when they saw, as they actually did see, the blue-clad figure standing with outstretched arm to stop the race of death, they merely whispered to one another, 'This is the enemy'; and driving their chariot against him they rode that officer down. And now nothing could stop them.

As a thing in the doing, all this had been exhilarating, gorgeous, and absolutely novel. As a thing done, it was sordid, leaden-eyed, and stale as any piece of carrion-flesh. This view of it, which often lingers in the coming, had been forced on the Doctor by the experience of a few weeks; for the handling of the Furies had been rapid as well as rough. As he lay in his sunless room, an appalling sense of helplessness weighed him down. Physical force, in the person of Joe Sydenham, stood over against him; and the thought of it was humiliation. Fortune, ever against him in the past, had not responded to his last throw by changing the game. He had lost his money. Mary had turned the heel upon him. The rebel forces of society had not come to his support; they had left him to fight his own battles alone; and the stars in their courses were fighting against him. The desperate sortie against his limitations, by which he had attempted to break the leaguer of his life, had come to naught; they had beaten him back, and here he was shattered and shamed, deserted and perennially defeated; his moral resistance broken by bodily suffering; his mental vitality reduced to that woeful state of depression and enfeeblement when the microbes of devilish thought have things their own way.

In the subconscious deeps of the soul of a civilized man lie many things besides the intimations of God and Immortality. Some of the resurrections from that region are not of a kind to increase a man's respect for himself; at the best of times (and with the best of men) the gates of the prison-house are none too securely barred, and a close watch needs to be kept. And there are other times when, under the pressure of exceptional misfortunes in the upper regions, the gates below give way altogether, and the whole bestial population escapes. Then the work of the ages is undone. Down go the ill-built walls of self-restraint; the shops of philosophy are sacked; the house of argument is demolished; and the central citadel of the self, thinly manned and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken unawares, is rushed by crowds of yelling fiends.

So it happened to our poor friend, the Doctor. There was a church-clock in the Brompton Road, whose chimes, as they rang the quarters, had a peculiar mocking sound which suggested the cheerful insolence of an idiot. At every stroke of this detestable clock, there came into the Doctor's soul a fresh uprush of subliminal infamy. His heart beat with a slow and ugly rhythm; the weight grew heavier on his chest; and sinister irritations began to prick and tingle along the cortex of his brain.

It was inevitable that the amorphous mass of conscious misery which now did duty for the Doctor's soul should sooner or later reconstitute itself in definite shape. A suggestion was all that was needed; and the suggestion was given by a chance remark of the sour-faced woman who attended to his hurts.

'Get out!' said this doughty representative of her sex, in response to some moan of misery from the Doctor's lips. 'Get out! You'll soon be all right. And then you can get your own back again.' From that hour the Doctor's thoughts began to turn on vengeance — it seemed the only pleasant thing to think about.

To revenge himself on the big brother was not easy; so he resolved to revenge himself on Mary. As soon therefore as he was able to walk downstairs, he gathered his forces together, flung himself into the sitting-room where Mary was trying to write a novel, and without more ado, dealt her a brutal blow. Then he rushed out of the house, bought a revolver, and, retiring to a neighboring bar, drank whiskey till he was intoxicated. Returning to the house, he found Mary crying by the fire. 'Take that,' he said, and fired three shots at the crouching figure. Fortunately, none of them took effect; seeing which the staggering wretch turned the weapon on himself — and died.

IV

Two years after these events I received a sudden visit from Mary.

'I want to consult you,' she said. 'I've had an offer of marriage. Read that.'

She handed me a letter written in a bold, firm hand. It ran as follows: —

R. M. D. No. 8,
Big Tree,
Alt, Canada.

Dear Mary, —

I have sold my quarter-section as I told you I should. It made 25 dollars an acre, though I asked 30. But 25 is all right when you remember that it was a free homestead to begin with. Since that I've bought a whole section on the Fish Creek, and I tell you it's good land. It's a sure thing too, because the C. P. is building a branch on a line of the Creek, so you see I'm going to make good. I've got some fine shorthorns and a pedigree bull, but I'm going strongest on horses. There's a grand range back of the farm, and the riding is first chop. Poultry pay fine here, only you must have the right sort. 46 acres were broken and we broke 56 more, that's 102, and we have a fine crop on breaking. The oats will make 80 bushels to the acre. So you see it's just a bit of real all-right. It's a first-class outfit except for one thing, there's no wife.

Mary, I believe you're just the one for me. And you need n't fear that I should ever let you down. I should n't, and if you write to the Revd. Mr. Poyntz, Presbyterian Minister, Calgary, Alt, Canada, he'll tell you I'm straight. I've been some in rows, but I never done anything

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crooked, at least not to matter, and we know how to treat a woman out here. We don't keep them in cotton-wool, but that's not your way, and you're sure to like it. The only thing a lady might feel is the mosquitoes, but you soon get used to them; and the water in our well is a bit brackish, but I'll fix that before you come. It's a good house, frame built by Spragg of Lethbridge, and there's a little mare that you can have for your own. Don't be afraid of the winter, you'll never catch cold, not even when it's 40 below, and you'll feel better than you ever did.

Mary, I hope you've forgiven me for slapping that man. But look at the way he served Edith; and you know I was never against you even when all the rest of our bunch was. I want you not to be against me, but come out as I say, and I'll go East to meet you and we'll soon find some one to fix us. It's a grand country, and I'm up against a sound proposition. I always liked you, Mary, from the very first minute, and you can help considerable if you come. Send a cable if it's yes, and address Big Tree.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
JOE SYDENHAM.

'Well?' said Mary, as I reread the letter, 'I observe a smile on the countenance of the sage.'

'Mary, you're up against a sound proposition.'

'Pooh! that's mere *business*. I want to know how it looks from the point of view of Art.'

'Joe Sydenham knows nothing about Art,' I said.

'No great artist ever did,' answered Mary.

'That's not true, but I'm glad you believe it. You did n't once: but now I see you're converted.'

'I don't feel in the least like a returning Prodigal, however,' said Mary, 'and I'm not bothering about my sins.'

'You're wandering from the point, Mary, as every woman does when there's no one to check her. You asked how this offer of marriage looked from the point of view of Art. And I'm going to tell you that in that respect also it's a sound proposition. Accept the offer and you'll create a surprise, which is what great Art always does.'

'But all the literary people will laugh — all except three,' said Mary.

'What will the three do?'

'Commit suicide, according to their own account; make up to the next pretty girl, according to mine.'

'Oho!' I said, 'that complicates matters. Well, how do the merits of the three compare with Joe's.'

'Joe's worth the whole bunch.'

'A suspicious Canadianism!' I said. 'Mary, you've made up your mind — why consult me?'

'A great artist is not above criticism. I want to know what the stupid British Public will think. So I come to you.'

'Thank you, Mary. You've done that before. And now is there anything else I can do for you?'

'Don't be offended yet,' said Mary, 'for I have n't nearly reached the point. Yes — there is something else you can do for me.'

'What's that?'

'Lend me half a sovereign — I'm desperately hard-up.'

'What do you want half a sovereign for?'

'To cable to Joe.'

'Mary, it's a gift,' I said, handing her the coin.

'Make it a sov. then,' said Mary, 'and I'll send him a longer cable. I want to test Joe on his own ground.'

We sat down and composed the cable together. After many rejected

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alternatives, it finally ran: 'Yes: I have no money: send some. Sailing *Empress* 26 September.' I have never been engaged in a more difficult effort of composition.

'Looks sordid, indelicate, and all that,' said Mary, 'but it's a grand test. It'll show whether he trusts me.'

'Better than all the lovers' vows that have been breathed since the world began,' I answered.

Next day I received a note from Mary, enclosing a telegram. It was Joe's answer. 'Hurrah,' said the telegram, 'sending 500 dollars: more, if possible: will meet you Quebec: get fixed Montreal: loving Joe.'

V

To say that Mary and Joe were married and lived happily ever afterwards would be premature. They were married, indeed, four years ago; but the end is not yet. It is therefore quite open to any prophet of the New Morality to predict a disastrous issue to the enterprise. Mary's genius may rebel against its new environment, and she may run away with another kindred soul flung by chance onto a Canadian prairie. Joe may prove a stupid brute and take to drink. Personally, having made investigations on the spot, I don't think that any one of these things is likely to happen. However, I won't prophesy, but content myself with reporting that up to date developments have been satisfactory.

On a scorching day in August, 1909, I set out on horseback from Calgary to find Joe's 'location.' A journey of thirty-five miles, most of it through an Indian Reserve, lay before me. On the map the route seemed perfectly easy, and I accordingly rejected the suspicious offer of a 'real-estate man,' who had offered to ride with me and show me the way. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that all the real-estate men in Calgary had learned — how I know not — of my intended journey, and had developed an extraordinary concern for my welfare. Three of them, I heard privately, were watching the livery stables at which I had ordered my horse, and had their teams in readiness to follow me whenever I should happen to start. This led to my seeking an interview with the keeper of the stables, who, for consideration paid down, agreed to deliver me from my pursuers. My horse was accordingly brought round to the hotel at five in the morning, and I managed to get out of the city unobserved. I was subsequently informed that the real-estate men, in spite of all precautions, were apprised of my departure by seven o'clock, and actually started in pursuit. However, as I took the wrong way and they took the right one, we never met, and I had the pleasure of learning that they had been rewarded for their professional zeal by a night out on the plains.

I carried two big saddle-bags filled with presents from English friends — belated wedding-presents, for Mary had got herself 'fixed' in Montreal before the most of us knew what she was after. In one of these bags was a large brown-paper parcel which had been consigned to my care by old Mrs. Stephens, the wife of the slum-missionary. It came from a refuge for fallen women, and was a gift from certain of the inmates who had reasons for being grateful to Mary. This piece of baggage had caused me some trouble with the Custom House officials at Quebec, who, in the presence of my fellow passengers, truculently challenged me to explain what I was doing with a dozen baby's frocks. But there it was in my saddle-bag — and I reflected somewhat proudly on the fact as I loped along through the rolling land-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

billows of the Indian Reserve, bathed in the vast silence of the wilderness.

From time to time I consulted the map, to ascertain where I was. But presently I reached a point of bewilderment when I might as well have consulted the Thirty-Nine Articles. That I was somewhere behind the Back of Beyond was evident enough, but where precisely, who could say? I had calculated that I should reach my destination in six hours; I had now ridden for seven; the sun was blazing, the vast distances were shimmering in the heat, and the tortures of thirst had commenced. My powerful horse, too, was beginning to flag. It was clear I had lost the trail. Two hours ago I ought to have passed out of the Reserve, but the tepees of Indians were still visible on the bluffs ahead of me. Another hour of weary riding, in which I steered by the sun, brought me to a wire-fence; this was the limit of the Reserve. Taking out a field-glass, I saw in the opal distance a yellow patch on the side of a vast sweep of rolling down. I jumped the fence, and made for the distant patch of yellow, learning by the way that a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points. A black dot which had long been visible at the edge of the patch gradually assumed the shape of a man, and the patch declared itself a breadth of ripened oats. As I drew nearer, the man paused to watch my approach, his hand shading his eyes. Presently he hailed me in a mighty voice:—

'Want to buy my land?'

'No.'

'Are you real estate?'

'No.'

'Then who the — are you?'

'I've lost my way, and I'd give fifty dollars for a drink of water.'

'Great Snakes! You're an Englishman!'

By this time we were face to face. He was a brawny young man of about twenty-eight. What clothes he wore were rags. His chest was bare and as he jumped from the seat of his 'Massey-Harris' — he was working a binder — I noticed that one leg of his trousers was missing. He jumped, I say, to the ground, cut a caper, whooped and hollo'd, and then flung his old straw hat a prodigious height into the air. Catching the hat, he handed it to me and pointed to the faded ribbon, of which some fragments still remained.

'Clifton College,' I said.

'Sure thing!' he roared, 'would n't part with it for a wagon-load of dollar-bills. My name's Stockwell. Come right in to the shack.'

'Give me some water,' I gasped.

'The water ain't fit to drink. It's a mixture of Epsom Salts and Backache Pills. I'll make you some tea before you can say "skat" three times.'

When the tea was made—than which nothing more grateful was ever offered to the weary—I told him that I wanted to find Joe Sydenham.

'Sure thing!' he said. 'Ten miles behind the bluff. I'll go with you. Joe Sydenham!' and his roar of laughter shook the roof; 'Joe Sydenham! And Joe's wife! Wonder where Joe struck that girl! I'd swap the whole section for another such. Say, do you want to make a deal? Go back to the Old Country and send me one like Mary and I'll give you the land with the standing crops, the implements, the stock, and the shack, without a red cent between us.'

'Ah, but there is n't another Mary,' I said.

'Send me one half as good then!' he shouted.

'I'll think it over. But don't forget that I'm perishing of starvation.'

'Great Scott, and I'm out of stores!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is n't a thing to eat in the shack but a sack-full of old bread and a bucket of raspberry jam.'

'I'm longing for old bread and raspberry jam.'

The fellow was boiling over with animal spirits and could not restrain himself. To all my questions he would first reply by a roar of laughter and a caper; after which he would make a feeble effort to be intelligible, breaking off in the middle with a whoop, or sometimes, I must confess, with a mouthful of tremendous oaths.

Presently, after tipping a second cupfull of raspberry jam on my tin plate, he clapped on his old hat and rushed like a mad thing out of the shack. For a few moments I heard him running about; there was a sound of ramming; a big laugh was smothered; a match was struck; and then suddenly, from just beneath the little window, there came a tremendous detonation which sent the few remaining panes of glass flying all over the room and shook both the shack and myself to our respective foundations.

'Great Heavens!' I cried, 'what's that?'

'I've fired the cannon. Guess it's startled you some. Well — that's my signal to the boys that I've struck an Englishman! If there's any of them riding within five miles they'll be here in half an hour.'

'Will Joe hear it?'

'Will if he's out on the range. Guess he may be to-day.'

With my companion I went outside, and we gazed forth into the surrounding wilderness. Westward, at an immense distance, the Rockies swam high in the liquid air — an immense congregation of peaks bounding the horizon. They were the Delectable Mountains, and the regions between us and them was the Land of Beulah. It rose in vast terraces, sweeping upward and upward as though to make a ladder to the sky. Earth, air, and sky formed, as it were, a continuous mass of opalescence, swimming with a kind of rhythmical movement in an ocean of light. Throughout the whole expanse, North, South, East, and West, not a living thing was stirring; not a human dwelling, not a human being, was visible.

'Guess I'll fire the cannon again,' said my host.

'Wait,' I answered, 'there's a moving speck on the sky-line yonder.'

Stockwell took the glass from my hand.

'By thunder,' he shouted, 'it's one of the boys. And there's another in the creek-bottom away to the left. They're coming this way. Here, take the glass and keep them in sight. I'll go and kill a veal. We shall have the whole bunch down on us for supper.'

While I watched the riders, the uproarious Stockwell whetted his knife and began to kill. The riders were converging toward a point in the valley which led upward to the farm. Presently they met, and raced up the valley side by side. As they drew nearer, I, continuing to watch them through the glass, became dimly aware that they were diversely habited — and a thought flashed into my mind.

'Stockwell,' I shouted, 'come here: there's a man and a woman.'

Stockwell instantly came out of the stable, his hands red with blood — and I heard something kicking inside.

'Give me the glass,' he said in a strangely hollow voice — and a moment after, 'By — ! it's Joe and Mary.' And something like a groan escaped him.

I was amazed at the sudden change in the man. His spirits had collapsed and his jolly face had become chopfallen as that of any dweller in the twilight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Here you,' he said, 'go in and finish that veal' — and he gave me some directions, — 'I 'm sick — *real* sick. They'll be here in five minutes. *Tell* 'em I'm sick. They won't see *me!* I'm in that loft till they go — real sick, you understand!'

'What on earth do you mean?' I said, as Stockwell began to climb the ladder which led to his hay-loft.

'It's Mary,' he said. 'Can't stand it. Never could. Mary makes me feel that mean — mean as a yeller dog. Don't want to see 'em. She belongs to Joe. She can't belong to me. And Joe and me are good friends. So what's the good? See?' With these words, Stockwell plunged into his hay and drew back the sliding-door of the loft.

The calf was bleeding in the byre, and Stockwell (I could hear him) was blubbering in the hay. But Stockwell and the calf were alike blotted from my thoughts; for the two riders had leaped the fence, swung themselves from their saddles, and Mary, Joe, and I tumbled confusedly into one another's arms.

What words were first spoken I forget, — there was some incoherence. After a little we disentangled ourselves. Standing apart, I looked at the pair; and I laughed for joy, and shouted like a fool.

'The Superman,' I cried, 'and the Superwoman! You gorgeous beings! You make me sick — real sick.'

'Where's old Stock?' said Joe.

'Sick,' I said, 'real sick. We're all sick — except you. Civilization's sick; England's sick; America's sick. Joe and Mary! You make me feel that *mean* — mean as a yeller dog!'

Here there was an audible groan from the hay-loft.

'Is Stock up there?' said Joe, pointing to the loft.

'Yes,' I answered; and Joe and Mary laughed.

'He won't come down,' said Joe; 'we 'll have to fix things for ourselves.'

'There's a calf somewhere,' I said, 'which Stockwell had just begun to kill when his seizure came on. You'd better put it out of its misery, Joe.'

Joe departed, and Mary and I were left alone.

'Is it a sound proposition, Mary?' I said.

'Sound as the heart of the universe,' said Mary.

'The calf's kind o' dead,' said Joe, coming out of the stable. He went to the ladder of Stockwell's hay-loft and climbing a rung or two called out, 'Say, Stock, what'll you take for that veal?'

'Ten dollars,' said a rueful voice.

Joe thrust a ten-dollar bill under the door. 'Got it?' he said.

'Sure thing,' replied the voice.

'We'll take the veal home,' said Joe; and he descended the ladder.

'And now,' I said, 'tell me the latest news of the son and heir.'

'The latest news,' replied Mary, 'is that he's left at home with the two dogs to look after him.'

'We've trained 'em to do it,' said Joe. 'You shall see 'em. One on each side of him. Careful of him as though he was a pet pig.'

'That reminds me of something,' I said. 'Mary, I've two saddle-bags full of wedding-presents for you — and the boy.'

'I must see them at once,' said Mary. 'No, stupid, I can't wait. Give the horses half an hour's rest, and I will go into the shack and look at the presents. Oh, never mind Old Stock! Half an hour in the hay will improve his philosophy.'

We went into the shack, and the saddle-bags were emptied. Mary examined the parcels one by one — with shouts of delight. I kept to the last the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big package on which the Customs House had frowned so ominously.

'From whom does this come?' said Mary. 'Oh, here's a letter inside.'

Mary read the letter, which had seven or eight scrawling signatures at the end of it. She then folded her arms on the greasy table, and, burying her face in the crook of her elbow, burst into tears.

PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE

BY J. F. A. PYRE

HERE where the swerving motors weave and dart,
Here where this pompous arch yet breathes the spell
Of him who fought unwisely though so well,
One seems to see the city's very heart:
Louvre's ravishing array of ravished art,
The soaring column where the Bastile fell,
With Notre Dame between, and Sainte Chapelle,
And left, and like a purple stain, Montmartre.

One evening musing here above the Seine,
And wondering what was finished, what begun,
I wheeled to see the lights of sunset wane
Over the relics of Napoleon,
And saw — with rapt surprise — a monoplane
Swooping above the breakers of the sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DUSTLESS-DUSTER

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THERE are beaters, brooms and Bissell's Sweepers; there are dry-mops, turkey-wings, whisks, and vacuum-cleaners; there are — but no matter. Whatever other things there are, and however many of them in the closet, the whole dust-raising kit is incomplete without the Dustless-Duster.

For the Dustless-Duster is final, absolute. What can be added to, or taken away from, a Dustless-Duster? A broom is only a broom, even a new broom. Its sphere is limited; its work is partial. Dampened and held persistently down by the most expert of sweepers, the broom still leaves something for the Dustless-Duster to do. But the Dustless-Duster leaves nothing for anything to do. The dusting is done.

Because there are many who dust, and because they have searched in vain for a dustless-duster, I should like to say that the Dustless-Duster can be bought at department stores, at those that have a full line of departments—at any department store, in fact; for the Dustless-Duster department is the largest of all the departments, whatever the store. Ask for it of your jeweler, grocer, milliner, or ask for 'The Ideal,' 'The Universal,' 'The Indispensable,' and you shall have it—the perfect thing which you have spent life looking for; which you have thought so often to have, but found as often that you had not. Yet you shall have it. For I have it. One hangs, rather, in the kitchen on the clothes-dryer.

And one (more than one) hangs in the kitchen closet, and in the cellar, and in the attic. I have often brought it home, for my search has been diligent since a certain day, years ago, — a 'Commencement Day' at the Institute.

I had never attended a Commencement exercise before; I had never been in an opera house before; and the painted light through the roof of windows high overhead, the strains of the orchestra from far below me, the banks of broad-leaved palms, the colors, the odors, the confusion of flowers and white frocks, were strangely thrilling. Nothing had ever happened to me in the woods like this: the exaltation, the depression, the thrill of joy, the throb of pain, the awakening, the wonder, the purpose, and the longing for it all! It was all a dream — all but the form and the face of one girl graduate, and the title of her essay, 'The Real and the Ideal.'

I do not know what large and lofty sentiments she uttered; I only remember the way she looked them. I did not hear the words she read; but I still feel the absolute fitness of her theme — how real her simple white frock, her radiant face, her dark hair! And how ideal!

I had seen perfection. Here was the absolute, the final, the ideal, the indispensable! And I was fourteen! Now I am past forty; and upon the kitchen clothes-dryer hangs the Dustless-Duster.

No, I have not lost the vision; nor have I faltered in the quest. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

search goes on, and must go on; for however often I get it, only to cast it aside, the indispensable, the ultimate, must continue to be indispensable and ultimate, until some day —

Some day? What matters how many times I have had it, to discover every time that it is only a piece of cheese-cloth, ordinary cheese-cloth, dyed black and stamped with red letters? The search must go on, notwithstanding the clutter in the kitchen closet. The cellar is crowded with them, too; the garret is stuffed with them. There is little else besides them anywhere in the house. And this was an empty house when I moved into it, just a few years ago.

As I moved in, an old man moved out, moved back to the city whence a few years before he had come, and he took back with him twelve two-horse wagon-loads of Dustless-Dusters. He had spent a long life collecting them, and now, having gathered all there were in the country, he was going back to the city, in a last pathetic, a last heroic effort to find the one Dustless-Duster more.

It was the old man's twelve two-horse loads that were pathetic. There were many sorts of things in those twelve loads, of many lands, of many dates, but all of one stamp. The mark was sometimes hard to find, corroded sometimes nearly past deciphering, yet never quite gone. The red letters were indelible on every piece, from the gross of antique candle-moulds (against the kerosene's giving out) to an ancient coffin-plate, far oxidized, and engraved 'Jones,' which, the old man said, as he pried it off the side of the barn, 'might come in handy any day.'

The old man has since died and been laid to rest. Upon his coffin was set a new silver plate, engraved simply and truthfully, 'Smith.'

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. But is it certain? One thing we shall carry out, or attempt to carry out, or try to find as soon as we are out. For we did bring something with us into this world, losing it temporarily, to be forever losing and finding it; and when we go into another world, will it not be to carry the thing with us there, or to continue there our eternal search for it? We are not so certain of carrying nothing out of this world, but we are certain of leaving many things behind.

Among those that I shall leave behind me is The Perfect Automatic Carpet-Layer. But I did not buy that. She did. It was one of the first of our perfections. I knew as I entered the house that something had happened; that the hope of the early dawn had died, for some cause, with the dusk. The trouble showed in her eyes: mingled doubt, chagrin, self-accusation, self-defense, defeat — familiar symptoms. She had bought something. She had bought a perfect something.

I knew the look well, and the feelings all too well, and said nothing. For suppose I had been at home that day and she had been in town? Still, on my trip into town that morning I ran the risk of meeting the man who sold me 'The Magic Stropless Razor Salve.' No, not that man! I shall never meet him again, for vengeance is mine, saith the *Lord*. But suppose I had met him? And suppose he had had something else than Razor Salve this time to sell me?

It is for young men to see visions and for old men to dream dreams; but it is for no man or woman to buy one.

She had seen a vision, and had bought it — 'The Perfect Automatic Carpet-Layer.'

I kept silence, often a thoughtful thing to do.

'Are you ill?' she ventured, handing me my tea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'No.'

'Tired?'

'No.'

'I hope you are not very tired, for the Parsonage Committee brought the new carpet this afternoon, and I have started to put it down. I thought we would finish it this evening. It won't be any work at all for you, for I — I — bought one of these to-day to put it down with,' — pushing an illustrated circular across the table toward me.

ANY CHILD CAN USE IT

The Perfect Automatic Carpet-Layer

No more carpet-laying bills. Do your own laying. No wrinkles. No crowded corners. No sore knees. No pounded fingers. No broken backs. Stand up and lay your carpet with the Perfect Automatic. Easy as sweeping. Smooth as putting paper on the wall. You hold the handle, and the Perfect Automatic does the rest. Patent Applied For. Price —

— but let me forget that!

It was a weird hybrid tool, part gun, part rake, part catapult, part curry-comb, fit apparently for almost any purpose, from the business of blunderbuss to the office of an apple-picker. Its handle, which any child could hold, was somewhat shorter and thicker than a hoe-handle, and had a slotted tin barrel on its ventral side along its entire length. Down this barrel, their points sticking through the slot, marched the tacks in single file to a spring-hammer close to the floor. This hammer was operated by a lever at the top of the handle, the connection between the hammer at the distal end and the lever at the proximal end being effected by means of a steel-wire spiral cord down the dorsal side of the handle. Over the fist of a hammer spread a jaw of sharp teeth to take hold of the carpet. The thing could not talk; but certainly it could do almost anything else, so fearfully and wonderfully was it made.

As for laying carpets with it, any child could do that. But we did n't have any children then, and I had quite outgrown my childhood. I tried to be a boy again just for that night. I grasped the handle of the Perfect Automatic, stretched with our combined strength, and pushed down on the lever. The spring-hammer drew back, a little trap at the end of the slotted tin barrel opened for the tack, the tack jumped out, turned over, landed point downward upon the right spot in the carpet, the crouching hammer sprang, and —

And then I lifted up the Perfect Automatic to see if the tack went in, — a simple act that any child could do, but which took automatically and perfectly all the stretch out of the carpet; for the hammer did not hit the tack; the tack did not get through the trap; the trap did not open the slot; the slot — but no matter. We have no carpets now. The Perfect Automatic stands in the garret with all its original varnish on. At its feet sits a half-used can of 'Beesene, The Prince of Floor Pastes.'

We have only hard-wood floors now, which we treated, upon the strength of the label, with this Prince of Pastes, 'Beesene' — 'guaranteed not to show wear or dirt or to grow gritty; waterproof, gravel-proof. No rug will ruck on it, no slipper stick to it. Needs no weighted brush. Self-shining. The only perfect Floor Wax known. One box will do all the floors you have.'

Indeed, half a box did all the floors we have. No slipper would stick to the paste, but the paste would stick to the slipper; and the greasy Prince did in spots all the floors we have: the laundry floor, the attic floor, and the very boards of the vegetable cellar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am young yet. I have not had time to collect my twelve two-horse loads. But I am getting them fast.

Only the other day a tall lean man came to the side door, asking after my four boys by name, and inquiring when my new book would be off the stocks, and, incidentally, showing me a patent-applied-for device called 'The Fat Man's Friend.'

'The Friend' was a steel-wire hoop, shaped and jointed like a pair of calipers, but knobbed at its points with little metal balls. The instrument was made to open and spring closed about the Fat Man's neck, and to hold, by means of a clasp on each side, a napkin, or bib, spread securely over the Fat Man's bosom.

'Ideal thing, now, is n't it?' said the agent, demonstrating with his handkerchief.

'Why — yes' — I hesitated — 'for a fat man, perhaps.'

'Just so,' he replied, running me over rapidly with a professional eye; 'but you know, Professor, that when a man's forty, or thereabouts [I had been leaving forty now nearly a week], it's the nature of him to stouten. Once past forty he's liable to pick up any day. And when he starts, you know as well as I, Professor, when he starts there's nothing fattens faster than a man of forty. You ought to have one of these 'Friends' on hand.'

'But fat does n't run in my family,' I protested, my helpless, single-handed condition being plainly manifest in my tone.

'No matter,' he rejoined, 'look at me! Six feet three, and thin as a lath. I'm what you might call a walking skeleton, ready to disjoint, as the poet says, and eat all my meals in fear, which I would do if 't w'nt for this little 'Friend.' I can't eat without it. I miss it more when I am eatin' than I miss the victuals. I carry one with me all the time. Awful handy little thing. Now —'

'But —' I put in.

'Certainly,' he continued, with the smoothest-running motor I ever heard, 'but here's the point of the whole matter, as you might say. *This* thing is up to date, Professor. Now, the old-fashioned way of tying a knot in the corner of your napkin and anchoring it under your Adam's apple — *that's* gone by. Also the bib and safety-pin. Both those devices were crude — but necessary, of course, Professor — and inconvenient, and that old-fashioned knot really dangerous; for the knot, pressing against the Adam's apple, or the apple, as you might say, trying to swallow the knot — well, if there is n't less apoplexy and strangulation when this little Friend finds universal application, then I'm no Prophet, as the Good Book says.'

'But you see —' I broke in.

'I do, Professor. It's right here. I understand your objection. But it is purely verbal and academic, Professor. You are troubled concerning the name of this indispensable article. But you know, as well as I — even better with your education, Professor — that there's nothing, absolutely nothing in a name. "What's in a name?" the poet says. And I'll agree with you — though, of course, it's confidential — that The Fat Man's Friend is, as you literary folks would say, more or less of a *nom de plume*. Is n't it? Besides, — if you'll allow me the language, Professor, — it's too delimiting, restricting, prejudicing. Sets a lean man against it. But between us, Professor, they're going to change the name of the next batch. They're —'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed; 'what's the next batch going to be?'

'Oh, just the same — fifteen cents each — two for a quarter. You could n't tell them apart. You might just as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well have one of these, and run no chances getting one of the next lot. They'll be precisely the same; only, you see, they're going to name the next ones, "Every Bosom's Friend," to fit lean and fat, and without distinction of sex.

'Ideal thing now, is n't it? Yes, that's right — fifteen cents — two for twenty-five, Professor? — don't you want another for your wife?'

No, I did not want another for her. But if *she* had been at home, and I had been away, who knows but that all six of us had come off with a 'Friend' apiece? They were a bargain by the half-dozen. A bargain? Did you ever get a bargain — something worth more than you paid? No, you never did; but you shall, when you bring home a Dustless-Duster.

And I am bringing it home! Not all the years that I have searched, not all the loads that I have collected, count against the conviction that at last I have it — the perfect thing — until I *reach* home. But with several of my perfections I have never yet reached home, or, I am waiting an opportune season to give them to my wife. I have been disappointed; but let no one try to tell me that there is no such thing as Perfection. Is not the desire for it the breath of my being? Is not the search for it the end of my existence? Is not the belief that at last I possess it — in myself, my children, my breed of hens, my religious creed, my political party — is not this conviction, I say, all there is of existence?

It is very easy to see that perfection is not in any of the other political parties. During a political campaign, not long since, I wrote to a friend in New Jersey, —

'Now, whatever your particular, personal brand of political faith, it is clearly your moral duty to vote this time the Democratic ticket.'

Whereupon (and he is a thoughtful, God-fearing man, too) he wrote back, —

'As I belong to the only party of real reform, I shall stick to it this year, as I always have, and vote the straight Prohibition ticket.'

Is there a serener faith than this human faith in perfection? A surer, more unshakable belief than this human belief in the present possession of it? For certainly there never was a political Dustless-Duster more unmistakably of cheese-cloth than this one of the Prohibitionists; no, not unless it is that of the Socialists, or that of the Republicans — this last one not even dyed black any more!

Of course we have known honest, perhaps intelligent, Republicans who see it black, and who believe it 'chemically treated' to do its perfect work — a striking proof, once more, of the universal human faith in the existence of perfection, and all-too striking proof of the sombre belief that we actually possess it.

Thank Heaven, that there are a few of us who still trust in God and the Democratic party! who always have! who always will! Who believe that the tariff must be revised by its — *friends?* O Lord, how long!

There is only one thing deeper in the heart of man than his desire for completeness, and that is his conviction of having just attained it. He dreams of completeness by night; works for completeness by day; buys it of every agent who comes along; votes for it at every election; accepts it with every sermon; and finds it — momentarily — every time he finds himself. The desire for it is the sweet spring of all his satisfactions; the possession of it the bitter fountain of all his woes.

Apply the principle anywhere, to anything — creeds, wives, hens — and see how it works out.

As to *hens:* —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are many breeds of fairly good hens, and I have tried as many breeds as I have had years of keeping hens, but not until the poultry show, last winter, did I come upon the perfect hen. I had been working toward her through the Bantams, Brahmas, and Leghorns, to the Plymouth Rocks. I had tried the White and the Barred Plymouth Rocks, but they were not the hen. Last winter I came upon the originator of the Buff Plymouth Rocks — and here She was! I shall breed nothing henceforth but Buff Plymouth Rocks.

In the Buff Rock we have a bird of ideal size, neither too large nor too small, weighing about three pounds more than the undersized Leghorn, and about three pounds less than the oversized Brahma; we have a bird of ideal color, too — a single, soft, even tone, and no such barnyard daub as the Rhode Island Red; not crow-colored, either, like the Minorca; nor liable to all the dirt of the White Plymouth Rocks. Being a beautiful and uniform buff, this perfect Plymouth Rock is easily bred true to color, as the varicolored fowls are not.

Moreover, the Buff Rock is a layer, is *the* layer, maturing as she does about four weeks later than the Rhode Island Reds, and so escaping that fatal early fall laying with its attendant moult and eggless interim until March! On the other hand, the Buff Rock matures about a month earlier than the logy, slow-growing breeds, and so gets a good start before the cold and eggless weather comes.

And such an egg! There are white eggs and brown eggs, large and small eggs, but only one ideal egg — the Buff Rock's. It is of a soft lovely brown, yet whitish enough for a New York market, but brown enough, however, to meet the exquisite taste of the Boston trade. In fact it is neither white nor brown, but rather a delicate blend of the two — a new tone, indeed, a bloom rather, that I must call fresh-laid lavender.

So, at least, I am told. My pullets are not yet laying, having had a very late start last spring.

But the real question, speaking professionally, with any breed of fowls is a market question: How do they dress? How do they eat?

If the Buff Plymouth Rock is an ideal bird in her feathers, she is even more so plucked. All white-feathered fowl, in spite of yellow legs, look cadaverous when picked. All dark-feathered fowl, with their tendency to green legs and black pin-feathers, look spotted, long dead, and unsavory. Now the Buff Rocks, because of their uniform warm tint, are flushed from their golden legs to their red-combed heads with the mellow melting tone of butter, made only the more mellow with every overlooked pin-feather.

Can there be any doubt of the existence of hen-perfection? Any question of my having attained unto it — with the maturing of this new breed of hens?

For all spiritual purposes, that is, for all satisfactions, the ideal hen is the pullet — the Buff Plymouth Rock Pullet.

Just so the ideal wife. If we could only keep them pullets!

The trouble we husbands have with our wives begins with our marrying them. There is seldom any trouble with them before. Our belief in feminine perfection is as profound and as eternal as youth. And the perfection is just as real as the faith. Youth is always bringing the bride home — to hang her on the kitchen clothes-dryer. She turns out to be ordinary cheesecloth, dyed a more or less fast black — this perfection that he had stamped in letters of red!

The race learns nothing. I learn, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not my children after me. They learn only after themselves. Already I hear my boys saying that *their* wives —! And the oldest of these boys has just turned ten!

The trouble all began with Adam, though Eve has been responsible for much of it since. Adam had all that a man should have wanted in his perfect Garden. Nevertheless he wanted Eve. Eve in turn had Adam, a perfect man! but she wanted something more — if only the apple tree in the middle of the Garden. And we all of us were there in that Garden — with Adam thinking he was getting perfection in Eve; with Eve incapable of appreciating perfection in Adam. The trouble is human.

'Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee quickly come to me!
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wants strange things I scarce dare tell.'

'And what does she want *now?*' asks the flounder.

'Oh, she wants to vote now,' says the fisherman.

'Go home, and you shall find her with an Australian ballot,' sighs the flounder. 'But has n't she Dustless-Dusters enough already?'

It would seem so. But once having got Adam, who can blame her for wanting an apple tree besides, or the ballot?

Now, don't forbid her the apple. Yes, she has you, but — But Eve had Adam, too, another perfect man! Don't forbid her, for she will have it anyhow. It may not turn out to be all that she thinks it is. But did you turn out to be all that she thought you were? She will have a bite of this new apple if she has to disobey, and die for it, because such disobedience and death are in answer to a higher command, and to a larger life from within. Eve's discovery that Adam was cheese-cloth, and her reaching out for something better, did not, as Satan promised, make us as God; but it did make us different from all the other animals in the Garden, placing us even above the angels, — so far above, as to bring us, apparently, by a new and divine descent, into Eden.

The hope of the race is in Eve, — in her making the best of Adam; in her clear understanding of his lame logic, — that her *im*perfections added to his perfections make the perfect Perfection; and in her reaching out beyond Adam for something more.

If there is growth, if there is hope, if there is continuancy, if there is immortality for the soul and for the race, it is to be found in this sure faith in the Ultimate, the Perfect, in this certain disappointment of not having yet attained unto it; and in the abiding conviction that we are about to bring it home. But let a man settle down on perfection as a present possession, and that man is as good as dead already — religiously dead, if he has possession of a perfect Salvation.

Now, 'Sister Smith' claimed to possess Perfection — a perfect infallible book of revelations in her King James Version of the Scriptures, and had lived by it for eighty years. I was fresh from the Theological School, and this was my first 'Charge.' This was my first meal, too, in this new charge, at the home of one of the official brethren, with whom Sister Smith lived.

There was an ominous silence at the table. Then Sister Smith began to speak. Everybody stopped eating. Brother Jones laid down his knife, Sister Jones dropped her hands into her lap until the thing should be over. Leaning far forward toward me across the table, her steady gray eyes boring through me, her long bony finger pointing beyond me into eternity, Sister Smith began: —

'My young Brother — what — do — you — think — of — Jonah?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I reached for a doughnut, broke it, slowly dipped it up and down in the cup of mustard and tried for time. Not a soul stirred. Not a word or sound broke the silence about the operating-table.

'What — do — you — think — of — Jonah?'

'Well, Sister Smith, I —'

'Never mind. Don't commit yourself. You need n't tell me what you think of Jonah. You are too young to know what you think of Jonah. But I will tell you what *I* think of Jonah: if the Scriptures had said that Jonah swallowed the whale, it would be just as easy to believe as it is that the whale swallowed Jonah.'

'So it would, Sister Smith,' I answered weakly, 'just as easy.'

'And now, my young Brother, you preach the Scriptures — the old genuine inspired Authorized Version, word for word, just as God spoke it!'

Sister Smith has gone to Heaven, but in spite of her theology. Dear old soul, she sent me many a loaf of her salt-rising bread after that, for she had as warm a heart as ever beat its brave way past eighty.

But she had neither a perfect Book, nor a perfect Creed, nor a perfect Salvation. She did not need them; nor could she have used them; for they would have posited a divine command to be perfect — a too difficult accomplishment for Sister Smith.

There is no such Divine command laid upon us; but only such a divinely human need springing up within us, and reaching out for everything from dust-cloths to creeds in its deep desire.

But this is a life of imperfections, a world made of cheese-cloth, merely dyed black, and stamped in red letters — the Dustless-Duster. But a cheese-cloth world is better than a cloth-of-gold world, for the cloth-of-gold you would not want to dye nor to stamp with burning letters.

We have never found it, — this perfect thing, — and perhaps we never shall. But the desire, the search, the faith, must not fail us, as at times they seem to do. At times the very tides seem to fail, also, when the currents cease to run. Yet when they are at slack here, they are at flood on the other side of the world, turning already to pour back —

> . . . lo, out of his plenty the sea
> Pours fast; full soon the time of the flood-tide shall be —

The faith cannot fail us — for long. Full soon the ebb-tide turns,

> And Belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know

that there is perfection; that the desire for it is the life of life; that the search for it is the hope of immortality.

I may be no nearer it now than when I started, yet the search has carried me far from that start. And if I never arrive, then, at least, I shall have had the wages of going on, wages which, when paid in full, may themselves be the thing — the Perfect Thing that I am seeking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CRISIS IN ROYALTY

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE

I STOOD in my back garden one day last spring, looking meditatively upward at the roof. I like to do that on a sunny Sunday, while over the hills the distant peal of the church bells conveys to the soul a message of peaceful calm. There are long slits cut through the shingles on that roof on the east side, where the earliest rays of the morning sun strike in. Wooden ports frame them, projecting far enough, with a downward slant at their outer ends, to keep out rain; and above two of them a little cloud of insects danced like golden fairies in the sun — my bees.

High up in the air, safe from groundling enemies, the young bees were out in force, trying their wings and doing baby-stunts in aviation, as joyous and harmless as kittens. To watch them is hypnotic and always sends me off into meditative dreamland, as doubtless a cigar does one who smokes. Their hives were on benches in an attic room. To all intents and purposes their home was in the sloping summit of a cliff, and bees are great cave-lovers, always. So they were happy, and a constant stream of older bees whirled up across the housetop, bound for the western fields and woods; or, like bullets, shot downward easterly toward the market gardens in the little valley.

I had two hives up there: my original colony, and a young swarm from it of last year, with places provided for still further expansion; just enough for hobby-riding, not enough for 'work' in the matter of their care. Naturally, my interest was specially centred in Hive II: and right there, just then, my eyes were resting in time to see a phenomenon. From the wide entrance suddenly appeared a double bee, so to speak, which came down through the air in a long slant, alighted at my very feet, and separated into its component parts. One bee immediately flew away, with the air of a relief from an unpleasant duty done. The other one was dead, — very dead indeed. In a moment the whole occurrence was reënacted, but the bee which was left was living. Lifting it on my finger from the grass, it proved to be a young one, very scared and breathless but otherwise unharmed. In a moment it was able to fly back home.

That bee had got into the wrong hive, I mused, and being young and innocent was simply and considerately 'fired.' But the other was 'Barabbas,' caught red-handed, and so had received *haute justice*. Still — what were two bees doing in the wrong hive at almost the same moment, anyway? I gave a closer look, and lo! that swarm of dancing infantry all belonged to the parent hive. As they drifted somewhat in the wind I had supposed they belonged to both.

Evidently some catastrophe had occurred in Hive II, whereby its colony was weakened to the danger-point, and robbery was going on. Doubtless, had I been a professional beeman I should have seen signs of this before. As it was, I went up to that attic three steps at a time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The tops of the runways leading from hive to outer world are covered with wire netting, expressly to permit observation. That of Hive I was all hurry and bustle. Old bees were going out on the dead run, often taking wing with impatient short flights. Others were coming home with thighs yellow with pollen. Young bees were everywhere; getting into the hustlers' way; clustering for rest against the netting. In Hive II matters were very different. The bees went in and out languidly. Only now and then one took wing. No children were there to work for. The very colony itself was reduced to hundreds where there should have been thousands. The mother-queen was dead!

Thinking it over, it seemed evident that this must have happened during the winter. Had it been in the spring when young bees were hatching, the colony would have repaired the loss by selecting one of them for a course of royal education suited to the case. Then, in due time, the state would have had its duly appointed head. As it was, only an outside providence might save it from extinction, and that rôle manifestly devolved on me.

Playing providence has an interest of its own. Unguarded, it tends toward self-conceit. But when tempered by the memory of a past failure or two, it gives one much the zest of discovery so familiar to the experimenter in strange chemicals and flying-machines. There is seldom anything halfway about it. The result is usually either blank or bonanza. So I hied me to the telephone.

Surely these are progressive days! Think of ordering an Italian queen by telephone as one does a sack of sugar! We may yet get a chat by wireless telephone with pope or cardinal. Meanwhile, I was promised my queen by an early mail, and received much good advice withal, so I returned to my attic encouraged.

Hive II was unhappy, that was clear. Its inmates needed responsibilities to think about, to stop their brooding over misfortunes. They needed children to give them new courage. Who knows how much the happy hum of childhood helps in hive-life as in other homes! Then came another thought: the new young queen would enter a depleted home. It would be many days before her own progeny would be old enough to take their share in the work for a coming winter. Right here was additional need for outside providence. So I donned net and gloves, opened Hive II and removed a brood-frame. The cells were empty, as I had expected. The dispirited bees paid me no attention whatever, so I closed the hive softly and laid the frame aside. 'Opening,' you will understand, meant simply lifting off the roof, and then a wire netting that rested on the top of the frames below.

Then I lighted my smoker, puffed some smoke into Hive I, waited a moment, and repeated the process again and again. By that time every bee in the hive had her head deep in the most available honey-cell, as far as the cells would go round, and was filling up with honey. It is a way they have when smoke-scared; and they then are too busy to think of stings. That done, I opened the hive.

I found a brood-frame nearly filled with cells already capped and sealed, each containing a young bee nearly ready to go out into the world, and act as nurse, etc., before being ready for field-work on its own account. Also, there were a few cells, each with its little white grub coiled in the bottom, — six-day old infants, just right for babying. Gently brushing off the protecting cluster of bees, I dropped the frame into the vacancy in the other hive and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slipped the empty frame into the vacant place thus left in Hive I.

I had another object in view right there. That hive was evidently taking measures toward swarming — which I wanted to prevent. Already a line of queen-cells hung like stalactites along the lower edges of the frames, each looking much like a wax thimble. In bee circles, only the drone and the humble worker are given horizontal cradles. It is the prerogative of royal infancy to hang like a bat, head downward. And it occurred to me that by cutting out those cells, and giving the queen a whole new frame to fill, she might find so much business ahead that it would change the current of thought into stay-at-home channels. The plan seemed good enough, in fact, to lead me a week later to exchange another pair of frames between the hives; and with the desired result. Hive I omitted swarming from its repertory that season.

Next day I looked into Hive II. There was an instant, angry buzz. Here was no more indifference! Up from both sides of that brood-frame boiled the bees, every one at the moment in the hive, ready to defend with life itself the children in their care. Other bees were coming home like streaks of sunlight from the fields, pollen-laden, and hurrying in along the runway as though going to a fire. So far, so good. That night the new queen came by mail, in her little cage of wood and wire, with half a dozen bees from her home to keep her company. I slipped the cage quickly in on the top of the brood-frame and dropped the netted cover down. An alert guardian made a dash for the opening to get at me, but was too late, and in a moment dozens of bees were trying to get closer to that queen through the wire-guarded openings of the cage.

Now, the theory is, that the bees must have plenty of time to get acquainted. A too-early introduction would result in the death of the queen, in regicide in fact, for bees have summary ideas regarding pretenders to the throne without credentials. Their motto seems to be, 'No Jacobite for me,' and most zealously do they live up to it. Therefore, the way out of that cage is through a tunnel plugged with candy. By the time the candy is eaten through, friendly relations with the candidate for post of house-mother are expected to be established by sight and scent through the protecting netting.

For some reason, tunneling proved unexpectedly hard. For fully a week they dug, butted against the wires, and dug again, yet the task was not ended. It was not well to wait longer, so I ripped off the netting and replaced the cage. In an instant the inmates were loose. For a moment I saw the young queen, gentle, dainty, and slender, making her way unnoticed across the top of the frame. Then she was lost to sight. I had done what I could for her. The result now lay on the knees of the gods.

For fully half an hour I watched the runway like a lynx, for indications. Then I spied a bee tugging lustily at a dead one, and shouldering it a-down the shute as unconcernedly as a dockman might roll along a cotton-bale. A moment later I detected another calmly walking forth with the slow and steady tread of a dray-horse, dragging at the end of her sting another bee, already as dead as Pharaoh. Then I saw two more. Evidently the inhospitable little wretches had slaughtered those attendant bees who had accompanied their little queen from a far country to this realm. What had they done to *her?*

Hive I was in the heart of the honey-flow. Full forty thousand bees were busy filling it; and on the morrow I must away for a two-weeks' vacation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So I piled three supers full of honey-boxes on that hive, bound to give them at least all the room they could reasonably ask for, and went my way.

Vacation sped, as vacation will, — and my first act on returning was to go straightway to Hive II and ascertain its status. It greeted me with an enthusiastic buzz. In miniature it was quite as busy as the other. In several of the frames I found scores of tiny grublets already in the cells, proving that the young queen had been accepted, and that she was 'right on the job.' And all summer long the golden clouds of young bees dancing above both entrances were a joy to see. Thus had special providence saved another queendom.

The net results? Oh, well — remember that I said it was a hobby. At least, I intended to. But if you will be thus insistent, I will say that the parent hive, which did not swarm, but kept busy at its honey-gathering instead, gave me that autumn some seventy pounds of beautiful comb-honey, sixty pounds of which were in full boxes, the rest in combs partly filled.

A writer in a current mazagine cites a story of one who said, 'If I lived in the country I believe I would keep a bee.'

I have.

THE UNLIMITED FRANCHISE

BY MAX EASTMAN

Lately so much corruption has been uncovered in high places that our faith in the national ideal is impaired. Many of the men in politics have become half-hearted believers in the popular vote. And even among those who make a profession of preserving ideals, the old enthusiasm for democracy is rare. At a luncheon of the Republican Club in New York City I heard a preacher, amid general applause, stand up and appeal for a strictly limited franchise, and the rule of what he called 'Intellect.'

In these days preachers who exalt intellect in just his tone, reveal that they have not themselves caught the vital outcome of modern science — namely, that it is not *intellect* but *will* that is fundamental and, if we are to use the word, divine. And politicians who uphold, without hesitation and a sense of their own temerity, a proposal to retract the basic principle of our civilization because of vice in the seats of government, show themselves to have a limited sense of the social importance of a political system. It will therefore be profitable to dwell, in opposition to them, upon the true function of intelligence, and the main significance of a democratic form of government.

A realization of the primary importance of people's wishes is the chief contribution of modern philosophy to the wisdom of life. Modern philosophy is determined in its unique character by the theory of evolution, and that theory teaches us not to worship general intellectual judgments as the ancients did. It teaches us that those judgments are but the product of a thing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prior to them, namely, an organism with a wish — a spontaneous, arbitrary, whimsical, non-reasonable wish: the wish to live and go after the things that it likes. And the nature of that wish no thinking can determine. The organism likes the things simply because it likes them. Intelligence was subsequently developed, with other appurtenances, as a servant of that impulse. And judgments as to what is better or worse are still — at bottom — judgments as to what will enable each organism to attain the richest satisfaction of its voluntary nature. These judgments, therefore, are not true overhead, or abstractly, or eternally, but they are true for the individuals whose inmost wishes they ultimately serve.

Some wishes, to be sure, are common to almost all beings, and the judgments of right and wrong which rest upon those wishes we call universally true. But the majority of intelligent decisions demanded by the current of events cannot be made in general, and without taking account of the particular impulse of an individual concerned. In short, the function of intelligence is not to tell a person what he wants; its function is to tell him how to get it, or what to do about it, having first ascertained from the depths of him what it is.

If judgments of what is well or ill for individuals depend for determination upon the natural wishes of those individuals, surely judgments of what is well or ill for states depend upon the wishes of those individuals who compose them and for whom they exist. This fact is recognized in our ballot system — for, fundamentally, it is not an intelligent decision that we ask for upon election day, but the expression of a wish. If it were an intelligent decision, we should not ask the majority, we should ask an educated and experienced and not very busy man. But since it is the expression of a wish, we ask all except those whose wishes we can be sure are dangerous to the very existence of our society.

The uneducated have as keen wishes as the educated, and the wishes of the educated are as arbitrary and non-reasonable as the wishes of the unedcated. We therefore refer to both. And while we acknowledge that an intelligent man is the best judge of how to attain our ends, we beware of ascribing to intelligence the false function of determining what those ends are. We beware of letting educated people tell uneducated people what they ought to want. The very difference established by their education renders them unfit for this function. All the people, at some point in the political programme, must effectually express their desires, and only after that event is assured can we safely contrive schemes to bring it about that the most intelligent shall determine how in detail those desires are to be attained.

A popular sovereignty is thus but the expression in politics of what is a characteristic of the awakened in this age to express everywhere — in philosophy as a pragmatic tolerance, in art as a free individualism, in education a reliance upon interest as well as discipline, in religion a faith in feeling rather than authority, in homes the encouraging of women and children to lives of their own. The principle under all these changes is the recognition of the divine rightness of the individual, natural will of a man, and that it goes behind all judgments of value because the individual wills of men are what brought value into the world.

All this is exceedingly theoretical, and it would be smiled at by those practical politicians we spoke of. Perhaps it would be smiled at by that intellectually educated minister also, as containing an anachronism, because the democratic ideal appeared so long before the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theory of evolution or the new psychology. To these two smiles I should make the same answer — that I have been so theoretical deliberately, because I wish to show that the democratic ideal, which developed out of practical life, and not out of speculative science, acquires fresh support from the deepest conclusion of that science at the present day. And if nothing can give us courage to reinforce and renew what we call our faith in the will of the people, then let us by deeper thinking recognize that this is not really a question of faith but of acceptance. We are not required to believe that a low-class citizen has good judgment; we are required to acknowledge in practice what we cannot help believing in meditation, that the natural desires of a low-class citizen have just as imperial a right to satisfaction from the universe out of which they sprang as the natural desires of the children of fortune, and that no man or god but the citizen himself can decide what those desires are.

Once we have got full of that so-called theoretic truth, we shall approach the practical question of determining the franchise with a different mind. We shall see that it is a matter of choosing a way between two dangers — on one side the danger of letting some people tell the others what their interests are, and on the other the danger of letting those try to express their interests who have not enough understanding to perceive the relation between those interests and a public question. A glance at history and life will show that the first of these dangers is the more imminent and the more awful. Most of the troubles that arise when two people try to live together, arise not because their opinions diverge, but because one of them tries to tell the other what she or he wants. Moreover, if there is anything in the world that a man *can* be relied upon to understand, it is the bearing of a general question upon his particular desire. A little kitchen or backyard common sense, at least, is more apposite to such understanding than is any educational attainment which we might measure. Indeed, we cannot better conclude an estimate of the amount of respect due to intelligence than with an admonition that the intelligence to which respect is due is not identical with school education. It is a gift of nature evoked by experience. And it should be the pride of this republic to acknowledge, not only that those great minds which were peculiarly her own, Lincoln, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain, were without formal schooling, but that much of the sinew of her collective good sense lies in the homely thought of lesser citizens of the same type.

Still more, however, should it be the pride of this and of every republic, that whatever increasing good sense it does possess shall be in truth collective good sense. It shall be social intelligence — that intelligenc which results from a free, sympathetic intercommunication of all kinds of people. From that source, and from that source alone, will arise political judgments that the future will call intelligent. And the equality in citizenship of all people is what will guard that source, and foster the growth of that sympathy and that communication, until there appears a true civic wisdom. It is for such purposes as that, more than for any direct gains through the suffrage, that democratic government will survive pure in the world. Its main significance is not, and will not be, political, but social and moral.

Were it only in what he achieves with his vote upon election day, indeed, that the common man's wish attains recognition in a republic, our en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thusiasm for that form of government might well be mild. We cannot wonder that practical politicians, who see only the congregations at our capitols and how they employ themselves, thinking them to be the sole outcome of democracy, doubt its value. They doubt their own value. But they and their little meetings are not what democracy exists for; they are a necessary and in part an unfortunate incident in a great accomplishment. For my part I would be willing to do away with them, and all their bickering and thimble-rigging, and the whole tedious forth-laboring of an electoral system, and put the business in the hands of a few expert despots who would carry it on without bungling, if I could retain among the people every indirect benefit of a popular system of politics. For it is in results remote from the seat of government that democracy realizes itself, and the will of the common man receives its sovereignty.

Indeed, some of the supposed drawbacks of a democratic polity are, in the light of those results, not drawbacks at all, but of the essence of its success. The disorder, the indignity and irregularity, the scattered extravagance, squabbling, and mud-slinging, and general uncertainty, — all these aspects of our government which make it unsatisfactory to contemplate, — are signs that it is doing well. Democracy does not aim to produce a government as complete and regular and satisfying to the cultivated mind as possible; it aims to produce a government somewhat loose and dirty, in which the citizens are great as individuals. Remember that a republican government is a continuous education, and you will not expect to find in it the virtues of a graduation ceremony. You will expect to find the children kicking out upon all sides, overturning things the moment they begin to run smooth, forever putting up irrelevant questions, and in general making it appear that nothing is being accomplished. If there is anything in this world that looks like a complete failure, it is a successful kindergarten. And much the same thing is true of a successful experiment in self-government. The success is inside of individuals. It is happiness, and experimental knowledge, and moral independence, and humility.

By humility we mean no seventh-day self-abnegation, but that rarest of simple virtues, the tendency to listen with understanding and enter with readiness into the minds of others. We find among people nourished upon aristocratic traditions, both in remote history and now, a kind of aggressive self-hood, a tendency to be always informing others, asserting before others *their* persons, — whether small or great, — that is not accepted among us. And it is a pleasure to believe that the democratic culture and environment have been factors in the change. The ability to listen is a mark of the true children of democracy. And that habit of mind is more precious to the progress of happiness in the world than some public virtues about which we are now greatly exercised. In 1714, Bernard De Mandeville wrote a book called *The Fable of the Bees*, in which he set forth the belief that private vices are, or beget, public virtues; but it seems more necessary to say that public vices appear inevitable in the culture of the rarest of private virtues.

A habit of mind more obviously important than humility, and more certainly begot and sustained by democratic politics, is the habit of according equal physical, social, economic, and legal rights and liberties to all men. We are so accustomed, in theory at least, to honor this demand of every man for a fair chance, that we forget how recent and how precariously es-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tablished is that way of thinking. We little realize how much it depends upon its fixation in our national polity. Take away the political guarantee of a social attitude, and you take away the only overt support it has. We are equals once a year at the polls — rich and poor, armed and unarmed, educated and uneducated, known and unknown; and upon that occasion we announce to the world and to ourselves a high principle — a principle so high indeed above brute nature that without such annual certification it might soon exhale upward into the realm of inoperative sentiment.

'So act,' says Immanuel Kant, 'as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of any other, in every case as an end withal, never as a means only.' That is the principle we have laid hold of, and even wrought a little way into the frame of our national life. It is the principle most essential to the educating of men for mutual enjoyment. And while we might increase the perfection of the act of government, decrease the dishonesty that prevails in places of honor, and even elevate the average of honest legislation, we should never take a solid step forward toward that individual and social happiness which is the aim of all legislation, by taking a step backward from this fundamental principle of the art of living together.

We despair of democracy because we dwell upon current problems so much more than we read history. We fail to remember the wonders it has accomplished and sustains in the lives of the people. We cry that we are at the mercy of political bosses, and our votes — the symbols of personal dignity — are for sale to the highest bidder. And with our excessively political ways of thinking, we infer from these facts that the venture is lost. Politics has become unpleasant, and therefore democracy is a failure. But truly, nobody can tell whether or not democracy is a failure except by looking into the homes of the people. Whoever, with an historic sense, has looked there, will be able to face with faith the evils of bossism. He will not be ready to say that we have failed as a democracy until we have tried harder than we yet have to overcome those evils by measures not undemocratic.

Democracy will meet the problems it has produced, if we will but keep our pride in it, and if we will but remember that things human are never to be condemned by comparison with perfection, but by comparison with other things human that we might put in their place. We see in the agitation for direct nominations, and the short ballot, and the initiative and referendum and recall, only the first drastic attempts to mitigate the evils of bossism, not by limiting, but by perfecting the popular sovereignty. And we will not despair of that sovereignty until many such attempts have been debated and tried.

Not even the selling of votes, though it were habitual, could make lifeless all that we say of the divine will of the people. Go back into history, beyond the birth of these theories we have been expounding, and consider the practical troubles out of which the scheme of democratic politics arose, and we shall see that the corruption of voters is not a complete failure of that scheme. Democracy got its crude original momentum, I suppose, not out of any political speculations as to the voice of the people, but out of a gradually engendered conviction in the mind of the common man that he had a right to be somebody. Political status was only a vital expression and indispensable guarantee of the acceptance of that conviction. That expression and guarantee are not wholly abolished for him in the sale of his vote, nor in the loss of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his pride of citizenship is there lost all the dignity of character and ambition that political status conferred upon him.

It is a bad thing, the selling of votes, but it is not the worst that can be imagined. To be recognized as a man who has a power that cannot be taken from him even temporarily unless it be paid for, and that he will never sell for a cent less than he happens to think it is worth, is not the worst thing that can befall a man. A worse thing is to have rulers stand over him and hold him down and put a gag in his mouth by physical force. And that is the position out of which, by a thousand years of murder and self-sacrifice, the lowest of men has risen to the considerable dignity of being able to sell or withhold his vote. He must now be reckoned with. How cheap or often-soever he sells his vote, he has, what he never had under any other political system, a little of the personal dignity and sacredness of the sovereign. And from the standpoint both of immediate advantage and of educational possibility he is in higher standing. He is a man notable to his rulers and the powers of law. For my part, I value that standing of the poor man so highly, that I think it alone justifies a democratic polity. I think that the matter of commerce in votes, however it may give us despair of the human soul, has no bearing upon the question of democracy or no democracy. For, given bosses, it were better that they should reckon with the vote of the subjected classes financially — pay for it every time — than that they should not reckon with it at all.

The best system of government imaginable is, and will always be, a choice between different kinds of imperfection. And we shall fare best in an unsatisfying world if we make ours that kind of imperfection which results from following a deep truth through shallow places. Let us think the principle of popular sovereignty profoundly enough, and we shall turn a skeptical eye in advance upon every proposal to retreat, for little obvious reasons, from the universal franchise. And let us remember how much vaster is the achievement of democracy than anything to be contained in chambers and halls of government; we shall give to those societies and those politicians who aim to improve our republic by developing the too amateurish machinery of its mature principle, all our energy of reform. With every high leader in the history of our country we shall continue to be, in the face of our peculiar troubles, which are probably no greater than theirs, democrats to the heart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHEMISTRY OF SLEEP

BY FRED W. EASTMAN

I

'For here is shewed by what means sleepe is caused; that is by vapours and fumes rising from the stomache to the head, where through coldness of the brain they being congealed doe stop the conduites and waies of the senses, and so procure sleepe.' As fanciful as this three-hundred-years-old explanation of sleep may sound, we surely have in it something more solid than in the empty theories which have passed current for some time and assigned sleep to a self-evident 'torpor of the sensorium,' an obvious 'resting-state of consciousness,' or a vague 'rise of stimulus thresholds.' Although scientists have, until comparatively recently, avoided the subject as one for so-called psychologists to spin their webs about, happily, with the advance of physiological chemistry, sleep is being studied under the microscope and in the test-tube, with the result that the investigators are now able to give us a much truer idea of what it really is.

This interesting condition is no longer indefinitely considered a wandering abroad of the soul, but is now known to be a temporary poisoning of the brain-cells by the waste products resulting during the day from the activity of the body-cells in general. Thus when a muscle-cell or a nerve-cell acts, nutritive material stored within its walls is broken down into substances that are of no value and merely impede further action of the cell unless removed. Normally these waste products are washed out by the blood-stream which at the same time provides new cell-food, and is finally itself purified by the excretory organs, — the lungs and the kidneys. In the course of the day, however, production is in excess of removal, and then the clogging effect of these substances is manifested by fatigue in muscles and brain, the extreme degree of which results, in the latter organ, in the inability to act which we know as sleep. The third of our time thus spent out of commission is therefore really due to the inadequacy of the excretory organs for purifying the blood; and if for the word 'stomache' we substitute 'body,' it is interesting to note that the above ancient quotation very closely foreshadows, in a figurative sense, the circumstances as we understand them to-day.

That there is a close relation between fatigue and sleep is superficially evident to every one who has felt the difficulty of keeping awake after strenuous exercise, and noted the greater depth of sleep following such fatigue as compared with the light sleep when not previously tired. What the conditions are under the surface at such times has to some extent been made clear by microscopical examination of the nerve-cells of pigeons, sparrows, and bees, when fatigued at night and when rested in the morning. At night there was a marked shrinkage of the cells, particularly of their nuclei, in which the shrinkage varied from eight to seventy-five per cent of original volume, while the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protoplasm still in the cell was riddled with empty spaces. In the morning the normal appearance and size had been regained. This striking evidence that fatigue is accompanied by loss of cell-material needs no comment. That such visible changes are accompanied by chemical reactions is also certain, for the fatigued cells stain differently from the non-fatigued ones; staining with different substances being a regular laboratory process of demonstrating chemical changes in cells.

If a small muscle, like that from the calf of the leg of a frog, is artificially stimulated at regular short intervals by an electric current of constant strength, we find that its contractions grow gradually shorter and shorter and soon cease altogether, — the muscle is asleep. It is no longer sensitive to a current of this strength, and can only be aroused by a stronger one. Now, however, if we pass a nutritive fluid through the blood-vessels of the muscle to supply new cell-material, and, what is of much greater importance at this period, to wash out its waste products, we find that the muscle again awakes and is sensitive to the original strength of stimulus. Thus normally in the body when we are exhausted, the muscles have acted under the stimulation of the will until so clogged with this waste material that they can no longer respond to nerve-impulses, and must rest until their normal condition is again restored by the circulation. One third of the respiratory act is rest; and even the heart, which we usually consider an organ that never rests, sleeps six hours in twenty-four, for one fourth of the time to make one beat and begin another is spent in inaction and repair.

That the waste products resulting from such action in muscle and nerve-cells, or fatigue-products as we may now call them, can really cause sleep and are not merely an incidental accompaniment of it, is proved by the experiment of injecting the blood of an exhausted dog into a normal one, which then exhibits all the symptoms of fatigue and falls asleep. The injection of the blood of a non-fatigued dog into a normal one has no effect, because it has not been saturated with these toxic waste products from the cells. Also tending to prove that sleep is due more to the accumulation of waste than to the exhaustion of nutritive material in the cell, is the experiment of the bloodless frog. As the blood was removed from this animal there was substituted a very dilute salt solution, of no nutritive value whatever. This fluid removed the waste from the cells, however; so the frog lived for several days, and during the first ten or twelve hours was difficult to distinguish from normal frogs.

But still the most satisfactory proof that these fatigue-products are the direct cause of sleep lies in an individual examination of some of the principal ones, such as carbon dioxide and lactic acid. As is well known, carbon dioxide is the poisonous part of expired air. It is produced in large quantities in nervous and other tissues, but in the main by muscular action, for it has been found that, during a day in which muscular work is done, a man expires nearly twice as much carbon dioxide as during a resting day. The amount of its output is also very much diminished during sleep, when the muscles are not in action. It is known by laboratory experiment to have a clogging effect upon the action of muscle-tissue, but for us it is of greater interest to know its effect upon the brain-cells, which it reaches through the blood and affects in conjunction with that already formed there.

Here carbon dioxide acts by exclusion of oxygen, the presence of which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is always so necessary to vital action; all movement, digestion, and even thought, being due to chemical processes in which oxygen plays a most important part. The temperature of the gray matter at the surface of the brain has been found to be at times higher than that of any part of the body, and this would indicate that this tissue is the seat of more active chemical processes than any other, since heat in the body is also always due to chemical action. The brain therefore requires a relatively greater supply of oxygen than the other organs do, and is correspondingly more sensitive to its lack.

With reference to the possibility of this gas producing sleep, or at least of the lack of oxygen doing so, we have, besides the familiar instances of its extreme effect of suffocation in ill-ventilated prisons or other places, the experiment of breathing from a closed vessel and counting aloud. With a certain low per cent of oxygen and a corresponding increase of carbon dioxide, the counting ceased and unconsciousness occurred, although, as in sleep, the other functions of the body were not altered.

Lactic acid, the other important fatigue and sleep-producing substance, is also produced by muscular and nervous activity. In the familiar occurrence of the souring of milk it prevents its own production by interfering with the action of bacteria which produce it from sugar of milk. A similar process occurs in muscle, the cells of which when in activity produce lactic acid from a kind of sugar stored in them; but the accumulating acid is unfavorable to this process and therefore retards muscular action. That it can lower the activity of brain-cells to a point below consciousness has been determined even on man, in whom doses of it have been shown to produce fatigue and finally sleep. Perhaps it is this agent to which the well-known sleep-producing effect of milk is due.

II

Besides these direct proofs that sleep is produced by toxic waste products whose removal does not keep pace with their formation, there is much interesting indirect evidence that it is due to the same influence. Thus it is known that the brain is one of the first organs to feel the effect of a diminished amount of blood or of a depraved quality of this fluid, and hence, in old age, or under the influence of a deficient quantity of food, or through the action of some exhausting disease, there is generally more sleep than when the physical health is not deteriorated. In many diseases, such as malaria, diabetes, and chronic inflammation of the kidneys, a most prominent symptom is an unusual amount of sleep. In all three of these diseases, either on account of toxins secreted by bacteria or of trouble with the excretory organs, the system becomes saturated with various poisonous products, and a common termination of them is coma. This is a sleep from which the patient either cannot be aroused at all by any form of stimulation, or only with great difficulty, according to the depth of the coma. This fact of itself suggests the milder toxic nature of normal sleep.

Certain forms of neurasthenia are accompanied by a disposition to inordinate sleep, and fatigue with its toxic products intensifies this tendency. In sleeping-sickness the patient, over a period of six to eighteen months, develops the tendency to sleep more and more, until he will not feed, and ultimately dies. This is a disease peculiar to parts of Africa, and is caused by a parasite introduced into the blood by a variety of fly. The chief seat of de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

velopment of this organism, however, is the cerebro-spinal fluid, which fills the cavities within the brain and spinal cord. Here it produces a toxin which directly affects the nerve-cells and produces the characteristic sleep and death. Indeed there is much evidence that natural death in old age is due to lack of resistance to an accumulation of normal waste products, and death in many diseases is undoubtedly due to lack of resistance to unnatural toxins produced by bacteria or pathological processes, and thus we have its relation to sleep — 'that ape of death.'

In this connection we must also note that sleep may be produced by compression of the carotid arteries; a process which reduces the amount of oxygen in the brain by the simple process of diminishing the amount of blood which carries it there. But the important point for us is that a certain degree of compression is much more effective in the evening than in the morning, as if at this time the brain-cells were less irritable on account of the accumulated waste of the day, and could therefore not so well endure a suspension of the blood-supply.

Finally, with the indirect evidence it is to be mentioned that the tendency to sleep after meals has recently been ascribed to the effect of the first products of digestion, which it is claimed are similar in their action to fatigue-products. The condition, however, is no doubt to a great extent due to the withdrawal of blood from the brain to aid digestion; for the amount of blood in the body does not seem to be sufficient to satisfy all the demands made upon it at the same time; hence it must be distributed to the best advantage with the surplus where needed most. Indeed, there has developed a wonderfully delicate and elaborate nervous mechanism known as the vasomotor, or blood-vessel-moving system, whose sole function is to control this distribution of blood to the various organs.

This matter of blood-supply, so evident in the lethargy after meals, is indeed of importance in producing and maintaining all normal sleep. By toxic waste products the irritability of brain-cells is lowered, even to a point below consciousness for some centres; and this condition is then made general by a diminution of the blood- or, more directly, the oxygen-supply, to all the brain. That this diminution really obtains during sleep has been established beyond a doubt. It has already been noted that the compression of the carotid arteries, the most important vessels by which blood is supplied to the brain, produces an artificial sleep. Also the fontanelle of the baby, the opening in the top of the skull where the bones have not yet grown together, rises when the baby is awake, and sinks during sleep. This rise and fall can be due to nothing but a corresponding change in the volume of the brain caused by an alteration of the blood-supply. The famous experiment of a man on a balanced table which sank at the head end when he was thinking, and rose when he was mentally inactive, or asleep, is very much to the point. Fainting, with its production of a state so similar to deep sleep, is due to the increased amount of blood in the vessels of the abdomen and a corresponding loss in the brain.

Similar observations to those made upon babies have been made upon adults with defects of the skull due to accident or surgical operation, and the additional data obtained by the proper apparatus, that during sleep the volume of the arm or leg increases on account of the expansion of the blood-vessels at the surface of the body in general. The sleepiness following exposure to heat or cold is no doubt due to this derivation of the blood from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the central organs of the body to the surface, in order to cool or warm it as the occasion may demand. It is also important to note that the increase of blood at the surface and corresponding diminution in the brain, follows pretty closely the course of intensity of sleep. Thus it has been determined, by making noises of different height, and by different degrees of electrical stimulation, that the first two hours of sleep are by far the deepest, and it is during this period that there is the least blood at the head. It will be of interest now to know why this anæmia of the brain occurs at the time of sleep.

III

The vasomotor system for controlling the distribution of the blood is ruled by a definite centre, or collection of nerve-cells, at the base of the brain. From here nerves go to all parts of the body, and control the size of blood-vessels by action on the muscles in their walls. As occasion arises for an increased supply of blood to a particular organ, the condition of the organ at the moment originates a message to the vasomotor centre, which then increases the size of the vessels supplying the organ, and its particular function, such as secretion by a gland, results. This centre is not only busy with the demands of the internal organs, but it is also subject to the influence of the special senses. Thus, through their effect upon this centre, sensations of heat, cold, or pain in the skin cause an increase of blood-supply there, for protective purposes. Even recognition of sounds, objects, odors, and tastes receives attention in this busy office. This was demonstrated for several of these sensations by the experiment in which the varying volume of the arm was determined during sleep. On this occasion the sound of a music-box, though not sufficient to awake the sleeper, did affect this centre, which caused a considerable diminution of the volume of the arm as the blood was returned to the head in this unconscious act of attention.

It is evident that, busy all day long with unceasing attenton to organic and special sensations, this must be one of the first centres to become fatigued; or at least, because of the clogging effect of its own waste products, it must be one of the first to feel the effect of those produced in other tissues and brought to it by the blood: a theory with which we must credit Professor Howell of Johns Hopkins University. Since this centre acts by maintaining the arteries at all times in a condition of construction, except as different organs make demand for more blood, when it is fatigued and loses control, the arteries will automatically expand all over the body, and a part of the blood of the brain will naturally gravitate into them. As experiments on animals indicate that the blood in the brain and spinal cord is only one per cent of that in the entire body, no great variation in the size of blood-vessels is necessary to reduce considerably the amount of this fluid in the brain.

Usually, however, there is not complete exhaustion of the vasomotor centre. When sleepy we withdraw ourselves as far as possible from external stimuli, and, if wise, have avoided any excess which would cause unusual internal sensations. Then this centre, no longer subject to the stimuli whose tonic influence has caused it to maintain the arteries in general in a constricted condition, is in a situation as helpless as that due to extreme fatigue. As in the latter case, the blood-vessels in the lower part of the body automatically expand, and sleep at once results from diminished blood- or oxygen-supply to the brain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally, sleep continues until the blood and the brain-cells are restored to normal condition, or until some unusual or intense stimulation affects the vasomotor centre, and awakes us by causing a premature return of blood to the head. For the above reasons it is apparent how we may go to sleep at times without noticeable fatigue; but because of the greater sensitivity of the vasomotor centre then, on account of lack of fatigue-products, such sleep must necessarily be light.

As proof that wakefulness depends upon ever-present and ever-varying stimulation, we may cite a case reported by a famous German professor of an idiot boy who could receive no other sensations than those to be had through one eye and one ear. When these entrances to nerve-centres were closed, the boy always went immediately to sleep, and remained so until aroused by the removal of the barriers to stimuli. It may also be mentioned in this connection that prisoners in solitary confinement, unless they find a source of mental activity in some external stimulation, spend an unusual amount of time in sleep. Personal experience of sleepiness in dull weather, dull society, solitude, or under the unvarying stimulation of a monotonous sound, are too common to relate.

IV

It may seem that the condition of brain anæmia, or lack of blood, is not one well adapted to restore the cells to normal activity. But it should be borne in mind that the condition is only relative, and not by any circumstance absolute. Moreover, less blood at this time really seems natural if we remember that during inaction there is no demand for supplies to carry on the function of the cells, but only to replace the comparatively small amount of material not restored during activity. Likewise, there is not so great a demand for the removal of waste products as when they are being continuously produced.

But if cell-restoration during sleep is a task so relatively small compared with maintaining the normal condition of the cell during action, the question arises whether, in order to complete this restoration, it is necessary for us to spend as much time in sleep as we do. Perhaps, on account of popular opinion and personal habit, we waste much time in this jelly-fish condition that could be more profitably spent in active pursuit of our ambitions. The answer of course depends on the nature of our occupation. If there is much muscular effort involved, with a correspondingly large amount of waste in the cells and blood, eight hours or more are probably necessary. But if our work is of a sedentary nature and mainly of the brain, there is naturally a smaller quantity of accumulated waste, and less time is required for its removal. Many are the instances of great men, past and present, who have lived healthfully and worked unceasingly and strenuously on only four or five hours of sleep, or half the laborer's portion. Surely we are not to suppose that those men were or are physically different from others, but rather that by inclination or necessity they have developed a habit of sleeping *intensely* for a short period, instead of lightly for a longer period, with resulting gain of time and efficiency.

Depth of sleep and degree of restoration go hand in hand. We have already mentioned the fact that, as determined by sounds and by electrical stimulation, the first two hours of normal sleep are by far the most intense, and the remaining period is a state very near consciousness. The mere fact that all through this latter period of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five or six hours we are sensitive to stimuli very many times weaker than those necessary to affect us in the first two hours, proves a greater, almost complete, restoration of sensitiveness, or physiological irritability, at the early period of intense sleep. Bearing directly on this point are recent reliable experiments, in which exact tests were made of muscular strength and other conditions, that show that after long loss of sleep in man, — ninety hours, — the amount of sleep necessary for complete recovery was only from sixteen to thirty-five per cent of that lost. This low figure, although partly due to restoration in waking hours, certainly speaks in no hesitating manner for the possibilities of sleep-concentration.

The above considerations would therefore invite us to spend only that time in bed in which sleep is deep and dreamless and really valuable. If nine or ten hours are spent in bed every night, it will be the personal experience of most persons, unless they have engaged in considerable muscular exercise previous to sleep, that much of this time is spent in getting to sleep, and in repeated waking and dozing and dreaming during the morning hours. Therefore about a third of the time is wasted, for about this proportion of it is spent in an inert condition in the morning that is not true sleep in the sense that there is necessary repair being made, but is merely a condition of suspended animation due to lack of sensory stimulation, toward which the conditions of the bedroom are so favorable, and which we have seen greatly aided in producing sleep in the first place. That even after a night of most refreshing sleep a considerable degree of stimulation is necessary to bring one out of the above condition, is evident from the common experience that, even after habit or an alarm has caused one to rise, one is still half-asleep. We must yawn, rub our eyes, and stretch for some time, and are not fully awake until after the stimulation of the bath or the morning coffee has sufficiently returned the blood to our heads.

Irregularity of sleep is one of the greatest evils of present conditions. Work or pleasure demands our attention for several nights, and sleep is neglected until exhaustion compels us to resort to it for recovery. But such overstrain, as we shall see more clearly later, is laying the foundation for insomnia, with its keen annoyance and grave injury. If we concentrate our sleep into short and intense periods of strict regularity, the results will in every way be more satisfactory. Just as resistance to muscle-fatigue, which is due to the same products as sleep, is established by short regular periods of intense exercise alternating with complete rest, which break down the cells of the muscle to an extreme degree and rebuild them in a manner increasingly better adapted to resist these toxic waste products, so a resistance to sleep, or the extreme effect of the same products on brain-cells, is also established by periods of intense activity and complete repose. Exact experiments have often shown that artificial increase of oxygen before and during athletic activity greatly increases efficiency, and that proper regard for diet also wonderfully improves physical endurance. Hence a vigilance with regard to sanitary conditions and maintenance of the most complete health will greatly facilitate resistance to sleep and also its concentration.

Just as the intensity of our every-day muscular movements is a matter of personal habit and environment, so is the intensity of sleep subject to the same influences, and it results in corresponding individual efficiency. Thus the savage, with his lack of interests

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and of necessity for the great activity imposed by the harder fight for survival among civilized people, sleeps much and often. Our early forefathers, for lack of artificial light, slept as do the animals, from sun to sun. There are still traces of a related influence in rural districts to-day where the evening excitement of town life does not exist and the retiring hour is very early. In the long dull winters of Russia the stolid peasants hibernate as truly as do our own bears. But in general the tendency in evolution and civilization has been to concentrate sleep-periods, and make them shorter in total time and more regular. Such a tendency can be due only to individual improvement, however, and for the healthy normal human being of sedentary occupation to indulge in siestas or to spend much more than a fourth of his time in sleep, is lazy neglect of his duty to himself and the race, and a reversion toward the stage of the amœba. Rest there must always be, on account of the mode of action of living matter; but with increasing cell-efficiency it may not in the future have to be of the extreme type that we know as sleep.

V

Having now gained a bird's-eye view of the nature and causes of sleep and some notion of its relativity, or its changing intensity from moment to moment, let us see how this information will aid us in understanding a few of its variations, such as dreams, somnambulism, and insomnia.

Dreams usually occur in the morning, and are normally a product of light sleep, representing the gradual reinstatement of consciousness after the earlier and more profound slumber. Observations made upon patients with cranial defects show that when we are dreaming, the brain is greater in volume than in deep sleep, and less than when we are awake. Thus this intermediate volume of blood would indicate that dreams are an intermediate stage between unconsciousness and wakefulness, and their incomplete and irregular intelligence would indicate the same thing. This increased circulation is usually due to sensory stimulation affecting the vasomotor centre and causing a return of blood to the head, with resultant increased consciousness. That these stimuli may so affect the individual without waking him was proved by the experiment in which the varying volume of the arm was determined during sleep; for, as already indicated, this volume and the corresponding amount of blood in the brain were affected by all sorts of stimuli from without and within. Thus we see how exposure of a portion of the limbs may cause one to dream of taking a cold drive; and tickling the lips or nose may cause dreams of agony. The discomforts of indigestion are usually the cause of the more intense dreams known as nightmares.

It is evident that, contrary to popular belief, dreams in themselves do not contribute to light or broken sleep in which they are present. Such a condition is due to the ever-present stimuli which, according to their strength or the degree of irritability of the cells, maintain even in sleep a varying degree of consciousness of which the dreams are merely a manifestation. Therefore the fatiguing effect often also attributed to dreams is not due to them, but to the lighter degree of sleep and less complete cell-restoration which they accompany, and which are due to some irritation.

In certain cases these stimuli may only affect the spinal cord and cause reflex actions. Thus, for instance, if the feet become cold they are drawn up to a warmer part of the bed, or the arm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be used to brush away flies, or if the position of the sleeper becomes irksome it may be changed. In still other cases, however, the stimuli may be so powerful, or the cells so irritable, that the brain-centres for voluntary movement are aroused to action. The individual may then make journeys during his sleep or even perform hazardous adventures, ultimately returning to bed and not remembering them on awaking. Thus we have the phenomena of somnambulism as other phases of the relativity of sleep, or degree of effective stimulation and blood-supply. Habitual busy talking in sleep is usually a forerunner of this condition. Perhaps the next phase is that represented by a soldier sleeping while standing on duty, and this is followed by the phase in which an individual walks or keeps his position on horseback while asleep. In other instances apparently conscious actions, such as solving a mathematical, legal, or other problem, and even writing out the solution during sleep, would indicate that certain centres higher than those for voluntary actions, such as that involved in journeys, were also being exercised, while at the same time many others, under the influence of toxic waste or lacking in local blood-supply, were asleep.

Such actions of somnambulism are usually performed under the influence of a 'fixed' idea, which means that during waking hours the sleeper had been thinking much of the action or question involved. Under such an influence the continuous presence of excess of waste products, or alteration in their character, seems to increase rather than to lower the irritability of the cells. Such a condition is well expressed by the term 'irritable weakness,' and is not unknown in muscular tissue. There is also an alteration of the blood-supply. We have shown that in acts of attention to sensations there is a general return of the blood to the head even in sleep, for under the conditions of nature such stimulation, especially when painful, demands alertness and increased activity on the part of the animal. But, furthermore, it has been pretty well established that attention, even when not directed toward any particular region of the body, is accompanied by local increased blood-supply to the particular brain-centres involved. This better condition for activity in these centres, as compared with that in others, would explain how, in concentration of attention and its often amusing phases of absence of mind, or even in hypnosis, we are oblivious to many sensations which at times of general attention, or of blood-supply, would be very striking. Now, when a 'fixed' idea takes possession of one, it is most probable that this condition of local increased blood-supply continues over into sleep on account of exhaustion of the muscles controlling the size of the blood-vessels. Somnambulism, therefore, is a local insomnia. This circumstance of varying blood-supply for different centres, besides explaining the various phases of somnambulism, makes clear the related condition in which mother, nurse, or physician may be sound asleep even to loud noises, but wide awake to the slightest change in their charges.

This conception of the relativity of sleep is further supported by the fact that the senses go to sleep in a definite order. Thus sight is the first sense lost, even when the eyelids have been removed or on account of disease cannot be closed. As is to be inferred from preceding passages, the other senses are not altogether abolished; their acuteness is simply lessened. But, within this limit, taste is the first to fade, and then smell; touch follows, and hearing is dulled last of all. We thus have an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indication of the most favorable point of attack at which to arouse a sleeper. In awaking, the senses return in reverse order. The sequence in which the muscles lose their power is in general also well marked, and bears a distinct relation to the importance of their functions. Thus the muscles which move the arms and legs become relaxed before those which support the head, and the latter before those which maintain the erectness of the back.

Bearing still further on the question of the depth of sleep is the general condition throughout the body at this time, in which — as in the case of the special senses — the functions of the various organs are not completely suspended, but only diminished in activity.

VI

Just as we have seen that normal sleep varies in depth according to the degree of irritability of the cells and of intensity of ever-present stimuli, it is evident that, by a sufficient degree of irritability or stimulation, sleep may be prevented altogether. Thus, as instances of this condition, we may mention the wakefulness due to hunger, heat, cold, heavy covering, over-eating, or over-fatigue. In the summer, intense heat at night is out of the ordinary routine of sensations. Then a succession of restless nights may engender a fear of sleeplessness which keeps the brain congested and so encourages the cause of the fear; for we have seen that in sleep there is less blood in the brain. Also at such times humidity may interfere with the perspiration, and that part of the toxic waste which is normally removed by this route, accumulates — producing all sorts of discomfort, and even serious conditions.

There are, however, more serious and permanent conditions of insomnia. We have shown that in somnambulism under the influence of a 'fixed' idea, there may be a local insomnia on account of an irritative toxic condition and a continuous increased blood-supply at particular centres. So under the influence of overwork of the brain, or a powerful emotion such as sorrow or worry, irritative toxic conditions or chronic increased blood-supply may be more general, and any degree of sleep whatever is prevented. Just as a muscle after extreme exercise may exhibit a condition of 'irritable weakness,' manifested by cramps and irregular contractions due to excess of waste products which under certain conditions of kind and amount are irritative in their action, so brain-tissue under constant irritation from such a condition and almost excited into action, is over-sensitive upon the addition of ordinary stimuli. Thus we have a sort of 'hair-trigger' arrangement, which makes the ever-present stimuli from skin and internal organs effective enough to maintain wakefulness. This condition is intensified by the continuous increased blood-supply due to the fatigue of muscles controlling the size of vessels which are kept overdistended by the worry or other mental activity. By a similar action, wakefulness is produced by certain substances used as food or medicine, but which are irritating in their local action or increase the frequency of the heart's beat, such as alcohol, tea, or coffee.

Naturally, with continuous insomnia the brain-cells have no rest, are not restored, and serious conditions arise. Their gravity is indicated by the fact that dogs kept from sleeping die at the end of the fourth or fifth day, and their brain-cells show the changes characteristic of extreme fatigue. With man, the tired brain is unable to supply the proper innervation for other organs,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and there appear such signs of nervous trouble as irregular heart action, dyspepsia, and other digestive disturbances. Any tendency to unusual involuntary loss of sleep should therefore receive the immediate attention of a reliable physician.

In conclusion, we would emphasize the fact that sleep is only to a certain extent a necessary evil, and that it is due to shortcomings of the body that are only a matter of degree and show possibilities for improvement. As already indicated, the only factors that limit human endeavor—fatigue, sleep, disease, and death—are all due to the inability of the organism to deal with excess of chemically definite toxic products, more or less the same in each case and varying mainly in amount. The possibilities for improvement in these lines have been demonstrated by the establishment at will of a greater resistance to fatigue, by a wonderful diminution of disease through artificial increase of the natural protective processes of the body; and even death itself has been stayed by such natural methods of prolonging life as those of Metchnikoff.

Sleep should offer no greater difficulties to this pleasant possibility of its removal, and indeed we have shown that the evolutionary tendency is to a shorter period. Being due to a comparatively low resistance of the brain-cells to waste products that are not neutralized rapidly enough in the blood or removed by the excretory organs, the opportunity for improvement is as great as in a muscle, in which fatigue, or its sleep, is due to exactly the same conditions. Therefore the same method is to be employed, namely, periods of intense activity followed by complete rest, which in this case is intense sleep. Thus the brain-cells are broken down to an extreme degree, and rebuilt in a modified form that is increasingly less susceptible to the action of fatigue-products, while at the same time the excretory functions are correspondingly improved by greater exercise. Finally, as considerable effort of the will is necessary to maintain the routine of muscular training, so the tendency to mental inactivity in unnecessary repose is to be met by a firm habit which concentrates and intensifies sleep and affords us more available time, with corresponding greater efficiency and progress.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR PRIZE PRODUCT

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

As we lie in our hammocks and look upward, our gaze is arrested by something more precious than the sky. Extrinsically, it is only an apple; intrinsically, it represents the sole product of three years of pruning and spraying our apple trees. Furthermore, it is the only apple we know of on a stretch of road four miles long. Some day, when it has got heavy, but before it ceases to be hard, we shall momentarily forget it while dozing off in our hammocks; and that apple will fall, knocking into our heads the indubitable truth that our corner of New England is not a flourishing fruit country.

It is not a flourishing vegetable country, either; but every section has some crop of which it can be justly proud; and we are justly proud of our crop of old men. They dignify the old houses; they animate the old farms; they redeem the old roads from incursions of the modern motor-car. With old men so ubiquitous, it would seem easy to find the recipe for old age; but it is not as easy as it seems.

Some of our old men ascribe their longevity to unremitting toil; others, according to their neighbors, have been preserved by lives of unadulterated idleness; several consider temperate living their panacea; but an equal number are religious in their conviction that the Fountain of Youth is nothing more nor less than New England rum. Our halest patriarchs, who have buried as many wives as monogamy allows, have suffered from old-fashioned consumption all their lives long; and at last we thought we had found the sovereign cure for untimely death. But where can one catch old-fashioned consumption nowadays?

In the end, the reason for our crop of old men remains as inexplicable as the potato crop of Maine or the peach crop of Delaware. Instead of wondering about causes, we are grateful for the crop.

Almost every morning, Giles, well past threescore and ten, hails us in his hearty voice as he goes by with his ox-load of seaweed, doing what only the most reckless youth would dare to do — riding on the tongue. Often we visit ancient Calvin over the hill, now the mildest of men, who in his adolescence committed a couple of murders, mere peccadilloes of the blood, venial as compared with a sin of the spirit, such as insincerity. Everywhere are magnificent specimens of old men; but if we were to select our prize specimen to send to the Brockton Fair, I feel sure that the unanimous choice of the community would fall on Preservèd Fletcher.

Preservèd was not always so popular in the community. He was not sagacious enough to select our village for his birthplace; and if a person be not born among us, he remains an outlander all his days. Besides, as a young man, after a brief period of teaching school in our village, Preservèd incontinently wandered away into parts unknown, so that it was difficult even to identify him on his return. Worst of all, it looked for a time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as if he might become a charge on the community. Our town has no poor-farm; and it looked as if we should have to treat Preservèd the way we treat all our sporadic paupers: go to the expense of hiring a carriage to take him over the line, there to abandon him to the bewildered mercies of the next town, which has a poor-farm.

It soon transpired, however, that Preservèd, during his wander-years, had borne arms in defense of his country. Gentle Calvin's two unauthorized murders had been to him a source of inconvenience; from an authorized, unlimited slaughter by the equally gentle Preservèd, there accrued a slender remuneration that was sufficient for his needs. He was living on the interest of his investment in the dead.

I once asked him how many rebels he thought he had killed in the war; and he answered, 'Not over five hundred with my musket, and not over three hundred with my pistol and sword.' This, I imagine, was an estimate rather than an actual count. The legalized, respectable massacre of eight hundred men was far less romantic than the slaying of a couple of individuals in private warfare by my old friend Calvin. I could only wish, for the sake of his heightened repute and possibly an increased pension from a grateful government, that Preservèd had killed thousands with his bare hands.

There is still something remotely warlike in his appearance. With his long hair, aquiline profile, moustache, and imperial, he resembles a benign replica of Buffalo Bill, in miniature. He's as spry as a cricket, and with his whisking step and high-pitched, eager voice is somewhat suggestive of that insect. If any of our villagers think that age has affected him as it does poplar trees, at the top, they mistake his simplicity for simpleness.

It was probably the slight tie of his youthful school-teaching days in our village that brought him back to it in his age. The youngsters he had taught and corrected were now as old as he; after fifty years teacher and pupils met again under the elms that flourished in the same green antiquity that threw its cool shade over them when they all were young. A strange meeting, full of the dramatic possibilities that did n't take place! The rudiments of education that Preservèd had given his pupils had sufficed them in carrying on their business, and in partaking of their pleasures — such as they were. They had married the girls of their choice, or, at worst, the girls of their second choice; they had begotten children, and lost the due proportion of them; and there was nothing to be said about it. Besides, it is from the traveler that one expects tales; but Preservèd, unlike most old men, was not given to reminiscences. His face was turned toward the future, and not toward the past.

For an infinitesimal sum, he bought an infinitesimal plot of ground by the roadside, with just room enough in which to plant his foot and a little garden; and on this plot, the youth of almost eighty built a new home. The house Preservèd built would have been called a wattled hut if it had been built in Old England instead of New England. We called it a shanty, and were scandalized by the sight of such a shiftless-looking dwelling, right on the public road. It is undoubtedly the most noticed, if not the most admired, of our structures. Preservèd had selected one of the best building-sites in the village, a site no one had thought of building on since the village was settled over two hundred years ago.

His hut, simply a lean-to against a hillside, roofed with sods, supported by bean-poles, and entirely open to the east, so that Preservèd, like Memnon,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can be greeted by the rising sun, offers a wide prospect of the upper reaches of the river, which here dwindles to a blue creek, meandering in vast, mysterious marshes, succulently green, fretted with a thousand unsuspected pools and runnels, enlivened by a million grotesqueries of vegetable and animal life. Beyond the marsh, the solid shore rises in a rounded bluff, covered with a grove of safe, sane oak trees; and, to the northward, one can see the white houses of the village, as safe as the oak trees and possibly as sane. A stone's throw southward are a wharf and storehouse, the latter fallen into a desuetude which is not innocuous, as the smell of fertilizer testifies when the wind blows from the right, or rather, from the wrong direction.

Sometimes a tiny schooner creeps up the winding channel, stubbed out with oak saplings that look dispirited in their alien element. The arrival in New York Harbor of the Lusitania is less of an event. With the swiftness of the rural telephone, the electrifying intelligence goes all through the countryside that the coal has come. In every kind of vehicle, with all kinds of implements except coal-shovels, the farmers assemble in a frenzy of happy haste.

There must be something cabalistic in coal, for I have never seen the farmers so animated on any other occasion. Coal and persiflage are cast about with a quick, metropolitan dexterity; sweat makes white channels in the rural cheek; coal-dust endows the rural eye with something of the bigness and brightness of the eye of a professional beauty; and, dominating all, presides the skipper, traditionally bustling and big of oath, lording it alike over the farmers and his crew of a single individual, who constitutes in himself as many official entities as if he were the survivor of the wreck of the Nancy Bell.

I never could understand why coal called for so much hurry. The tide is given as the excuse; but I have known schooners, after unloading, to remain weeks at the wharf. Perhaps the value of the cargo is what engenders haste; probably the skipper feels anxious, like the bearer of a Rajah's diamond which has been the cause of many crimes. After he has delivered the precious jewel, he can loaf, doffing his fierce responsibility as a garment. The schooner becomes familiar at the wharf, then almost a landmark. Smoke curls from the galley-chimney as peacefully and hospitably as if the schooner were a house, as if it were some friendly, amphibious vessel, as much at home on shore as on the sea.

Alone of the villagers, Preservèd takes no part in the harvest festival of coal. He is too contemporaneous to burn fossilized ferns from the Carboniferous period; he is too busy to join the idle group of spectators who greet with a loud laugh the empty jest. Where most men of his age and antecedents would smoke the pipe of indolence, or fleet the time carelessly with the surreptitious glass, Preservèd is indomitably active from morning till night: working in his garden; gathering for its sustenance the scant manuring of the public road; fraternizing, outdoors or in his hut, with the hens that thoroughly understand him, and probably regard him as a sort of super-rooster.

His vegetables understand him as well as his hens do; no one has such early peas. Most men selfishly forswear tree-planting after fifty; but Preservèd has surrounded his house with a grove of miniature junipers and maples that thrive as lustily as his pea-vines. I confess that in sowing his vegetables and planting his trees, Preservèd has used a system of landscape-gardening entirely his own. All things grow for his delightful use with an irregular,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picturesque profusion, as they may have grown in Eden.

He is not an insipid mass of monotonous virtues. He has pride; he has prejudices. Nothing could change his abhorrence of male cats, female dogs, and stewed tomatoes. I hesitate to mention his sole vice. It is so unusual that it may be new; and I should hate to spread the knowledge of a new vice in a world so full of vital old ones. Preservèd is a debauchee of butter. As always happens, the ravages of excess are apparent to the most casual observer. There is an unctuous precipitation of butter all over his person; and this, in the wood-smoke from his open fire, has coagulated, so that in appearance he is suggestive of a golden statue and a sugar-cured ham.

This patine of butter and wood-smoke is very serviceable when he goes swimming. No swan's neck or fabled dolphin's back was ever more impervious to moisture. Swimming is one of the things in which Preservèd takes pride; and surely no man ever swam as he does. His method of propulsion is mysteriously invisible; unexpected portions of his body project from the water; a stranger, after a hasty glance at him, might fancy that our river had been invaded by a submarine, with a conning-tower forward and another amidships.

If Preservèd is at home on land and water, in his garden, and among his hens, he is equally at home in the world of men. Welcome and unabashed, he mingles in the social life of the village; and I have even known him, at a public gathering, to recite a poem of his own composition in which he achieved a rhyme with the word *Roosevelt*, almost as difficult a feat as getting a rhyme for *Timbuctoo*.

On Sunday afternoons, in a cutaway coat a world too wide for him, with a short staff in his hand as full of life as himself, Preservèd makes a short journey of the four-mile walk to our non-sectarian chapel. None so learned as he in the law and the prophets; and by some sort of miracle, his buttery, wood-smoke, earthy smell has disappeared. The only odor he exhales in the chapel is the odor of sanctity. After the service, fresher than ever for the walk home, he reappears with his staff, a queer, tripedal figure seeming, in its activity, to spurn stone walls.

I do not know his creed, but I do know that it embraces works as well as faith. Early last spring, a neighbor of Preservèd's, a man with all of life before him, was stricken to death by one of those strokes of fate that remain inexplicable even in the light of the most revealed religion. His widow was left with a family of young children; and to her host of household chores, she was forced to add the host of her husband's outdoor chores. Already the garden he had planted showed sad lack of the husbandman's care. While the village was still debating the widow's case, trying to make out who could help her in a community where labor is scarce and high, and each man has his own work to do, Preservèd stepped in and flung the burden on his own shoulders. It was not long before the widow's hens and vegetables were flourishing in friendly rivalry with his own. He performs this supererogatory duty as if it were the greatest pleasure in the world; he says he understands at last why the Lord sent him to our village.

Although Preservèd has not given us the recipe for old age, he has taught us by example rather than precept what to do with old age when we attain it. We should not be purse-proud of our years; one's age should be as imperceptible as one's manners, or the setting of a jewel.

Last Independence Day, an inexorable time-table caused us to rise as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early as many of our neighbors rise habitually. Dawn was just breaking as we reached Preservèd's hut on the outskirts of the village. From the ridgepole, a cheap, printed flag of our country stood out in the still air, proud and stiff with patriotism and sizing. Beyond the rounded bluff of oak trees, the saffron of the sunrise ran up into luminous blue; wisps of vapor hung on the face of the water as if the river itself were celebrating Independence Day. Preservèd stood in his grove of miniature junipers and maples, presenting his delicate profile, while he took careful aim along the barrel of a musket as venerable as himself. An instant later, a sonorous roar woke the echoes of the valley and ushered the Fourth into our village before the youngest boy had fired the smallest cracker.

THE LITTLE PINES

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Dear, once in a clearing, high in the snowy wood,
The bearded lumbermen, filing with axe and cart,
Wherever the saplings shot up straight and good,
Hacked at the boles and crashed them down and apart;
And long, O lover of little pines, you stood
Mute on the hillock, watching, and sick at heart.

And when on pitiful hurdles, death's poor dower,
The innocent felons lay under cords unblest,
And oxen, welding in one their deep-breathed power,
Upheaved the burden grandly, with no arrest, —
For the ended beauty of little pines that hour
Tears in your eyes, and anger in your sweet breast.

But now a wondrous sight in the Bay below,
A grove of masts, all winged aërially!
'Twixt wave and cloud so thrillingly fair they go,
So busy, so spirit-bright, who would not be
Glad for your little pines? That overthrow
Is life, is laughter, along the illumined sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STEPMOTHER

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

A babe asleep with flower-soft face that gleamed
To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed.
— SWINBURNE.

I

UNDER the olives, on an old knitted shawl that had once been red, little Yannaki lay asleep. He looked hot and flushed. Andriana, bending over him, pushed her hand under the black curls at the back of his neck, to see whether he were at all feverish again. No, the skin was quite moist. The child, however, had been restless all night and fretful all morning.

His elder sister, Marika, aged ten, never knew how to keep him quiet and amused, and their father had sworn at both the children for their noise, and at his wife for not keeping them in order; though he would have done more than swear, if she had occupied herself with them instead of preparing his food.

Andriana had not attempted to excuse the child's peevishness to her husband. She had long ago learned the uselessness of words. But when he had left the house, and Marika had started for school, instead of sitting down to her loom and letting Yannaki play about the courtyard as usual, she had tied a white kerchief over her head, thrown the old shawl over her shoulder, and lifting the boy in her arms set out with a rapid step toward the narrow beach.

He, an easy weight for his four years, clung round her neck pleased and chattering. As soon as he caught sight of the sea he clamored to be put down. There on the shore he would willingly have spent all the afternoon running to meet the little waves and throwing pebbles into the water, but Andriana took his hand and led him resolutely on. Though already November, the sun was still hot so early in the afternoon, and she wanted to get to the trees.

Past the rocks she led him, past the little white-walled cemetery with its tall cypress trees, up to the broad Monastery Road that follows the coast, winding up amongst the pines. Then over the bridge, turning to the left off the white highway on to the thyme-covered slopes. Past the lemon orchards, where the big dogs barked at them through the aloe hedge, the small hand holding more tightly to the larger one, till they were out of hearing. Then over a low wall right into a field where the olive trees grew gray and twisted out of a carpet of purple and rose anemones.

The child dropped on his knees in their midst, plucking them with both hands as fast as he could and gurgling with delight. Andriana seated herself on the ground, leaning her tired back against the trunk of an olive tree, and reveled in the boy's enjoyment. He would fill his arms with the purple flowers and fling them all away again for what seemed to him larger or brighter ones a little farther on. Then there were little cries of joy at the rare surprises of the rose-violet double anemones which he carried to her in triumph.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soon, however, he wearied. The stones lay thickly over the red earth, and the heavier ones had to be pushed out of their places with a great effort for his small arms when he wanted to get the longer-stemmed flowers which curled under them. Yannaki gradually crept close up to Andriana's knees, and there he soon went off to sleep, his little earth-stained fists, still full of purple flowers, tucked under his chin. Andriana slipped the old red shawl under him and brought one end over his legs. After all, it was November, though a warm day, and the first rains had fallen nearly a month ago.

Few Poriote women would have thought of bringing the child out here. They would have laid him down on a bed in a hot dark room, and then wondered that he did not sleep, or if he did, that he should awake peevish and tired; but Andriana had been nurse in Athens to children of good families, and she remembered how often, after a bad night, her little charges had fallen asleep in their pretty white carriages, in the cool green shade of the royal gardens.

Here, too, under the olives there could be no angry shouts to awaken the boy trembling and crying, no blows to follow the tears. Andriana winced and her eyes hardened, softening again as they fell on the child beside her. He was not her own; but as she told herself every day, it was just the same as if he were. Nothing could have made him any dearer to her.

II

Very little had been known in the island about Andoni, the widower; and the Poriotes, who have never cared for strangers, looked askance at him and his two children, though he had taken up his abode in Poros for over a year before Andriana married him. He had come there with Yannaki still in swaddling clothes, and only Marika, a thin, red-eyed child of six, as nurse and general helper. Of his first wife he never spoke. She was dead, he had answered shortly, when questioned; had died when the boy was born. It was not even precisely known whence he had come. Piraeus, some said; while others talked of Patras, adding a confused story of some ill-doings there which had necessitated a precipitate departure. But there was nothing definite. He was a joiner by trade, and a clever workman when he chose to work, which was not often.

Why Andriana had married him, and cheerfully accepted the burden of his household and the two small children, no one in the island had quite understood. Even the women round the fountain in the evenings had not given a definite opinion. It was true she had been over thirty at the time, and her age they agreed may have had something to do with her decision. Still she was not entirely dowerless, and might, they thought, have found a husband among the islanders, instead of this stranger. She possessed a few olive trees and a small vineyard, which had been the pride of her father's heart. He, an honest sea-captain, had died many years ago while Andriana was still quite young. Her mother she could not remember. An elder sister of her father's had taken Andriana to live with her after his death, as a matter of course. This old aunt of hers lived with a widowed daughter-in-law and her five little children. There were consequently many mouths to fill besides Andriana's, but these women did not for a moment hesitate about taking the orphan in, nor even think better of themselves for the act. It was an evil stroke of Fate, that was all. Blood counts for something in Greece, and no child, though entirely destitute, will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever be left to public charity if there be even a second cousin to claim kinship with it, who may have a loaf of bread, a handful of olives, and a mattress to share.

When Andriana grew old enough to work, however, as she had a mind to see the world, no one opposed her leaving Poros to take service in Athens. There, being strong, capable, and hard-working, she had prospered, and had even been as far as Constantinople for some time. After twelve years, she had been taken with the longing, so well known to all Poriotes, to revisit the island. There was no one she particularly wished to see, but still they were her own people, and it was her own country; and the sound of a Poriote voice in the Zappion Gardens one day made her suddenly feel very homesick.

So she returned with a fair amount of savings, and was civilly, if not effusively received. She had not changed much in these years of absence, having always been a tall thin woman with a quiet voice, and never having had much freshness of youth or color to lose.

Andoni, the widower, had rented a little house near her aunt's, and day after day, as she sat on the little wooden balcony with her work, she saw him passing underneath. A fine man she thought him. He had a pale face and a soft brown beard, and being young still, could hardly help looking rather a pathetic figure, with an infant carried awkwardly in unaccustomed arms, and an older child walking beside him. Andriana, who had lived long with gentlefolk, noticed his scrupulous cleanliness, the town cut of his coat, his silky, well-brushed beard, and white hands, and contrasted them with the rough clothes and unshaven cheeks of most of the Poriote men.

One day, while he was absent, she persuaded the girl Marika to run out to play, leaving the babe to her. She looked long at the little child, held it close, put her face against the downy black head, watched the tiny hand close over her rough work-worn finger, and let it creep surely into her heart, to stay there always.

So when the eldest of her cousins came to her, half-laughing, with the news that this widower, this stranger from no one knew where, had sent messengers to him, as the only male representative of her family, with proposals of marriage for her, she astounded them all by accepting. After all, they were not sorry she was to go to a home of her own; therefore few difficulties were made, and still fewer inquiries as to the man's antecedents. One old woman only, Kyra Sophoula, who had known Andriana's father well, told her aunt that Andoni was to be seen over-often at Sotiro's tavern, and that she had many a time taken in the children after dark till the father should return; ay, and had even kept them all night when he was not in a fit state for the little girl to see him. But her warning was unheeded. What would you, said Kyra Phrosyni, the old aunt; when a man is alone can he be a saint or a hermit? There would be no reason for all such little excesses when he had a wife at home to look after him. Andriana herself only smiled, stitched away at her wedding-clothes, and kept little Yannaki almost entirely with her.

She married Andoni, and before the *kourambiedés* that had been baked for the marriage-feast had all been eaten, she knew she had made a mistake.

He was an incorrigible sluggard, to begin with, having been all his life content to earn barely sufficient to keep a loaf on the shelf, a mattress on the floor, and decent clothing on his own back. The personal cleanliness and fastidiousness which had attracted Andriana were, strange to say, almost his only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good qualities. They did not, however, affect his children, for the poor little things were in tatters until their stepmother began to make and mend for them. He worked on an average three days out of the seven. The rest of the time he spent partly in bed, combing his beard or reading the newspaper, and the afternoons at Sotiro's tavern, slowly imbibing more *ouzo* than he could well carry, or occupied with other keen politicians of his own sort in setting the government right on all points.

Andriana worked for him and for his children from early dawn till long after the neighbors had put out their lights. No one ever saw him or them with holes in their clothes; nor had they often, except on washing-days, to sit down to uncooked food. At worst, Andoni had always a piece of white touloumi cheese set out on a vine-leaf to eat with his bread, even if she and the little ones had to eat theirs dry.

He never attempted to disguise from his wife that his sole object in marrying her had been to procure some one, who would not require payment, to look after the children. He probably calculated that the income from her small vineyard would also be likely to come in useful when work was slack, or he was more than usually disinclined for it. Grapes, however, even in Greece, will not ripen year after year if left entirely to nature. When the mildew came, he swore at his bad luck and did nothing. In vain poor Andriana told him that at the agricultural station he could get a certain powder which if regularly sprinkled on the leaves would save the crop. Stamo, the richest landowner of the island, had saved all his vines by using it two seasons ago. Andoni declared he had no mind to try new-fangled plans. He would cross over to the mainland day after day, stroll aimlessly around, stand looking down at the sickly leaves riddled with the tiny mildew holes, scowl at them, and come home to swear at his wife and terrify both children nearly into fits; but beyond this he did simply nothing. The little vineyard gave no fruit that year, and in a fit of disgust, he sold it for what it would fetch.

Andriana said nothing. Would words have brought back the vines her father had loved and tended? Besides, she had got so used to his laziness and incompetence. Somehow she thought and felt differently from most of the island women. The money-earner was not everything for her. She would have condoned the indolence if only he had left her a few of her first illusions. If only she might have heard a kind word from him now and then!

But even when the world went smoothly for him his habitual speech was of the curtest and roughest, and when he was in a bad temper, it was appalling in its brutality and filth. Andriana was a woman of the people, she had from her childhood upward mixed with the lower classes, whose speech is not delicate, but she had never even dreamed of the possible existence of some of the curses this man used freely. She would shudder at first, as though their very violence might call down evil on the house, and would clasp little Yannaki closer to her. Later on she became used to them.

Marika was a silent, stolid child, seemingly cowed into a half-idiotic condition, but experience had taught her when to keep out of her father's way. She soon learned that food and help came from her stepmother, and went to her for them; otherwise she seemed to take little interest in anything.

But the joy and comfort of Andriana's life was the boy. The neighbors noticed with wonder that she was never seen without the little one. When

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she worked at her loom he lay on a folded red shawl, a relic of Athenian days, at her feet. She took a small pitcher to the fountain, so that, whether full or empty, it could easily be carried on one arm, leaving the other free for Yannaki.

She had to trudge there and home again oftener, in consequence, and her back was very tired at nights; but what of that? When the boy began to walk he was always clinging to her skirts, and if she ever had to leave him his cries for his 'little mother' were heard all over the neighborhood.

'Manitsa, Manitsa, take 'Annaki, take 'Annaki with you, Manitsa.'

She had even taken him to church with her once or twice, but the attempt had not been a success. Once, in fact, in answer to a whisper of Andriana's, he had scandalized the worshipers by exclaiming at the top of a shrill little voice, 'Why does the priest talk in church, then, Manitsa?' So that Pappa Thanassi had begged her not to renew the experiment; with the result that she stayed away herself.

He was a pretty, winning child, with a little round face and soft black curls. But never very strong, taking colds and fevers easily, and sometimes going into convulsions of terror at his father's violence. So Andriana was glad the child should have this quiet sleep out there under the olives.

An hour later she was returning along the Monastery Road, the boy held in her arms, wide awake now, and chattering. He had been running along the road, chasing stray kids and gathering sprigs of thyme for 'Manitsa's oven,' he said; but where the low stone wall had crumbled away over the cliffs she had picked him up, fearful of a false step.

It was about an hour before sunset, and long shimmering bands of transparent green came slowly stealing over the opaque blue of the bay. The gulls wheeled and circled over the surface of the water with harsh cries and sudden flashes of white wings. A peasant woman in her rough frieze coat, her back bent under a load of thyme, passed her, and wished her good-evening. She was a stranger to Andriana.

'Are you from these parts?' the latter asked.

'No, from Damala, but I brought my child in to Poros two days ago to show her to the doctor, and we return to-morrow. To-night I am bringing some thyme down from the hills for my cousin where we stay, and who keeps the girl while I am away.'

'Was it fevers?' inquired Andriana, interested.

'Yes, for months now. She is as yellow as a Good-Friday candle, poor little maid.'

'This little one has had fevers also.' Andriana covered Yannaki's legs in the shawl as she spoke. 'But I give him quinine, and he is better.'

'May the Holy Virgin keep him so.' And the woman smiled at the little face that gazed at her open-eyed. 'He is like you,' she added, wishing to please. And Andriana, proud and happy at the mistake, never set her right.

'Ah, but you are well off here in the island,' continued the stranger. 'What life do you think it is for us poor mothers at the village over there? To think no doctor can be found to come like a good Christian and do his work with us, but we must take our poor children in our arms burning with fever, three hours' walk through the sun-blaze, for the doctor to see them just once. As for quinine, what they sell down at Damala is half flour, and they make us pay as though every grain were of gold.'

'Have you other children?'

'One big boy, and a little one who just walks.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'May they live for you,' said Andriana.

'Thank you. I had another boy, the first, but he quarreled with his father one day and in an evil hour went off with the sponge-divers. Six months after, he returned with his legs paralyzed and useless; you know how it is; and little by little all his body was taken the same way, till only the head and one hand remained free. In a year he died. Just twenty he was, and a fine lad. But I was glad when he died. Yes, glad. Is it a life to lead? If only my Yoryi does not go the same way! His father beats him too much, and he has threatened more than once to run away. And those sponge-captains, the dogs, are always prowling about to tempt the likely lads with their money and their fine promises.'

'They are bad men,' Andriana agreed, 'with no heart for the poor boys whom they cripple, and the mothers who have to see such things. Is your man a hard one then?'

'Eh,' sighed the woman, 'can you expect a woman's patience from a man? And mine is not a bad one when things go well. What are they to do, where can they turn for help when times are bad? Have we poor people any ready money to live on? And who can fight against God? When the South wind spoils the olives, or when for our sins cold comes in April and burns up the grapes at their bloom, then our men get wild and curse us and beat the children for nothing. Eh, well, poverty begets hard words. Who does not know that?'

Andriana sighed, but said nothing. Then, after a pause, 'I must get home, it is late. Good-night, Kyra, and keep up your courage; your daughter will soon be quite well.'

'May it go from your lips to God's ear,' answered the woman gratefully; 'good-night to you.'

III

Andoni had been at home some time when Andriana arrived with the child. Work it seems was slack that day, and finding the house empty he had had time and opportunity to work himself into a more than usually bad temper. He said nothing, however, while Andriana busied herself about the room and prepared the supper; only sat out on the little balcony, smoothing his beard with his limp white hand. But after he had finished eating, just as she was carrying the child into the inner room for the night, he burst into a storm of violent abuse. Where had she been gadding about? Honest women kept indoors, and so should she, or he would flay the skin off her if she showed her ugly face across the threshold again.

Andriana looked at him for a moment—at the scowling brow, and the mouthing lips that were too red in a face that was too pale; and then passed into the other room without a word.

He followed her, kicking in the door furiously.

Marika crouched behind the low bed, and Yannaki began to whimper in Andriana's arms. She bent over him.

'Hush, my little bird, no one shall hurt you.'

'Stop talking to the child and answer when I speak,' cried her husband savagely. 'Where did you go?'

'Out with the little one.'

'But where out?'

'To the olive grove off the Monastery Road.'

'Likely story, you went so far. I tell you I will not have my child taken out as an excuse or a shield. You went on some filthy business of your own, and the child comes in convenient.'

'That is a lie.'

'Silence!' Andoni shouted.

'I will not be silent when I have something to say, and you know it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The child is often ill, the fever returns every week now. He requires more fresh air and quiet than he can get in the house, and he shall have it.'

'You make your reckoning without the landlord. The child will be all right if you leave him alone. Fresh air! rubbish! Those are town notions. When he is older he shall come out with me. You will stay in and look after your house a little better, do you hear?'

She looked at him a moment before she answered. 'I hear, but when it is necessary I shall take him out all the same.'

In two strides he was up to her and was shaking her violently, furious at this unexpected opposition. The terrified child in her arms screamed loudly, and was roughly flung upon the bed by his father.

'Ah, you will take him out all the same, will you, you filthy slut?' And as he spoke he struck her repeatedly on the head with his closed fist.

Andriana had been forced on to her knees, and her black hair escaping from the kerchief fell over her face.

'Yes, I will,' she repeated wildly; 'half the times you will not know it, and when you do, you can only beat me when I get back. The child will have been out all the same.'

He let go his hold of her suddenly, so that she fell back across an old chest and lay there looking up at him defiantly.

'So that is what you will do, is it? Only you see' — and his voice became dangerously mild — 'I am afraid so much outing with the child and the care of the house all together may be too tiring for you; so that if I hear you have been out again it will be better I should send the boy to Patras. I have a sister there who will take him in and bring him up. It is a very healthy town, you know, Patras — there are no fevers there. So if you prefer this, why not? It will be less noise in the house too, and one less to feed.'

Andriana rose to her feet shivering. 'You cannot — you cannot.'

'And why cannot I, pray? Is not the child mine to do as I will with? As for the neighbors, I have but to say that the child was a new toy at first, but now you have wearied of him. You are only a stepmother after all; they will find it quite natural. Well,' as she remained gazing at him with wide-open eyes, 'well,' and he thrust his pale face close to hers, 'cannot I do as I like? Cannot I send him anywhere I choose? Is there anything on earth to prevent me?'

A wave of terror passed over her face. Her fingers worked at her apron.

'No,' she said very slowly, 'no.'

He laughed. A loud, cackling, discordant, triumphant laugh. 'Then see that you do as I tell you, or he shall go before you can say "Amen."'

In grim silence he took off his clothes, shook them, folded them carefully, and lay down on the bed beside the boy, throwing one arm ostentatiously round him as though to emphasize his proprietorship.

There is no privacy for the poor, even for tears. Andriana lay down on the floor-mattress beside Marika, and stuffed the coarse sheet between her teeth to break the violence of her sobs.

In the middle of the night the little girl touched her shoulder. 'He is snoring,' she said, 'you can cry now, Mana, if you like.'

It was dark; Andriana could not see the child's face, but she took fast hold of her hand. 'Sleep, sleep, you are a good girl.'

Toward dawn, she fell asleep herself.

The next day she went about the house in a dazed, listless fashion. Her head ached from the blows she had received, but she would not have minded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, if only all interest had not seemed gone out of her work. What need now, or ever, to hurry to get it done early, since the time so gained could be of no good to the child.

She thought of all she must give up, and her heart turned sick. No more long sunny afternoons under the pines, knitting stockings while the boy rolled over and over in the soft pine-needles beside her; no more strolls along the shore beyond the naval school down to Barba Nicola's little coffee-house where Yannaki always stopped to stroke the white cat or her new little kittens. No more errands to carry fresh eggs to the red house on the hill where the little ladies would make much of Yannaki, carry him about, feed him with cakes, making Andriana promise never to cut off his curls till he was quite a big boy. No more rides for Yannaki on old Barba Stathi's donkey when they met master and beast returning laden from the hills. Even in the cold rainy days of late autumn no more runs across to Kyra Sophoula's little house, with Yannaki so well wrapped up that only his black curls and round black eyes showed above the old red shawl. No more feasts of *koulouria* and dry figs that Kyra Sophoula always kept for him. No more wonderful boats carved out of vegetable marrows by Metro, the one who afterwards became a schoolmaster. No more long quiet hours of play for the child on the covered terrace while the two women talked or sewed.

All this was over and past. Any disagreeable consequences to herself, Andriana would have quietly put aside, but Andoni had been clever enough to use the one threat which most effectually prevented her from stirring out of the house with the child, except as far as the fountain for water. Even when oil or flour was needed she would send Marika for it after school hours.

IV

Andoni took to returning to the house at unexpected moments, between an odd job and a long rest at Sotiro's, or even between two rests, to make sure his orders were obeyed. But he never found her absent with the child. He had frightened her too badly.

The days went by, and the weeks. Andriana worked harder than ever, and talked less. The house they lived in was situated in one of the narrowest of the little steep streets of the island, far from the sea. Its courtyard was surrounded by bare walls, and under the windows the refuse-heaps of the neighbors rotted quietly in the sun. The child, deprived of the pine breezes and the sea air, wasted and got visibly thinner week by week. Andriana broke through her usual silence to call his father's attention to his condition fiercely once or twice, but he only laughed or turned on her with a curse, according to the humor of the moment. Paternity had been simply an accident of nature with him, and in this country where the tie of blood is so powerful even to the third and fourth degree, he only seemed relieved when the child grew less and less noisy.

One evening Andriana appeared alone at the fountain.

'And the little one?' asked Kyra Sophoula, 'how fares he?'

'Ah, Kyra Sophoula! all day and yesterday too he had fever, even in the early morning. Quinine seems to do him no good any more. There is also a sore on his little leg, that runs. I have tried pounded rice with honey, and even a plaster of cow-dung, but it will not heal.'

'Have you shown it to the doctor?'

'His father will not let me bring the doctor. On my knees I have begged him, and he will not. I cannot understand it. I cannot. Is not the child his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own blood after all? Does not his heart ache for him? Help me, Kyra Sophoula; you are a wise woman and you know men well. Tell me what I can do to rouse his interest.'

'How can you rouse what never existed, my poor one? It is as though you went to an empty bed and strove to awaken the sleeper who was not there.'

Nevertheless the next morning, when the child awoke hot and heavy-eyed, and pushed away his food with fretful cries, Andriana made another attempt.

'Andoni,' she said, as her husband was combing out his beard before leaving the house, 'I must fetch the doctor for the boy to-day; it is necessary.'

'Go to the devil with your doctors!' shouted Andoni furiously; 'how many times must I repeat a thing before your thick head will take it in. When I say no, it is finished. You would have a strange man in the house to talk sweet words with, that is what you want.'

'That is evil talk,' said Andriana quietly; 'let me speak. You would not have the doctor for Marika last summer, and the girl was very long getting well; now I wish him to come for the little one. He has fever every day, and I showed you yesterday the wound in his leg how it runs.'

He turned on her with a curse. 'I am the master here, and once for all no doctor shall put his foot in my house. If you bring one here with his new-fangled notions, and his medicines that cost good money, I will smash his face for him, and you may know it. The child ails nothing. Some one has cast the evil eye on him, and the small sore has become a large one. Get some old woman to make an ointment for it, or a cataplasm of healing leaves. Women are all fools, and a torture sent to us for our sins; but for a small matter like this, an old woman's medicine is all that is needed. When you go to the fountain bring Kyra Marina back with you to see the child. She knows many cures.'

'I shall not go to the fountain to-day, and if I did twenty times over, I would not bring that old shrew near the child. She is a wicked woman.'

'Wicked, is she?' Andoni tipped up the earthen pitcher leisurely, and took a long drink of water, wiping the drops carefully off his beard afterwards. 'Wicked, eh? You are such a saint, of course you cannot condescend to her. Well, I go. If you will not hear reason, look after the child yourself. And should he get worse the sin will be yours, not mine. But a doctor in my house — to play the master — to say, "This you must do, and this you may not do," — *never*.'

Andriana bit her lower lip. 'I have a few lepta left from my spinning, you will have no medicine to pay for.'

'That is enough words. I have said no, and I mean no. It is finished.'

Then as she kept silence, he asked, furiously swinging the door in his hand, 'Do you hear?'

'I hear.'

'Then mind you remember'; and he banged the door loudly behind him.

The child, startled out of a fitful sleep, cried pitifully from the inner room. Andriana was beside him in a moment, patting and soothing him.

'Sleep, my golden one. Sleep, my little bird. To-morrow you will get up well and go out to play. Sleep, my little heart.'

Then she tore up one of the few remaining linen handkerchiefs, which had been given to her as a New Year's gift in Athens, to make a fresh bandage for the sore leg.

'Nevertheless,' she whispered as she drew the old red shawl over the child, 'the doctor *shall* see him.'

But that evening and the next day,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the next after that, he seemed better, and she waited. The third night, however, the child could not rest. Andoni twisted and turned on his bed, cursing his wife, and threatening to get up and throw the pitcher of water over both of them if she could not succeed in stopping the child's cries. At last she lifted the boy up, wrapped him in the old shawl and carried him into the dark outer room, where she walked up and down holding him close to her and trying to soothe him. Once she threw the wrap aside, for the sore leg was so hot that she felt the heat on her bare arms through the thickness of the wool. But soon came the little fretful wail, —

'Oh, Manitsa, the shawl, I want my red shawl, Manitsa.'

And she picked it up again. Indeed it seemed to be only the leg that burned, for the boy shivered continually.

Once he said, 'When Babba wakes up, will he take my red shawl?'

And she answered under her breath, 'No, my little bird, he shall not.'

He held one of the folds close to him in a thin hot little hand, and closed his eyes, reassured; but more than once when the grasp relaxed he would fancy he had lost it and cry out in fear, 'My shawl, Manitsa, my red shawl.'

'It is here, my little golden heart, my soul, it is here. See, I fold it round warmly — so. Now sleep, sleep that you may awake well to-morrow. Sleep, my little bird. Lie still and sleep.'

He slept at last, a heavy sleep, but when the morning came and he awoke he did not know Andriana, and his moans were such that Andoni made haste to leave the house to be out of hearing.

Andriana left the child for a few moments to the care of Marika, and ran, half-distracted, to her old Aunt Phrosyni's house at the end of the street.

It had rained in the night, and the fresh sweet odor of damp earth was in the air, but Andriana only knew that the stones were wet and slippery, and that she could not run as fast as she wished up the steep incline.

The house, blue-washed and green-shuttered, stood at the top of the slope near the church, and a fat old woman at the window was watering pink carnations planted in a battered old petroleum tin.

Andriana caught her hand and the water from the pitcher spattered all over her.

'Aunt,' she cried, without stopping to wipe her face, 'save me! the child, Yannaki, awoke worse just now, all his little body is one fire, and he talks wild words. Come with me quickly, now, and bring some money with you, aunt, for all I had is taken, and may you live to enjoy your own children. Bring some, and then you can stay with the child while I run for the doctor and for medicines; my man can do what he likes to me afterwards.'

The old woman came out into the street at once.

'I will come, my daughter, yes; but what else can I do for you? If a few lepta remain they must be kept to pay for the digging of the vine, or else what will happen to us when the vintage comes?'

Andriana had already turned to retrace her steps, muttering, 'Then the doctor must come for the good of his soul.'

Her aunt followed as fast as her bulk would allow, talking as she went.

'What help will the doctor be, my poor one? Do you think they know so much, these doctors? And this one here, such a boy, his moustache has scarce darkened his lip. My daughter-in-law would bring him last winter for the girl Anneza, who was thin and coughed all night. We told him the evil eye had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been cast on the child as we all knew, for ever since the strange lady who came in the steamer from Piraeus admired her lovely color, she had never seen a good day. But he, the doctor, laughed out loud, the young fool, and told her mother it was more likely the maid had taken cold the day she brought down the branches from the hills when the north wind blew so hard. The eve of St. John's it was, I remember, as the wood was wanted to bake the *kourambiedés* for Yanni's name-day. As though the doctor with all his learning could know more about the girl than her own mother. Bah! what can the doctor do for you?'

Two hours later, when the young doctor stood in the crowded room bending over the moaning little figure and looking at the purple swollen limb, he repeated the same words. .

'What can I do for you, my poor woman? Three, even two days ago, perhaps I might have done something, but now —' Then to Kyra Sophoula and the old aunt he added, 'It will be over soon; the child has death in his throat already. Keep the room empty if you can, and give him air. He will die easier so.'

But none of the neighbors would move. To Kyra Sophoula's entreaties they returned indignant answers. Had they the heart to leave poor Andriana alone in her trouble? Or did Kyra Sophoula imagine she was the only one who knew about sickness? After all, were doctors gods, to be never wrong? This neighbor knew of a remedy which had worked miracles, and the other of an ointment that had saved her own brother when he had been in a far worse state than the child.

So they stayed and filled the small white plastered room, and blocked up the narrow windows and whispered and went in and out, fetching this or that, and pounded strange-smelling substances and concocted various plasters and ointments, and as a last resource burned incense before the icon of the Holy Virgin.

Andriana let them try everything, but toward sunset they lost hope.

Andoni, when he appeared, grumbled at a pack of women filling his house, declared the child was no worse than it had been all these days, and when night came swore at his wife for not carrying his mattress away from the inner room down to the lower floor where he kept his lathe, and some old tools, and where the ceaseless moan of the sick child could not reach him.

However, toward dawn he was able to sleep undisturbed. The moaning had ceased.

V

The next day, after Kyra Sophoula and Kyra Phrosyni had done all that was needful, the neighbors returned in even greater numbers than before. No one ever willingly missed a funeral in Poros.

The windows of the room were darkened by squares of thin black cloth pinned across them, and a loose piece of the same material covered the only existing sofa. The little white coffin rested open on two straw chairs. Three yellow candles, in tall iron candlesticks brought from the church, stood, two at the head and one at the foot, the flame alternately flaring and flickering and throwing dark shadows over the little white face with the sunken eyes. A slender wreath of lemon blossom was twisted in the black curls, and the tiny hands were crossed and tied together with a white ribbon. Sprigs of sweet basil and a few carnations were strewn all over the-coffin; also sugared almonds such as are used for weddings, in token that the boy was now a little bridegroom of the Church.

Andoni, not daring in common de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cency to absent himself, stood awkwardly at one side of the coffin, unconsciously smoothing and stroking his beard.

As for Andriana, her first stunned stupor had after many hours given way to the violent grief of the poor, which is scarcely ever silent or speechless, and yet is none the less sincere for the outpouring of words that would never come at a calmer moment.

She knelt at the other side of the coffin, her arms stretched over it, and her face sometimes hidden between them and sometimes thrown back. It was entirely disfigured by long weeping, and almost unrecognizable. The features were swollen and the lips lead-colored and trembling. The long moaning sobs seemed to be wrenched from the depths of her chest, and the flood of words rushed forth, now in loud screams, and now in confused mutterings.

'Oh, my child! my little, little child! Was it for this I took you into my heart and loved you? Oh, my God! my God! why did this evil find me? My child, my child, if I could only die also! Oh, my life, my little heart, my soul's comfort! I want to lie with you to keep you warm there where they will put you. There is no life for me now. I have done with the world.'

Here the uncontrollable sobs threatened to choke her, and the woman who sat nearest rose and brought her a glass of water. But Andriana pushed it aside and burst forth again, swaying backwards and forwards, one hand clasping her throat.

'He suffered so yesterday, my little bird. All day he suffered and did not know me. One whole day have I lost — one whole day. Oh, that day! I must have that day. Ah, God owes me that day — one day more — just one — and I will let him go. If God is just, he must give me that day. He must' — in a voice rising hysterically higher and higher — 'He must — He must! or else' — with a wild scream — 'or else He is not a God, He is a Devil — yes, a Devil!'

A low murmur of shocked horror arose, and Pappa Thanassi, the priest, came forward in grave remonstrance.

'Hush, you are a good Christian, do not blaspheme.'

But she never looked at him, nor answered, only threw her arms once more across the little coffin, making it tremble under her weight. And again the long moans rose and fell, the moans that carry irreparable, agonizing loss in their sound, which no other pain of mind or body ever brings forth. And between them the ceaseless refrain, —

'My child! Oh, my little, little child!'

There was a stir amongst those standing nearest the door, and Kyra Sophoula stooped to whisper to Andriana that the little ladies from the red house on the hill had come with their governess to see her and the child, the little ladies who had been so fond of the boy.

The words reached her brain and she rose to greet them, with the innate courtesy of the Greek peasant.

When they spoke to her in hushed tones, awed at the signs of the unfamiliar grief on the familiar face, her sobs broke forth again, but not so wildly.

'Yes, you loved him, my little Yannaki, my little boy. And all his pretty curls — see — do you remember you told me when I brought him to your house to be sure not to cut them off, he looked so pretty with them — and I did not. But now' — her voice broke, — 'now the earth will be scattered over them! Oh, how can I leave him alone in the dark; such a little one as he is? Where shall I find him when my heart cries for him?'

Here, her old aunt came bustling up.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was bad for the little ladies, she said, to see such sights and to hear such grief; it was not fit for their years. So she hurried them out after they had placed the few roses they had brought over the little crossed hands.

When the moment came for the tiny coffin to be taken away, one mercy was granted to Andriana. She lost consciousness. So while the crowd of mourners filed out after Pappa Thanassi in his robes, a few of the older women stayed behind with her, dabbing her face and hands with vinegar while she went from one long faint into another.

VI

It was more than a month after the little funeral procession had gone along the Narrow Beach to the white-walled cemetery by the sea, that Kyra Phrosyni came one day toward dusk to visit Andriana.

It was chilly, and she found her crouching over the *manghali*, having just ended a long day's washing. Marika was playing outside with other children. Andoni was out as usual. The only difference the boy's death seemed to have made to him was that he kept away from the house, if possible, more than before. He could not stand Andriana's face, he said.

Besides, who ever heard of such a fuss made, and the child not even her own!

Kyra Phrosyni, seated on a low stool in front of the *manghali*, eyed her niece critically, while the latter cowered down, holding her hands over the lighted coals. Her cotton skirt was wet in patches where she had leaned against the wooden washing-trough, her fingers were wrinkled from the long hours in the hot water, and her hair escaping from the black kerchief fell about her face.

'You have been washing from the morning?'

'From dawn, yes, there were many clothes.'

'I am too old and too fat to do much washing now; Calliope and Anneza do it all. But when I did, these long days at the washing-trough used to kill me. Does not your waist feel broken in two?'

'Broken or not, the work must be done.'

'And the girl? Does she not help?'

'She is too small.'

'Or too lazy, perhaps, being her father's child? Eh, but she is like him, as like as one rook to another.'

'Her face is like him; that is not her fault. She is a good child, and a quiet one.'

'And where may Andoni be?'

'Do I know?' with an uplifting of the bowed shoulders.

'He never tells you?'

'Neither do I ask him, neither does he tell me.'

'You should try to find out. Because it is not good for a man to feel too free: not to be a little afraid of his wife's tongue. I am not for loud words — Holy Virgin, no! "Better a cabbage in peace than sugar with strife," as the saying is; but if you swallow everything and never open your lips, he will go to the bad entirely.'

'Let him go.'

'These are not wise words, my daughter, and the hour will come when you will repent them; your man needs looking after. Pericli, the fruit-seller — you know Pericli? Calliope's cousin?'

'I know him.'

'Well, he told me yesterday, and he counts his words, does Pericli, that he saw Andoni not two days ago, standing, after dusk, inside the dark arch down near the market-place, with Olympia, that tall girl of Barbar Manoli's, the one with the yellow hair, and he was holding her hand, Pericli said, and talking sweet words to her!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Pericli heard that it was not the first time either.'

'I am sorry for her.'

Kyra Phrosyni got up in offended dignity. This was not the way she had expected her news to be received.

'Come to your senses, my daughter,' she said at last; 'what will it profit you to go your own way in silence and let your man spend all his money out of his house, and on strange women? Now that he earns more, you should try to control him a little and make him put some aside.'

'Who says he earns more?'

'Why every one, of course. Have you just awaked, my poor one? It is days now that he has paid all his old wine score at Sotiro's, and treats every one who sits with him. Why, on Sunday he had a whole lot of men drinking to his health. They told me he gave Sotiro ten drachmas to pay for three okes of *retsinato* when he got up to go, and told him to keep the change; it was too much trouble, he said, to wait for it.'

Andriana's eyes changed. 'I know nothing of all this, aunt. There has been no money in the house, and we owe for oil and flour since last month.'

'These are strange doings, then, very strange, and if I were you I would make haste to find out what they mean.'

'Yes,' said Andriana slowly, 'I will.'

VII

It was three days later, in the early dawn after a stormy night. The rain had ceased, but a damp chilly air came through the chinks of the shutters. The room in the dim light had a bare empty look; its few pieces of furniture had been pushed back against the wall. The boards had been freshly scrubbed, and on a shelf near the table was an untouched loaf and a small covered pan. An old painted wooden chest near the door had been pulled out of its place and the lid thrown back.

Andoni sat on the edge of a high stool, fully dressed, but pale and disheveled, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands and his fingers clutching nervously at his beard. He stared at Andriana with bloodshot, furious eyes. She stood opposite to him, with her back to the wall, dressed in a dark woolen dress, a black kerchief tied over her hair, holding in clenched hands the old shawl which had once been red.

'Suppose,' said her husband, speaking suddenly, 'that I were just to kill you where you stand, to strangle you with my two hands and have done once for all with your "I will," and "I will not." Have you thought of that in all your plans?'

'No,' said Andriana quietly, 'you would be found out, and that would be worse than the other thing.'

'There is no other,' he blustered.

'There is. I have searched, and I have found. I know now why you were obliged to leave Patras secretly in the night. And if only that were all! But I know also where the money came from that you have been spending lately — now, these last weeks. I know all. And what I know, others can learn — even the prefect of the police — if I like.'

His face grew almost gray.

'A bad year to you!' he screamed savagely; 'and who will listen to your tales, do you think?'

Then as she stood silent, he swallowed once or twice and lowered his voice. 'Come, now, you are not a stupid woman, come to your senses. What will it profit you to go away but to be badly spoken of? Come, leave all this folly, and stay quietly in your own house.'

She shook her head. 'I have stayed four years,' she said. 'I have risen early, and slept late; nor have I wasted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your money or aught. I have worn cotton in winter, and I have fed scantily. I have worked, as I never did for strangers — worked as a mule at the well.'

'*And* now?' he sneered.

'Now, I cannot do it any more. I have borne much, for you, and from you. Poverty, that you might have prevented, hard words, neglect, curses, even blows. But shame! no! no, that I will not bear. Put it out of your mind that I ever will. If my father lived, he would take me from you. So I will not sleep another night in your house.'

'*You* will not?' shouted Andoni in a frenzy of rage.

'*I* will not. I have borne everything. A bad heart I knew you had; now that I find you are not even an honest man, that you can steal from a widow and an orphan, that is all over. I am glad, yes, glad, that the little one is gone, that he should not grow up to know his father.'

There was a pause. The man looked at her open-mouthed, his arms hanging down limply beside him. Then in a quieter voice she continued, —

'I have left the house clean and in order, and food cooked for to-day. There is nothing owing but the flour for the last baking, and three okes of oil. You will find some one to look after you. For me, I shall go — as far away as I can — perhaps to Constantinople, or to Alexandria. I shall tell no lies, but I am strong, I can always find work enough to keep myself and the girl.'

Andoni started forward. 'The girl!' he gasped, 'the girl! you are mad, is she yours?'

'No, she is not mine, but I must take her. Her mother will thank me if she knows. You will not care. What would you do with her? She is too small to work for you, and would be only a trouble.'

'Where is the girl?' he asked suddenly; 'where have you hidden her?'

'Nowhere; she slept at Kyra Sophoula's last night. I told her to wait for me there.'

'*You* told her!' He strode up and seized her shoulder. 'Are you the master?' he asked savagely; but his teeth chattered as he spoke.

She wrenched herself free with a sudden movement. 'Let me be,' she said; 'let me be, now and always, and no harm shall come to you, from me at least. But try to keep me or the girl by force, and I go straight to the prefect. I swear it on the soul of the little one.'

He pushed his open palm toward her with the fingers wide apart, than which there is no greater sign of contempt.

'*Nah!*' he said, '*nah!* take the girl and go to the Devil if you like. I shall be well rid of you. After all, if ever I want the girl I can send for her.'

'You need not, she will not come.'

Before he could gather together his bewildered wits to answer her, she crossed over to the door and drew the bolt.

She paused a moment and looked back into the dark room.

Then, with the old shawl that had once been red hanging over her arm, she passed out, closing the door behind her.

Andoni never saw her again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEE AND HIS ARMY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

WHAT we have to study in Lee's relations with his army, as in other matters, is the character of the man: how he contrived to hold for three years — and long after — the absolute devotion of scores of thousands of soldiers. Other generals have led loyal and enthusiastic armies from victory to victory. This general held affection and confidence unshaken through defeat, disaster, and final ruin. And the army that loved him was an army to be proud of, 'the best army,' says one of its generous opponents, 'which has existed on this continent.'

Lee built up his army before he commanded it. During the early months of the war he was busy at Richmond getting the troops ready for the field, and it was he more than any one else who transformed a chaotic afflux of volunteers into the semblance of an organized force, which beat another semblance at the first battle of Bull Run. Even those who long doubted Lee's ability as a commander admitted his gift for extracting order out of confusion, his patient industry, his clear system, his tact in smoothing rough tempers and harmonizing wills that jarred. 'In the space of two months,' says Colonel Long, 'he was able to equip for the field sixty regiments of infantry and cavalry, besides numerous batteries of artillery, making an aggregate of nearly 50,000 men.'

With this constructive experience behind him, Lee continued throughout the war to treat his army, not as a mere fighting machine, but as a human body which must be fed and clothed, — or ought to be, for even his efforts could not accomplish the impossible. He enjoins upon his subordinate officers care for the well-being of their men. 'Do not let your troops run down, if it can possibly be avoided by attention to their wants, comforts, etc., by their respective commanders.' His constant appeals to the Richmond authorities for provisions, with graphic statement of the soldiers' sufferings, are pathetic in their earnestness. Submissive as he was to superior officials, he resented at once any indication that his men were being sacrificed to other commands elsewhere. 'I have been mortified to find that when any scarcity existed, this was the only army in which it is found necessary to reduce the rations.' The best evidence of his care is that the soldiers trusted him, and were willing to starve, if he bade them. It is recorded that a private once wrote saying that he could not do his work on his rations, and asking if the general knew what they were, as, if he did, it must be that the scarcity was unavoidable and the men would do the best they could. Lee made no direct answer, but explained the situation in a general order. 'After that there was not a murmur in the army.'

So with the less pressing, but not less serious, need of clothing. Near the end of the war, Lee writes that the men 'were greatly exposed in line of battle two days, had been without meat for three days, and in scanty clothing took the cold hail and sleet.' It was on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passage similar to this that Davis noted characteristically, 'these things are too sad to be patiently considered'; but I am not aware that he rose up in wrath and made somebody consider them. Frequently Lee is obliged to allege the utter destitution of his troops as a reason for not making a forward movement, and in doing so he expresses his admiration for all they have been able to accomplish. 'Nothing prevented my continuing in his front but the destitute condition of the men, thousands of whom are barefooted, a greater number partially shod, and nearly all without blankets, overcoats, or warm clothing. I think the sublimest sight of the war was the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by this army in the pursuit of the enemy under all the trials and privations to which it was exposed.' And it is with the grief of a mortified parent that he expresses his surprise at finding some of his followers ready to take advantage of the necessities of others. 'It has also been reported that some men in this army have been so unmindful of their obligations to their comrades, and of their own characters, as to engage in the occupation of purchasing supplies of food and other things, for the purpose of selling them at exorbitant prices to their fellow soldiers.'

It was indeed always as a parent, not merely as a military superior, that Lee believed in controlling and disciplining his army. This attitude led to a certain freedom of discipline which did not wholly satisfy those accustomed to European methods. 'Two defects as a general were ascribed to him personally,' says a German critic, 'an indifference to discipline, and a too kindly consideration for incompetent officers.' And even Davis remarked that 'his habit of avoiding any seeming harshness was probably a defect.' Yet if the object of discipline is to make troops efficient and enthusiastic, it can hardly be said that Lee failed. An eye-witness, by no means uncritical and writing on the spot, says, 'In Lee's army everything is reduced down to the smallest compass, and the discipline and obedience of the officers and men is perfect.' While Hooker, an enemy who had felt the results if he had not watched the processes, testified: 'With a rank and file vastly inferior to our own, intellectually and physically, that army has, by discipline alone, acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies.'

Some good observers, notably Mr. Eggleston, do not agree with Hooker as to the original quality of Lee's soldiers. Undoubtedly the best intelligence and education of the South went right into the ranks; but this element was naturally outbalanced by poverty and ignorance, and the average Southern soldier was less common-schooled than the Northern, because the same thing was true of the average Southern citizen. In any case, it was a popular army, composed of American freemen; and from the point of view of discipline, Lee, with his perfect human sympathy, at once seized this fact in all its bearings. 'There is a great difference,' he said to Colonel Long, 'between mercenary armies and volunteer armies, and consequently there must be a difference in the mode of discipline. The volunteer army is more easily disciplined by encouraging a patriotic spirit than by a strict enforcement of the articles of war.'

This does not mean that Lee overlooked the absolute need of severity in dealing with refractory soldiers or was foolishly averse to it. 'You must establish rigid discipline,' he writes to a sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ordinate at the very beginning of the war. He insisted everywhere on order and cleanliness. 'Colonel,' he said to an officer who begged for a visit, 'a dirty camp gives me nausea. If you say your camps are clean, I will go.' He endeavored, so far as possible, to repress camp vices, especially gambling. 'The general commanding is pained to learn that the vice of gambling exists and is becoming common in this army . . . it was not supposed that a habit so pernicious and demoralizing would be found among men engaged in a cause demanding the highest virtue and purest morality in its supporters.' The strictness of his orders in regard to pillage during his invasions of the North is well known; but they were not only strict in form, but were carried out in fact, as is proved by the testimony of his enemies, to the lasting glory of both army and commander. Violation of these orders provoked Lee's wrath more than anything except brutality, and when he himself detected one soldier in theft, he ordered him shot at once. He was equally ready to inflict the death penalty in cases of desertion when they became too frequent, and had again and again to urge the necessity of rigor upon the Richmond authorities. 'I hope I feel as acutely as any one the pain and sorrow that such events occasion, and I am sure that no one would more willingly dispense with them, if they could be avoided; but I am convinced that the only way to prevent them is to visit the offense, when committed, with the sternest punishment, and leave the offender without hope of escape, by making the penalty inevitable.'

Yet withal he was lenient, perhaps too lenient, and longed, as a father would, to work by persuasion rather than by violence. 'This is a case,' he wrote in one instance, 'where possible error is better than probable wrong'; and doubtless he applied the rule in many instances. When an angry officer wanted to disband a whole company for cowardice, Lee defended them: 'For the bad behavior of a few, it would not appear just to punish the whole.' And always his method was to get work done by kindly urgency, by playful rallying, by sympathetic encouragement, rather than by the spur or the lash. 'General Lee, taking his daily ride about the lines, came on me while the working parties were digging and spading. His greeting was, "Good-morning, my young friend, I feel sorry for you." "Why so, General?" "Because you have so much to do," answered the commander, the gleaming white teeth showing his pleasant humor. . . . He generally had some such words to let one know he expected a lot of work out of him.'

Discipline of officers is a more delicate matter than discipline of soldiers, and requires an even finer tact, sympathy, and divination of character. Here also Lee always remembered that he commanded an army of American freemen, accustomed to vote, and to criticize everything and everybody. He let them say their say, asked their advice often, and occasionally followed it. Yet it is sometimes difficult to reconcile their free-and-easy ways with any idea of military subordination. Take, for example, that hard fighter and true-hearted gentleman, James Longstreet. I do not wish here to discuss his conduct at Gettysburg. But when I consider that conduct in the light of various passages in his letters to his chief, I feel myself more in a position to understand it. What would have happened to Ney or Soult, if he had addressed the first Napoleon in this wise: 'I am pleased at all times to have any suggestions that you may make'? or again: 'There are several little points upon which you should be posted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before the interview, and I do not see how I can well do this by writing'? Longstreet patronizes his great commander as he would a budding subaltern. 'I wrote a note to General Lee . . . and cautioned him to make his arrangements to return that night.' With men of this stamp, discipline was not always a simple matter; witness some of Jackson's experiences.

The summary methods of Jackson did not appeal to Lee, who, instead of the guardhouse, employed tact as soothing as it was inexhaustible. The hot-headed Stuart demands justification against some criticism. Lee writes to him, 'I prefer your acts to speak for themselves, nor does your character or reputation require bolstering up by out-of-place expressions of my opinion.' It becomes necessary to dismiss Early from command, in spite of good service, because he has lost the confidence of his troops. Lee dismisses him, but states the facts so sympathetically that he loses no jot of Early's affection, who could say after the war, 'It is difficult for those who did not know him personally to understand the wonderful magnanimity of character which induced General Lee often to take the chances of incurring censure himself rather than run the risk of doing possible injustice to another.'

Not that Lee could not rebuke, and sternly. When the Confederates were flying from Five Forks, he turned to a general officer and ordered him, with marked emphasis, to collect and put under guard '*all* the stragglers on the field,' showing that he meant to include many of his officers as well as men. On another occasion he said to a dilatory commander, 'General, I have sometimes to admonish General Stuart or General Gordon against being too fast. I shall never have occasion to find that fault with you.'

But usually he gave his criticism some turn of sympathetic suggestion, or even of kindly laughter. It is to be noted that the success of this method depends upon the person who uses it, and there are times when one prefers a straight-out, sharp order, to a would-be pleasant insinuation. I confess that Lee's amiable rebukes sometimes suggest to me Xenophon's remark about Proxenus, that 'he was fit to command the good; but he could not instill fear into the soldiers, and it seemed that he had more consideration for those he commanded than they had for him.' Proxenus could not have won the battle of Chancellorsville, however; and it appears that something in Lee's manner did instill fear, for all his mildness. 'I believe all his officers feared him,' says Major Ranson. 'They loved him as men are seldom loved, but they feared him too.'

As to the reprimands, the best-known instance is that of the officer with the condition of whose lines Lee was far from satisfied. As they rode together, the general remarked, 'That is a magnificent horse, General ——, but I should not think him safe for Mrs. —— to ride. He is entirely too spirited for a lady, and I would urge you by all means to take some of the mettle out of him before you suffer her to ride him again. And, by the way, General, I would suggest to you that the rough paths along these trenches would be admirable ground over which to tame him.' Another interesting case — made a little suspicious by the profanity — is that of the staff officer who took the liberty of altering orders to meet circumstances. Lee made no comment at the time, but later at dinner he told the story of General Twiggs whose staff was always altering orders until he finally remarked to one of them, 'Captain, I know you can prove that you are right, and that my order was wrong; in fact, you gentlemen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always are right, but for God's sake do wrong sometimes.'

Among Lee's greatest difficulties in dealing with his officers was, of course, the question of promotion. Apparently every man in the Army of Northern Virginia felt himself perfectly competent to be commander of it except the man who had the honor of filling that office; and Stuart is said to have remarked sarcastically of the troops in general, 'They are pretty good officers now, and after a while will make excellent soldiers too. They only need reducing to the ranks.' 'In an army,' says Dumas, in his rollicking fashion, 'everybody, from the second in command to the rawest recruit, desires the death of somebody.' This is quite legitimate. What is not so is to spend time and temper, not your own, in complaining, fretting, and repining. Too many high Confederate officers, J. E. Johnston among others, showed a sensitiveness and pettiness on the subject, which was as unbecoming as it was thoroughly human.

Lee himself at all times absolutely disclaimed any eagerness for advancement. 'I think rank of trivial importance so that it is sufficient for the individual to exercise his command.' Again and again he offered to serve wherever and however his superiors thought he could be useful. To say this is easy. To convince others of the truth of it is less so. But I am not aware that any one has ever seriously questioned Lee's sincerity. There was that about him, in manner and still more in action, which proved that he thought only of his country and his duty. Testimony is hardly needed, but Stiles offers a bit, which is impressive, if somewhat astounding. 'I never but once heard of such a suggestion [that Lee acted from other than the purest motives], and then it so transported the hearers that military subordination was forgotten, and the colonel who heard it rushed with drawn sword against the major-general who made it.'

Nor does there seem to be much disposition to accuse Lee of favoritism. He certainly had no hand in the advancement of his own sons, who rose steadily by their merit. He refuses a friend's application for a staff position, because 'persons on my staff should have a knowledge of their duties, and an experience of the wants of the service, to enable me to attend to other matters.' It is indeed alleged that he was partial to Virginia, notably in the case of A. P. Hill; but the charge comes from sources too prejudiced to deserve much attention. Even those who complain bitterly of the jealousy and narrowness of the West Point tradition do not seem to include Lee in their animosity. Thus Tyler writes to Price: 'I have found myself laboring under the odium of the little West Pointers in Richmond, and their partisans. They oppose me in the War Office at all points in regard to any and every wish.' But in the same letter he says of Lee: 'Without parade, haughtiness, or assumption, he is elevated in his thought and feeling, and is worthy of the cause he represents and the army he commands.' One thing is beyond dispute: no personal consideration was allowed to enter into his decisions. When he urged the promotion of a certain officer, it was pointed out that that officer had been very free about criticizing the general. Lee answered, 'The question is, not what he thinks or is pleased to say about me, but what I think about him.'

It would be impossible to estimate the time, the strength, the nervous energy, that must have been expended in counseling patience, in soothing injured vanity, in forestalling complaints, and in urging the sacrifice of personal gain, credit, and advantage to the cause

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which all were bound to serve. He writes to one officer — and the letter is typical: 'Recognizing as fully as I do your merit, patriotism, and devotion to the State, I do not consider that either rank or position are necessary to bestow upon you honor, but believe that you will confer honor on the position. In the present crisis of affairs, I know that your own feelings, better than any words of mine, will point out the course for you to pursue to advance the cause in which you are engaged.' Without the power to make promotions himself, and obliged even in suggesting to exercise the utmost consideration toward a jealous and sensitive superior, Lee, like Washington, was forced to have recourse to infinite resources of tact and sympathy in order to harmonize the claims that conflicted about him. But he seems to have been more fortunate than Washington in that at least his officers did not conspire and intrigue against himself.

If they did not quarrel with him, they sometimes quarreled with each other, however, and so added to his troubles. Jackson's repeated difficulties with A. P. Hill have been already discussed at length in connection with Lee and Jackson. But among all these high-spirited young men dissensions and jealousies were almost inevitable; and, with no tradition of discipline to restrain them, they were perpetually breaking out, to the detriment of the service and the extreme discomfort of the general. An officer very close to Lee writes: 'I have myself heard a major-general send a message back to army headquarters by a staff officer of General Lee, that he did n't see why his division should be expected to abandon the position they had fought for just to accommodate General ——, whose troops had fallen back where his had driven the enemy.' In Lee's early days of command he had to reconcile the animosities of Wise and Floyd. He did it in words as noble as they are simple. 'You have spoken to me of want of consultation and concert; let that pass, till the enemy is driven back, and then, as far as I can, all shall be arranged. I expect this of your magnanimity.' Later the bellicose A. P. Hill quarreled with Longstreet over the praise accorded to their respective commands by newspaper correspondents, and it is even said that a duel had been arranged; but Lee's patience and tact averted such an extremity.

The most fruitful source of all these differences was of course the incurable human disposition to put the blame for one's failures on somebody else. No doubt Lee's noble example in constantly refusing to do this himself had a wide influence on others. It is reported that after the war he told a publisher that he could not write his memoirs, because to do it honestly would ruin too many reputations. This does not ring quite true to my ear; but we know that after Gettysburg he wrote as follows to Pickett with reference to the latter's official report of the battle: 'You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory, but we have the enemy to fight, and must carefully, at this critical moment, guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report will create. I will, therefore, suggest that you destroy both copy and original.' And Pickett did it.

As to Lee's personal relations with his officers, I doubt if any of them ever felt entirely at ease with him. They were mostly younger men than he; but even in his early days he seems to have had few intimate associates, and age probably softened his natural dignity and gravity rather than increased it. Not that there was any stiffness about him, or any pretense. I imagine that in his secret heart he envied the young fellows their careless ways, their idle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jests, their trifling laughter. He liked Stuart's rollicking nonsense, liked to listen to the Irish banjo-player, Sweeny. One night when the singing was unusually uproarious, he stepped out of his tent and noted with a smile a black jug perched on a boulder. 'Gentlemen, am I to thank General Stuart or the jug for this fine music?' He liked occasionally to pass a quiet joke himself. Still, he was no talker, no story-teller, knew nothing of the fine art of being idle; and even in the midst of a hundred thousand men who loved him I think he was very solitary.

This does not mean that he secluded himself, or kept apart, absorbed in his own thoughts. He discussed his plans freely with those in whom he had confidence, and would ask a young officer's advice on great questions with a frankness as winning as it was sincere. 'Colonel Long,' he is reported to have said before Gettysburg, 'do you think we had better attack without the cavalry? If we do, we will not, if successful, be able to reap the fruits of victory.' Also he was constantly attentive to the comfort of those about him. On the retreat from Pennsylvania he rebuked his aide, Colonel Venable, for telling bad news too loudly. Venable was high-spirited and did not like it, nor did a kindly invitation to drink buttermilk entirely soothe him. Shortly afterwards the aide, worn out with running and watching, lay down to sleep in the mud and rain. When he awoke, he found that the general had spread his own oilskin over him.

As to the ease of approaching the commander-in-chief on matters of duty accounts differ. Grant understood that he was 'difficult of access to subordinates.' Tyler, in his invaluable letter to Price giving an account of Lee's army, says the commander is 'almost unapproachable, and yet no man is more simple, or less ostentatious, hating all pretension.' Unapproachable—yet 'the scouts compared him [Jackson] with Lee. The latter was so genial that it was a pleasure to report to him.' The explanation of these contradictions is simply that Lee mistrusted his good nature. He knew that a complainant, once admitted, would waste his time, his strength, and his nerves; and he trained his aides to do needed snubbing vicariously. As Colonel Venable writes, 'General Lee had certain wishes which his aides-de-camp knew well they must conform to. They did not allow any friend of a soldier condemned by a court-martial to reach his tent for personal appeal. . . . He said that, with the great responsibilities resting upon him, he could not bear the pain and distress of such applications.' And when officers came to find fault in regard to their promotion, he would turn them over to an aide, with the old-fashioned phrase, 'Suage him, Colonel, suage him.'

By these methods Lee kept a certain remoteness, which did not hurt his popularity, and helped his dignity. Men loved to gaze on him. 'It is surprising to see how eager the men of this army are always to get a good view of General Lee, for though a person has seen him a hundred times, yet he never tires looking at him,' is the naïve comment of a correspondent of the *Richmond Despatch* in 1863. On the other hand, the element of distance is most happily suggested by an officer's remark to Mrs. Pickett: 'Lee was a great soldier and a good man, but I never wanted to put my arms round his neck, as I used to want to do to Joe Johnston.'

Yet when occasion brought him into close contact with even the common soldier, his manner was absolutely simple, as of equal to equal, of man to man. Once in a crowded car a wounded private was struggling to draw on his coat over a bandaged arm. An officer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seeing his difficulty, came forward and tenderly assisted him. It was the commander-in-chief. At another time Lee had sat down to rest in the shade of a great tree. A busy surgeon wished to establish his headquarters there. 'Old man, I have chosen that tree for my field-hospital, and I want you to get out of the way.' Then he discovered his mistake. But Lee gently relieved the embarrassment of the situation: 'There is plenty of room for both of us, Doctor, until your wounded are brought.'

Even when they knew him, the soldiers sometimes took incredible liberties. On the hottest of July days one of them left the ranks and approached the general. The staff tried to stop him, but Lee put them aside and asked what he wanted. 'Please, General, I don't want much, but it's powerful wet marching this weather. I was looking for a rag or something to wipe the sweat out of my eyes.' 'Will this do?' said the general, handkerchief in hand. 'Yes, my Lordy, that indeed!' 'Well, then, take it with you and back quick to the ranks; no straggling this march, you know, my man.'

In more serious matters Lee was equally ready to show the most democratic feeling. A devout Christian himself, he thought of every man in his army as a soul to be saved, and in every way he could encouraged the mission and revival work which went on all through the war with constantly increasing activity. Even in the midst of urgent duty he would stop and take part in a camp prayer-meeting, and listen to the exhortations of some ragged veteran, as a young convert might listen to an apostle.

One thing doubtless helped his hold on the soldiers, as it helped Napoleon's: an extraordinary memory for names, faces, and characters. The value of this in dealing with his officers was, of course, inestimable. 'Lee knew his army man by man almost, and could judge of the probable results of the movement here announced by the name of the officer in command.' With the privates the advantage gained was less direct, but quite as solid. 'I have frequently seen him recognize at once some old soldier whom he had barely met during the war, and who would be as surprised as delighted that his loved commander had not forgotten him.' Lee himself is reported to have said that 'he had never been introduced to a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia whose face and name he could not instantly recall.' This I doubt, in view of his not too courteous remark to Grant, at the time of the surrender, that he had frequently endeavored to recall his features from their acquaintance in Mexico, but could never succeed in doing so; and from another anecdote, to the effect that he was extremely annoyed at not recognizing a man who was introduced to him after the war. 'I was really much ashamed at not knowing the gentleman yesterday; I ought to have recognized him at once. He spent at least an hour in my quarters in the city of Mexico just after its occupation by the American army [*twenty years previous*], and, although I have never seen him since (and had never seen him before), he made a very agreeable impression on me, and I ought not to have forgotten him.'

What is of most general interest in this business of Lee's memory of individuals, is his own assertion that it was not a special gift, but purely a matter of attention, which recalls Lord Chesterfield's theory that attention is the most exquisite element of courtesy: 'Want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the people in the room, their motions, their looks, and their words, and yet without staring at them and seeming to be an observer.' Only Lee would have completed Chesterfield's idea of courtesy by that other element, love, which Chesterfield knew nothing about.

Again, like some other great commanders, and unlike others, Lee won the hearts of his soldiers by living as they did. He managed the business of his position with as little fuss and parade as possible. Foreign officers were struck with the absolute simplicity of his arrangements. There were no guards or sentries around his headquarters, no idle aides-de-camp loitering about. His staff were crowded together, two and three in a tent, and none were allowed to carry more baggage than a small box each. Tyler writes to Price: 'Your own headquarters are more numerous and bulky. He rides with only three members of his staff, and never takes with him an extra horse or servant, although he is upon the lines usually from daylight until dark.' His ordinary dress was of the simplest, though neat and tidy; no braid or gilding, nothing but the stars on the collar to indicate his rank. He was perfectly Spartan as to his abiding-place, almost never leaving his tent for solid walls; and he was especially particular that there should be no intrusion upon peaceful citizens for his comfort. On one occasion Colonel Long had established the headquarters in a yard, but the general insisted on moving lest they should annoy the residents. Long thereupon, rather vexed, picked out another spot that had little to recommend it; but Lee was perfectly contented. 'This is better than the yard. We will not now disturb these good people.' At another time Colonel Taylor made everything as agreeable as possible, but sighed over his chief's indifference: 'It was entirely too pleasant for him, for he is never so comfortable as when uncomfortable.' This same Colonel Taylor ventured to rally the general a little on the subject. It seems that Lee had the best bedroom, while his aide was obliged to put up with the parlor. '"Ah, you are finely fixed," remarked the great soldier, as he looked in upon his subordinate. "Could n't you find any other room?" "No, but this will do." He was struck dumb with amazement at my impudence, and vanished.'

The table was as simple as the dwelling-place. Neat tin camp-dishes answered for the service, and the food was plain as well as the table-ware. Very frequently there was actual scarcity; for the general was not willing to have special effort made for him when the soldiers were starving. The dinner often consisted of cabbage boiled with a little salt. Sweet potatoes and buttermilk were luxuries, and when the commander-in-chief offered his luncheon to a major-general, it was found to consist of two cold sweet potatoes, of which Lee said he was very fond. Even when better was provided, the general refused it, sending delicacies to the hospitals, perhaps not always to the contentment of his young and hungry staff. On the last march to Appomattox Mrs. Guild writes: 'When we would camp near a house, they would prepare their best for General Lee; but he would sleep in his tent or on the ground with his staff, and say that I must go and have what was prepared for him.'

That Lee was beloved by his army it is, then, hardly necessary to say; immensely beloved, beloved as few generals have ever been. In the first place, officers and soldiers trusted him. They trusted him in victory, knew that he would spare their toil and spare their blood as much as was possible, would make no move for barren glory, but only for their good and his country's.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is far more, they trusted him in defeat, knew that he would do everything that could be done, and would save them from further damage if human skill could contrive it. They trusted him after Gettysburg. 'We've not lost confidence in the old man, this day's work won't do him any harm.' 'Uncle Robert will get us into Washington yet; you bet he will.' They trusted him in the dark days of the Wilderness, and in the darker days of Petersburg. If he could not help them, no one could. Even the hard-headed and critical Longstreet believed that Lee was the man. 'We need some such great mind as General Lee's,' he writes from Tennessee. When the final disaster came, the universal trust was still unshaken. What he decides is right, what he says is the thing to do must be done. One of the coolest of Confederate authors writes of the surrender: 'Men fairly raved with indignation, and declared their desire to escape or die in the attempt, but not a man was heard to blame General Lee. . . . On the contrary, all expressed the greatest sympathy for him, and declared their willingness to submit at once, or fight to the last man, as he ordered.'

An army may trust the general without loving him, however. This army loved him. I have sought far and wide for expressions of jealousy, of hostility, of lukewarmness and criticism. They are rare indeed. In the early South Carolina days some disaffection appears. 'I do not know if it prevails elsewhere in the army,' writes Governor Pickens to the President, 'but I take the liberty to inform you that I fear the feelings of General Ripley toward General Lee may do injury to the public service. His habit is to say extreme things even before junior officers, and this is well calculated to do injury to General Lee's command.' Occasionally an individual frets over some disappointment or hindrance, as G. W. Smith in North Carolina: 'What I mean to say is that General Lee in command of an army at Fredericksburg is not in the same point of view, and evidently does not see things precisely as they appeared to him when General Johnston commanded that army'; or the petulant A. P. Hill in the Wilderness: 'It is arrant nonsense for Lee to say that Grant can't make a night march without his knowing it. Has not Grant slipped round him four times already?'

But these mild and scattered notes of discordance are completely lost in the general chorus of love and loyalty. The officers, high and low, vie with each other in their expressions of enthusiasm, none being more complete and touching in pregnant brevity than that of Longstreet. 'All that we have to be proud of has been accomplished under your eye and under your orders. Our affections for you are stronger, if it is possible for them to be stronger, than our admiration for you.' But to me the simple and almost inarticulate devotion of the common soldiers is even more beautiful than that of their superiors. The loving, familiar nicknames, the quaint anecdotes, the eagerness to see, and to hear, and to obey, mean more than volumes of eulogy.

Curious testimony to the quality of the feeling of the soldiers is furnished by several independent observers. 'When he appeared in the presence of the troops, he was sometimes cheered vociferously, but far more frequently his coming was greeted with a profound silence which expressed more truly than cheers could have done the well-nigh religious reverence with which the men regarded his person.' This is, I think, a phenomenon somewhat rare in the psychology of crowds. Another interesting bit of out-of-the-way evidence is furnished by a writer in the Richmond *Examiner* in August, 1864.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It had been proposed to offer a one hundred dollar bond to all old soldiers who had served faithfully; but this correspondent, writing from the army, says, 'The soldiers would prefer a strip of parchment in the shape of a certificate, setting forth their good conduct and soldierly qualities, signed by General R. E. Lee. This would be indeed a treasure to keep in after years.'

If we seek the cause of this extraordinary personal devotion, we shall be told that it was magnetism. Doubtless there was some intangible element in the matter, something in the man's bearing, something in his words, something in his lofty and passionate appeals, which won hearts and held them. A concrete instance of this power appears in General Alexander's account of his desire to persuade Lee into keeping up a guerilla warfare at the time of the surrender, and of the effect of Lee's answer. 'I had not a single word to say in reply. He had answered my suggestion from a moral plane so far above it that I was ashamed of having made it. With several friends I had planned to make an escape on seeing a flag of truce, but that idea was at once abandoned by all of them on hearing my report.'

I think, however, the general explanation of the soldiers' love for Lee is much simpler, elementary, in fact, and is contained in the nursery rhyme recording the adventures of Mary and her little lamb. Lee loved his men and trusted them. It is curious to read Wellington's expressions of disgust and contempt for his Peninsular army, and then to turn to the words, ever varied, in which Lee declares over and over again his confidence in his soldiers and affection for them. After Gettysburg he says to them, 'You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit which has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind.' Without rhetoric, writing privately, he says of them, 'History records but few examples of a greater amount of labor and fighting than has been done by this army during the present campaign.' And again, 'I need not say to you that the material of which this army is composed is the best in the world, and if properly disciplined and instructed, would be able successfully to resist any force that could be brought against it. Nothing can surpass the gallantry and intelligence of the main body.'

His soldiers were his children, and he mourned their loss with a parental passion of grief. 'The loss of our gallant officers and men throughout the army causes me to weep tears of blood, and to wish that I could never hear the sound of a gun again.'

Is it any wonder that his men loved him, or that their love grew with years, and that after the war they haunted him with offers of service, offers of protection, offers of actual food, touching and pathetic, even when they were mixed with ill-timed drollery. Of all the numerous anecdotes bearing on this point, one in especial is full of tragic significance. Lee was riding alone through the woods on his beloved Traveler, when he met an old Confederate. 'Oh, General,' said the fellow, 'it does me so much good to see you that I'm going to cheer.' The general protested the utter inappropriateness. But the man cheered just the same. And as the great soldier passed slowly out of hearing through the Virginia forest, it seems to me that his heart and his eyes must have overflowed at the thought of a high cause lost, of fidelity in ruin, and of the thousands and thousands who had cheered him once and in spirit would go on cheering him forever.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BRIGHT DAY

BY SAMUEL McCOY

> It is vain for you to rise up early,
> To sit up late,
> To eat the bread of sorrows:
> For so he giveth his beloved sleep. — PSALM CXXVII.

AFTER a little space,
Mary, his dearest daughter, covered up his face
And stayed her tears.
For her own task it was, she knew, to face the years,
And live life through as he had always led —
The life whose every thread
Made part of the plain cloak called Sacrifice;
A coat without device,
But one which many, many hearts have blessed
For its warm love, and pressed
Its rough folds to their lips and wept.
For she remembered how her hand he kept
Within his own, and with her walked afield
And watched the sunset its last glory yield.
All this came back to her,
All little things that were,
And every dear remembrance on her heart
Laid its rich sorrow and its mortal smart,
Too exquisite bereavement to be borne.

Yet, after the long night the austere morn,
Smiling upon her, said with gentleness: —

I am the living, and I am no less
The dead. *For they have entered into me:*
To-day, not yesterday, is their eternity.
Your past must die with him you loved so much,
He is a part of me, and you must touch
My hand with the warm love of a young child.
For I, the living world, am reconciled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To God's unpitying plan; and all my hours,
My tasks, my needs imperative, and my bright flowers,
Are fashioned from the souls of those who worship God.
Nothing God made is underneath the sod!
I am To-day, my daughter, and I need your love!
Look up above —
The sky is leaden, and the cheerless rain
Makes its own misery and pain.
But you and I can only bear to hear,
Deep in our hearts, the joyous, clear,
Brave music of the soul that sings
Of coming day and living things!

THE LONELY SEAS

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

'Voyaging strange seas of thought, alone.'

THE poem this fragment belongs to is lost to my memory, but the line stands complete in itself, with its great conception, as adequate an image of the indescribable as could be made of words. It must have detached itself at once, in order to have come home to my mind as an idea of my own that had found its fitting expression, for it will picture to me the conditions of the spiritual life as long as I have conscious existence.

Schiller has a line of like significance, evoking a vision of what we darkly feel, and know —

'Freedom is only in the land of dreams.'

But *that* does not suggest space sufficient for the soul at large to range in. Dreams are not all your own, but often visitors from you-know-not-where, and land is a term connoting things and people, that beguile and coerce and obstruct and hem you in; also gods that are not God, but idols made with hands, in Christendom as in Heathendom, presenting the features of archaic man. Whereas Wordsworth's metaphor of the Lonely Seas, where nothing comes to you, but you yourself go forth, untrammeled, independent, to voyage where you will, — far and wide in the quiet sanctuaries of thought, with only the god you know for God, Spirit of the illimitable Universe, without form, but not void, nay, living in every breath of air, every pulsing wave, every shining star, — a still, deep, surrounding Sympathy, beyond the definitions of human sense, — this answers satisfactorily to the name of freedom, if any figure of speech can do so.

Not dreams, but thoughts, sane and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real and reasoned out — your own, that have cast off reserve and cast out fear; and the beaten tracks are not yet for them, nor the common ear and understanding. They must sail alone on the seas of silence, in the liberty of solitude, which still is not solitary, because of the One Who knows All. Him — It — the Something that has no shape and needs no name, supreme above us — only in that company, and away from all other, can you be yourself, which is surely to serve the end of your being in the one legitimate way.

Out in the open — analogous to the sea which forever defies the ingenuity of man to bind it — there you know, or you think you know, that the secret of right living is just one thing only, *personal sincerity*, no more, no less. Not that each of us may be a law unto himself (in the sense commonly read into the phrase), but that the law for you, the ultimate law, the fulfilling of all law, is the law of Truth as your private conscience puts it. Your private conscience may not be infallible; it may have received in the rough-and-tumble of its career unsuspected warpings that all the long years have not been long enough to straighten out; but it is still your divine-born light of knowledge of good and evil, the only lamp to steer by, within yourself, and not without in the hands of others.

But, O Heaven! what it costs to arrive at this! It is the delusion of the unthinking, who have never slipped their moorings, that the deep-sea voyager is but a careless runaway from home and duty, a shirker of sacred obligations, just everything that he particularly and peculiarly is not. He gets used in time to these shallow misjudgments, and very early in the day he learns the futility of attempting to combat them; but they are amongst the sore difficulties of the lonely course, hard indeed to bear when it is his own nearest and dearest with whom he must live, spiritually, an utter stranger. But a bitterer trial is the long, long passage through the twilight of the awakening mind, when he cannot himself see whether he is a renegade or not.

What years and years, and what agonizing years, for me! I smile now, looking back from my place of peace, at the passionately devout girl who flung aside housework and everything to go twice a day to church and district-visit the poor between the services — to think what an immense time it took to cure her of the wild longing to be as that soul in bonds again! 'Indifferent' (the brand of the orthodox upon the unorthodox) I knew I had not grown in growing from girlhood to maturity, but I did not know, as I know now, that it was the same religious spirit that drew me on which turned me back. 'Except ye be as a little child' — how the immemorial voices reproached me! How I suffered in my involuntary apostasy, wailing inwardly night and day, 'If I could only believe and trust and pray as once I did!' How gladly, how slowly, how painfully, the old kinks of conscience get even loosened, not to say straightened out!

It is the first question that does it. And when you are born with an inquiring mind and an inclination to be truthful, you are bound to ask it sooner or later. In my case, strange to say, it was a venerable archdeacon who inserted the thin end of the wedge destined to break my allegiance to ecclesiastical authority. He was a cultured reading man, who paid me, not half his age, the compliment of making me an intellectual companion; and in one of our discussions he showed me how the legends on which our church was based — he did not call them so, but legends they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became from that moment — had their counterparts in, and probable derivations from, the scriptures of more ancient peoples, faiths that had flourished before ours was born; thus presenting the Bible to my mind, for the first time, as not a holy thing that had come straight down from Heaven, but just a book, a most valuable old book, but historically inferior to certain older books — heathen books at that — of which it was more or less a plagiarism. Poor man! He bitterly regretted his unprofessional candor. Each time that I met him subsequently and we fell into serious talk, he was more and more distressed and exasperated to find how I had followed up his clue. At our very last meeting before his death he tried to scold and lecture me back into the fold, losing his temper over it. But it was too late.

For, as the church itself will tell you, to 'doubt the Bible' is to pull the corner-stone from under everything. To me it was an experience too dreadful for words. I went out from the fatal colloquy stunned, ruined; made an excuse to go to bed early (I was visiting at his house), and cried all night. And then it became a matter of life and death to dispel or substantiate that doubt.

So I thought and read, and read and thought, pursuing the inevitable course. All sorts of sign-posts stretch back along the road: Greig's *Enigmas of Life* in the far distance, John Morley's treatise, *On Compromise*, Mill *On Liberty*, Huxley's controversies with the Duke of Argyll and Dr. Wace in the *Nineteenth Century*, heart-to-heart talks with the already emancipated, and so on, and so on. It is not necessary to trace the steps of this pilgrimage, since it is only the first that counts.

Suffice it that here I am, with almost nothing in the way of a religion to swear by, except the religious spirit that has driven me hither, with its one clear call to be sincere at every cost. My body still in subjection to the governments under which it lives, constrained by the 'weak brother,' who is so overwhelmingly strong, to such sacrifices as can be made without overt hypocrisy, my soul is at large on the Lonely Seas, and has been so long that now it could not breathe elsewhere. And profoundly at peace.

I know that must seem incredible to the dweller in tabernacles, for whom the door has never opened to invite him forth. A faith that has 'no hope' is to him a contradiction in terms. It is useless to ask him what he means by hope, for he does not know himself; it is something provided for him which is never, so far as one can see, of any service to him as a sanctification of life; yet he holds it indispensable. He makes what he thinks is the conclusive reply — 'a belief in a future state' — and does not perceive that he leaves the matter totally unexplained. What sort of future state? And how 'believe' in it? Never mind.

If that is as far as he can go, he is as honest as I am. None could have been more sincere than a beloved friend of mine, who, horrified at my suspected unorthodoxy, warned me with tears that a time would come when I should find out my mistake. 'In the hour of death, if not before, you will come back,' said she; meaning back to the point of view of my inexperienced girlhood, beyond which she had never traveled, and probably never would. '*Then* you will know the truth.'

As to that last prophecy, so I did. What was to all intents and purposes the hour of death came to me twice when my brain was awake to know it, so that my negative faith was put to the great test. On the last occasion I was in a private hospital, apparently failing to rally from a severe operation. My

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family was far away, unaware of my condition at the moment; and the head of the institution, daughter of a dean and a D.D., did her best to cope with the crisis on my behalf. She bent over me as I lay, almost powerless to lift a finger, but otherwise as acutely alive as I had ever been, and said, in the hushed, sick-room voice, 'Mr. —— is here.' This was the clergyman whose business it was to be there when patients were dying or dangerously ill, and whose 'consolations' every such person was supposed to need. I understood, and at the same moment, instinctively, without stopping to think about it, called upon all my strength to repel the invader. 'Oh, no, no! Don't let him in!'

Though it were my last breath, I had to use it to defend my soul's sanctuary at such a solemn time. I remember wondering if I could prevail against a church-woman's sense of duty, my desperate fear that I could not; but I did (by appeal to the sordid argument that it was my private room by right, and he an uninvited person), and was left unmolested. My soul was out on the Lonely Seas, with the One Who knows All; and never did official religion, with its complicated dogmas and impossible demands, seem more purely official, more unreal, and out of place.

On the earlier occasion I was brought suddenly to the brink of the grave by one of those accidents to which expectant mothers are liable while pursuing the business of life as usual in my own country home; this illness, by the way, accounting for the other, although there were several years between them. I was really and truly at the point of death. Our bush doctor, who had worked over me all day, had given up the effort to save me and gone home. Vitality was so low that I was past speech and movement, but I was as 'sensible' as I could be, singularly awake to the situation in all its bearings. And yet I never bothered myself for a moment about my soul and the future state — never thought of them; all my concern was to keep my exhausted body going, if the will could do it, to fight for the next breath and the next, so faint and elusive, to hold on anyhow, until I could work back the power to fill my lungs again; with the subconscious knowledge that it was here and with my family that I belonged and should remain. But a still more significant circumstance was that a clergyman watched by my dying bed and did not bother about my soul and the future state either. Had I been an ordinary parishioner he might have prayed my life away, but I was his wife, representing the real thing amid all the shadows and make-believes, and so he sat on my pillow and fed me with drops of brandy-and-water instead.

Although the doctor had given me up, he continued the struggle to keep that life, that mortal life — which in church he might persuade himself to despise as worthless — in its house of flesh and its home of earth, and out of the 'hands of God' into which the parson at the hospital would unhesitatingly have commended it; nothing else mattered to him any more than to me. Of course not. And so — because I could not have held on through the collapsing crisis without the brandy-and-water which I was unable to ask for — I owe it to him that I am not 'in bliss,' but still inhabiting (to the satisfaction of us both) this miserable vale of tears.

Blessings on the inconsistencies, the unconscious inconsistencies, of professing Christians! They know what true religion is in the time of need — or, I should rather say, what it is n't — just as much as they tell us we do.

But there is a sharper test even than the hour of death, as now I know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What about the hour when you find yourself in the sixties, an old man — far, far worse, an old woman? To have to consider yourself 'out of it,' as regards all the most interesting affairs of life; to realize that you have had your day and ceased to be, as a necessity or a power or a treasure of the world; that your place is on the shelf, with old-fashioned, outworn, discarded things; that you have eaten your cake to the dry crumbs and can expect no more — nothing but to grow daily feebler and uglier and more obsolete and superfluous, declining to that death which at last is inescapable — what an awful pass to come to! So I used to think in my young days, as the young still do; aye, and those that are neither young nor old, but at forty or thereabouts, still see a future beckoning to mundane delights. It is the time when the society queen, her prestige and beauty gone, retires to a convent; when religion, whatever the patterns of it may be, is called upon to justify itself once and for all. In those popular oleographs which depict Faith as a woman clinging to a cross in a raging sea, the figure should have been that of an old hag and not a fair young girl, for it is when all else fails that the church offers itself as the last, only, and sufficient buttress against despair.

> All our woe and sadness
> In this world below,
> Balance not the gladness
> We in Heaven shall know.

I often wonder, in the company of my contemporaries, how many, who profess what I cannot profess, find the substantial support in the eternal hope that they say they do — how many, who seem to accept its paper vouchers as infinitely more than full value for golden money spent, are really satisfied that the investment is sound.

However, it is not for me to question the *bona fides* of a cause for which the noblest of men and women have sacrificed and suffered all. If in these liberal times their intellectual descendants, themselves acknowledging that the age of martyrdoms was in some sort exclusively the age of faith, show a consistent reluctance to practice what they preach, and particularly to anticipate the bliss and glory of the future state which they profess in hymns and prayers to pine for, that proves no more than that human nature is indestructibly human and natural, willing spirit in weak flesh.

I speak only for myself. No, not only for myself, but for those others of my way of thinking who are or soon will be in my place — personally at the end of all things, so far as we know. Does nerve fail and heart sink at this tragic result of keeping conscience clean and honest? All our lives it has been dinned into us that we live in vain unless we live forever, and I have quailed myself, many a time, at the desperate temerity of stepping into the eternal dark without the eternal hope to cling to — which to a mother means, first of all, the recovery of her lost children. But, O comrades, it is all right! Never, in the years that lie behind me, have I been more absolutely convinced of it. Far from fulfilling the prophecy of my old friend and wishing myself back to the point of view of my inexperienced girlhood, I do not regret a single step that has led me away from it, every one having been taken, not willingly but of necessity, in obedience to what, for me, has been the divine call. The divine call may have notes for others which I cannot hear; indeed, I do not doubt it. But I am entirely satisfied that I did not mistake my own. Out on the lonely seas it has come to me, straight and clear, nothing to deflect the message or confuse my ears — 'Be true.' It is my course laid down, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whither it leads is no business of mine. I do not know — I cannot know — I do not want to know. It does not matter in the least.

Because in this immensity you get out of yourself as well as out of other thralls. With such a sweep of vision, you perceive something of the relative proportions of things, and, amongst them all, your place.

How this vastness dwarfs to nothing the absorbing interests of narrowed minds — financial and social success, and all the rest of it! How in this solemn apprehension of the whole, the commotions in the little parts — the particles of the little parts, and the warring nations are no more — exhibit their pitiful paltriness! In these large perspectives how incredibly valueless the Religion commonly spelt with the capital R, the religion of the 'vicious circle' that begins and ends in self! How supremely important the high, elemental loyalties of man to man, of men to their trust of life, whereof the Religion of the capital R takes so little cognizance! But, above all, how utterly insignificant — apart from these forgotten obligations to make our world worthy of the celestial company it keeps — how preposterously overestimated ourselves and our affairs, in presence of the majesty here unveiled, the Power that gave us being and is our fate!

The brief day is ending, but one can float into the night, if without hope, without a thought of fear. If I perish, I perish — that is all. Evening falls and the shadows deepen, and in all this immeasurable expanse no saving cross is visible sticking up out of the waves. But waves are calm under the darkening sky, and the voyager does not feel himself drowning. Too long has the soul been sailing open water to be afraid of it now. The 'Ocean of His Love' has become its home, and no place could it find less lonely. Everywhere, everywhere, — in every breath of air, every pulse of sea, every glint of star, — lives the Spirit of the illimitable Universe, the One who knows All, never missed or lost.

Possibly it is they who have thought and sought for themselves, the technical unbelievers, who have 'fought the good fight' and 'kept the faith,' who have got 'religion' and 'found God.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GERMAN DRIFT TOWARD SOCIALISM

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

THE German Reichstag passed a law in May, 1910, for the regulation of the potash trade, a law which goes further in the direction of Socialism than any previous legislation in Germany. It assigns to each mine a certain percentage of the total production of the country, and lays a prohibitory tax upon what it produces in excess of this allotment. It fixes the maximum price for the product in the home market, and prohibits selling abroad at a lower price. A government bureau supervises the industry, sees that prices and allotments are observed, examines new mines to determine their capacity, and readjusts allotments as new mines reach the producing stage.

This legislation breaks sharply with our inherited views of private property. The American law for the regulation of railway rates is not a parallel case, since the State exercises its right of eminent domain to create the railway for public purposes. The railway begins its existence encumbered with a public obligation. The owner of a potash mine has no such obligation. He is absolute owner, and the State has no right to interfere. He may sell his mine or any part of its product, in such quantities and at such prices as he may choose. That is the orthodox doctrine of private property as the world has held it for thousands of years. Such is also the doctrine of Germany in respect to all other property than potash mines; and, indeed, it prevails in respect to these, too, provided an owner wants to sell or even give away his mine; only, he must not sell potash except within the limits prescribed by the State. In other words, he is both owner and not owner at the same moment.

But the radical features of the law are not complete in the foregoing description. The bill having reduced potash prices, the mine-owners threatened to recoup themselves by reducing wages. But the members of the Reichstag were not to be balked by such threats; they could legislate about wages just as easily as about prices and allotments. So they amended the bill by providing that if any owner should reduce wages without the consent of his employees, his allotment should be restricted in the corresponding proportion.

Such is this remarkable innovation in law-making. And yet it would be easy for a foreign observer to overestimate its significance. He might easily assume that traditional beliefs about property are breaking up in Germany, and that the time is not far remote when the fragments may be reassembled and shaped into the *Zukunftsstaat*. Such an inference, however, would not be justified by the potash law, or by the other factors involved. While the law is indeed decidedly socialistic in tendency, it is not yet Socialism. It hedges private property about with sharper restrictions than would be thought justifiable in countries where, as in the United States, the creed of individualism is still vigorous; and yet it is, in effect, hardly more than a piece of social-reform legislation, though a more radical one than we have hitherto seen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Certainly the men who voted for it had no intention — with the exception of the Social Democrats — of taking a step to hasten the coming of the Socialist's millennium. Curiously enough, some of its extreme features originated with the Conservatives, who are dominated by the 'country squire' element, the sheet-anchor — in Germany as well as in other countries — of traditional beliefs. But the Conservatives are the least inclined of all the political parties of Germany to abandon the individualistic view of property. This was shown by their course in 1909, when they produced a convulsion in the internal politics of the country and forced the retirement of Bülow through their stout opposition to a small tax on the inheritances of direct heirs, — certainly a most reasonable tax from the standpoint of social obligation. In explaining their course, the Conservatives said that they could not think of submitting their property to the mercies of a Reichstag chosen by popular suffrage. In other words, they dreaded future encroachments upon their property rights through the advance of Socialism. The willingness of the Conservatives to throw away their principles in the case of the potash law is therefore without significance, so far as radical Socialism is concerned; they were legislating about other men's property, where it is always easy to make a show of altruism.

But the potash law is significant of one thing at least, — it registers in a striking way how far the German people have lost faith in the system of free competition. Legislation, education, commerce, manufacturing industry, the activities of the working classes, — all bear witness to the rapid decline of that faith. In Germany, 'the individual withers,' and the world of State and Society, with its multifarious demands upon him, 'is more and more.' This is, of course, a socialistic tendency, but the substitute that the Germans are finding for unlimited competition is not radical Socialism, but organization.

It is astonishing to what an extent the Germans have gone in organizing life in all its activities. The individual is everywhere learning that his independent strivings are ineffective both for himself and society, that as a unit he counts for little. The working people long ago learned that they could better their position only through organization; and as united labor became more self-assertive in presenting its demands, the great employers of labor, the manufacturers of the country, organized themselves for the special purpose of protecting themselves against those demands. Now both employer and employee have surrendered their individual position, committing their rights to the organization, which acts in its collective capacity in the interests of its members; it fixes the wage-tariff and the length of the day's labor, it settles strikes and lock-outs by treaty with the opposing organization, and in a hundred ways it absorbs and discharges the functions of the individual in his own behalf. Combinations and syndicates of manufacturers facilitate the marketing of goods, make or dictate prices, assign allotments to each factory of the amount of goods that it may produce, in many cases handle all orders for goods and treat the individual manufacturer as merely their agent.

The State, of course, takes hold of the individual life much more broadly, with more systematic purpose. The individual's health is cared for, his house is inspected, his children are educated, he is insured against the worst vicissitudes of life, his savings are invested, his transportation of goods or persons is undertaken, his need to com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

municate with others by telegraph or telephone is met — all by the paternal State or city.

The police system is put at the service of the humblest citizen. The police regulations of Upper Bavaria, for example, contain the following provision regarding the sleeping accommodations for house-servants, apprentices, and similar dependent folk: 'The bed-straw must be held in a sack, and must be changed as needed, but at least twice a year.' Will anybody say that this is paternalism carried to extremes? But who is to see else that the young man has a decent bed? Now he has his paragraph, and he can appeal to it with effect; and he believes the State is his protector.

But the best work of the paternal German State for the individual consists, not merely in protecting him, not merely in seeing that his physical wants are provided for. It takes hold of his life in a larger, more positive way; it treats him as a constructive social force to be developed and directed. The public schools have in recent years adopted the practice of giving directive advice to their pupils in regard to their life-calling, — advice based upon ascertained physical and mental capacity; and thus much waste of individual effort, much loss of health and happiness through ill-chosen work, is avoided.

Moreover the State does not leave the young man to his own resources after he has left school; the compulsory continuation trade-school carries on and specializes his training after he has taken up his life-work, — training designed and directed toward making him most efficient for his own particular task. There are now about 375,000 pupils in the continuation schools; in 1884 there were 58,000. Twenty-five years ago the Prussian Government was spending only about $13,500 a year on trade-schools; now it is spending above three million dollars on more than 1300 schools.

The railway, as is well known, is almost wholly a State institution in Germany. The Prussian system, with its more than 400,000 laborers and officials, is the largest employer of labor in the world; and this vast business is administered with remarkable honesty and efficiency. Cases of embezzlement or other crime are extremely rare; relatively few persons are killed or maimed through accident; and the railways are kept quite aloof from politics. American writers were accustomed up to about twenty years ago to regard the Prussian roads as much inferior to American ones; but much less is heard of such unfavorable comparisons now, for the Prussian roads have made great improvements. Freight rates, indeed, are considerably higher than the average American rates, but the bulk of the passenger traffic is carried at lower prices than in America. Bismarck's purpose to use the railway wholly in the interests of the people, as declared when he nationalized the roads, has not been fully carried out, since rates have been kept at a high enough figure to make them the largest source of revenue for the State, besides paying interest on the capital invested. On the other hand, shippers have the great advantage of absolutely fair treatment; there is no discrimination among them, there are no rebates, secret or other. Another great advantage consists in having a single system to deal with, as well as simplified tariff schedules; before the nationalization there were 63 railways, with 1357 different tariffs.

The moral success of the system of State ownership — which is the most important matter, after all — is complete; now there is absolutely nobody in Germany who would discard it for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

privately-owned railways. The success of the railways is so evident that the Socialists like to point to them as a demonstration of the feasibility of Socialism in general. Non-believers in that system of thought, however, see no reason for such a sweeping conclusion, since the operation of such huge undertakings, having almost of necessity a monopolistic character, is a very different problem from the State ownership of farm, factory, and mine. Moreover, it must be admitted that the Prussian railways supply an illustration of what has often been pointed to as a necessary consequence of practical Socialism — its suppression, namely, of the individual. The railway employees are not allowed to organize labor-unions for protecting their interests; they must submit absolutely to the decisions of the State's representatives at the head of the system. Among the officials, indeed, there is promotion for merit; but the common laborer can never pass into that charmed circle. Picturesque careers, as where a man rises from brakeman to railway president, can never occur in Germany, as they sometimes do in America. But this is to be set down, not specifically as the result of State ownership, but rather as due to the fixity of social classes here, and the rigid bureaucratic system that prevails in all German administrative organizations.

The Prussian State has also long been an extensive owner of coal, potash, salt, and iron mines. In 1907 a law was passed giving the State prior mining rights to all undiscovered coal deposits. In general, however, it must cede those rights to private parties on payment of a royalty; but the law makes an exception of 250 'maximum fields,' equal to about 205 square miles, in which the State itself will exercise its mining rights. It has recently reserved this amount of lands adjacent to the coal fields on the lower Rhine and in Silesia. The State had already about 80 square miles of coal lands in its hands, from which it was taking out about 10,000,000 tons of coal a year. Its success as a mine-owner, however, appears to be less marked than as railway proprietor; experienced business men even assert that the State's coal and iron mines would be operated at a loss if proper allowances were made for depreciation and amortization of capital, as must be done in the case of private companies. The State also derives comparatively small revenues from its forest and farming lands of some 830,000 acres, which were formerly the property of the Crown.

The principle of State ownership has worked so well with the railways that Prussia is about to make a modified application of it on the capacious canals that it is now building. On these it will have a traction monopoly, while the barges will be privately owned. Some features of the Imperial postal system, going beyond American practice, must also be mentioned here. With its admirable package-post, the German system does all the business that we leave to our express companies, and does it much more cheaply. A package weighing eleven pounds is carried to any point in the Empire for 12 cents; and corresponding cheapness is maintained to the maximum weight of 112 pounds. This cheap service is used in a thousand ways that would seem novel to Americans. Many families in Berlin receive weekly packages of meat and other supplies from distant parts of the country, where prices are low; special shops in the big cities do an enormous package trade; army officers often send home their linen by post to be laundered; and the summer tourist, wanting to do a part of his itinerary afoot, sends his baggage by post to any desired point. The post-office also has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a monopoly of the telegraphs and telephones, and supplies a cheap service with both. A charge of only 12 cents is made for delivering a ten-word telegram in any part of the country; transmission seldom requires as long as two hours, and usually much less. Even small towns have long-distance telephone connection; and the German telephone system also communicates with many foreign cities.

A few years ago the post-office established a banking department, designed more to facilitate payments than to take care of savings. It is a system of open accounts, on which moneys are paid in and out upon order slips, — an admirable method for making collections. The system has already become very popular; in 1910, only the second year of its existence, the department effected payments amounting to $4,400,000,000. It is operated in connection with the Reichsbank, with which its balances are deposited. The Reichsbank itself, the great central note-issuing institution of the Empire, is a splendid example of what is done in Germany through efficient government administration. While its capital is owned by private persons, its administration is wholly in the hands of the Imperial Government; and a large part of its profits, often more than half, falls to the Treasury by law. With above 500 branches in all sections of the land, with an annual turnover of above $85,000,000,000, with a note-circulation approximating at times $500,000,000, this great institution performs an incalculable service to the people. Its elastic note-circulation, sometimes expanded by more than $125,000,000 in a single week, wholly prevents those money famines that have often proved disastrous to American business interests. Another semi-public financial institution is the Prussian Central Coöperative Bank (*Genossenschafts-Kasse*), whose function is to extend cheap banking facilities to the numerous coöperative societies that have sprung up in Prussia; its capital of $9,000,000 is supplied by the State, and its administration is under the supervision of the Finance Minister. The *Seehandlung*, which is the Prussian State bank, is the largest lender of money in the Berlin market. Nearly all the savings-bank business in Germany is also done by public institutions, — only about eight per cent of the total deposits in savings banks being with private institutions. At the end of 1907 there were above 2700 municipal and provincial savings banks, with 6600 branches; and their deposits amounted to more than $3,000,000,000. At that time, above twenty-eight persons in every one hundred Germans held an account with a savings bank. Such is the extent to which semi-socialistic banking has taken hold of the German people.

The German system of State insurance for the working classes grew out of modern industrial conditions. The twin ideas of a maximum of liberty for the individual and a minimum of State interference, born of the French Revolution, denoted a great advance for civilization over the aristocratic and autocratic systems that they superseded. In time, however, machinery was invented, great factories were established, and men were drawn together in multitudes who had nothing to offer society but the labor of their hands, and who became dependent upon the factory-owner in ways scarcely less obnoxious to personal liberty than under the old régime. The modern city came into being, with its large dependent population, and its new problems of housing and sanitation. The joint-stock company, a necessary creation of the new era of machinery and financial consolidation, displaced the older personal re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lationship between employer and employed, and reduced the labor contract to a purely monetary transaction. There was war between capital and labor, and the latter was usually the loser in the struggle. Socialism came, and greatly complicated the situation with its radical political and economic programme.

Under these changed conditions it was inevitable that men should lose faith in the efficacy of the doctrine of *laisser-faire;* indeed, that faith would have died even if Karl Marx and the other Socialist writers had never lived. The economists of Germany were among the first to abandon it, and to demand a larger activity for the State in the presence of the new social struggle; and it is the merit of the German Government that it was the first to recognize the fact that the new conditions demanded, not merely palliative and restrictive measures for the protection of the working classes, but an elaborate and systematic plan of positive action to secure their permanent well-being. Thus the system of State insurance for workingmen was established.

The motives that determined the German Government to adopt that system were mixed. The humanitarian motive undoubtedly was a strong influence, but a stronger one was the growing danger of the Socialist movement for the State. The Anti-Socialist Law had greatly embittered the working classes, and the Government thought it wise to try to allay their discontent by extending to them the kindly hand of the State; and it was even hoped that Socialism could in this way be checked. A still more everyday motive was to lighten the poor-law obligations of the local authorities. Bismarck frankly avowed this motive before the labor-insurance laws were framed; and that fact should be remembered in estimating the financial results of the insurance systems; a part at least of the big sums paid out should be set down as public charity.

Nevertheless, the value of the system has been proved beyond dispute. The authorities several months ago celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its establishment; and the Reichstag is now occupied with a voluminous bill to codify the various insurance laws and extend their application, thus giving its final verdict of approval to the entire plan. When the old age and invalid insurance law was passed in 1889, the Socialists voted against it because it did not go far enough, and the Radicals because it was not in harmony with their creed of individualism; but when the law was revised and extended in 1899 both parties voted for it, — so rapidly had the system borne down opposition through its influence in practice.

There are three distinct kinds of insurance, — sick, accident, and invalid insurance. The last also includes old-age insurance, which is available for workmen upon reaching their seventieth year. The sick insurance embraces more than 23,000 local organizations, and insures 13,385,000 persons, of whom 5,700,000 received sick aid in 1908. This form of insurance protects the laborer for six months, after which he becomes a charge upon the invalid system. The expense of sick insurance is borne by employer and employee, the former paying one third, the latter the rest. The accident system, adopted in 1884, makes employers liable for accident-injuries to their men, and compels them to organize themselves into coöperative societies for insuring them. There are 48 such companies for agricultural labor, organized by provinces or states; and 66 for industries and trades, partly national and partly district organizations. The assessments vary in the different organizations ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cording to the danger-risk in the trade they represent; payments to the injured averaged $37.60 for each case. The companies send their inspectors into every factory under their jurisdiction, to see that regulations for protection of life and limb are carried out, and they may impose heavy penalties for failure to observe them. The invalid and old-age system, which was adopted in 1889, insures 15,444,000 persons. It pays pensions averaging about $36 for old age, and $40 for invalidity. The insurance fees are paid in the form of stamps, pasted weekly upon a card issued by the Government for each laborer. The expense is borne equally by employer and employed.

Now, something as to general results. The aggregate revenues of the three systems in 1909 were $210,000,000, and they paid out $165,000,000 in pensions and indemnities. They owned invested funds in 1908 amounting to $496,000,000. The contributions in the three systems have been estimated by a careful statistician at 6.75 per cent of the wages received by the insured, of which the employers pay 3.68 and the employed 3.07 per cent. The insurance payments have a serious effect upon finances of employers. Thus the famous Krupp Company in 1908 paid $807,000 in insurance money, which was in the ratio of $13.60 to $100 of net profits. With another great iron company this ratio exceeded $22, and with a third it was nearly $47. Of course such expenses, in addition to heavy general taxation, must prove a serious handicap to German industry; and it is not to be wondered at that the feeling is gaining ground among manufacturers that they are doing enough for their help. Yet there is no indication that social-reform legislation is to be checked. The bill before the Reichstag, referred to above, extends sick insurance to farm laborers and household servants, a change which will raise the burden of this system for employers from $24,000,000 to $36,000,000. The bill also provides for pensioning the widows and orphans of insured laborers at an estimated additional expense of about $17,000,000. The Imperial Government has also just published a bill for establishing an entirely independent insurance system for the protection of persons not included in the labor systems; it will apply to practically all employed persons having a salary less than $1200.

A better result of the insurance systems than the modest pensions and indemnities that they pay is to be found in their excellent work for protecting health and prolonging life. Many offices have their own hospitals for the sick, and homes for the convalescent. Excellent results have been achieved, in particular, through the timely treatment of tuberculosis,—against which the insurance offices are waging a systematic warfare. Treatment is partly at home, and partly in special hospitals, which are usually located in healthy country districts. Houses or apartments in which tuberculosis develops are thoroughly cleansed and disinfected by the insurance office; above 60,000 such disinfections are undertaken yearly. In many cases where it is not necessary to segregate a patient, the office protects the other members of the family from too close contact with him, and secures him proper warmth and rest by giving him a new bed. All these protective measures have already told effectively upon the death-rate for tuberculous diseases. In the three years ending with 1908, deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis dropped from 226.6 to 192.12 per 100,000.

The accident system has also had a powerful effect in stimulating among physicians and surgeons the study of special ways and means for treating

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accident-injuries, with reference to preserving intact the strength and efficiency of the patient. The insurance system has also given a strong stimulus to legislation for securing sanitary conditions in factories and other places of work. Before the era of social-reform legislation set in, sanitary conditions in German factories were extremely bad. Dangerous chemicals were handled without precautions for protecting health, ventilation and light were badly supplied, floors were filthy, and there were no legal restrictions upon the length of the work-day for adults, while even young children often had to work from ten to fourteen hours a day. Now all that has been changed, to the great improvement in health and comfort of the working people.

Something must be said, before leaving this subject, about the moral results of the system. Have the insurance laws had any substantial effect in promoting pacific relations between capital and labor? Are the laboring classes better contented with their economic position, more reconciled to the existing social order? The goal of the whole system, as announced by Emperor William I in the Imperial Rescript of November, 1881, was to 'give the Fatherland new guarantees of internal peace.' The present Emperor evidently had the same goal in mind, when, speaking to Bismarck of the Socialists, about the time when the old-age and invalid insurance law was adopted, he said, 'You leave them to me, — I shall dispose of them alone.' Now, if we judge of the effects of the insurance laws from both these standpoints, the social and the political, it must be admitted that the goal set by their imperial sponsors has by no means been reached. On the contrary, social peace seems farther off than thirty years ago. Strikes and lockouts have grown more frequent, as well as of greater dimensions. In 1910, a lock-out covering the whole nation was ordered by the builders' organizations. The relations between employers and employees also appear to have grown more strained, and even embittered. Influential Socialists say that the insurance laws themselves have had the effect of even intensifying the opposition of the working classes to the capitalistic order of society, owing to the very inadequacy of the pensions paid. Herr Sydow, the Prussian Minister of Commerce, has expressed himself in a similar strain: speaking recently of conditions in the coal trade, he said, 'The more that is done by legislation and by the private initiative of the mine-owners for the welfare of their laborers, the further removed we appear to be from our goal of good relations between employers and employed.'

The growth of the Social Democracy certainly indicates that the discontent of the working classes has deepened and spread. The number of Socialist votes has increased threefold since William II ascended the throne; and his embitterment against the Socialists over his failure to make good his rash promise to Bismarck, is itself one of the serious factors in the social-political situation of to-day. Notwithstanding the unfavorable opinions just quoted as to the moral effects of the insurance system upon the workmen, however, there are grounds for believing that counterbalancing good results have been attained. The system has certainly deepened the feeling of solidarity among the working people themselves; and not a few observers say that they have become more accessible to considerations of public interest, more amenable to public opinion, in dealing with labor matters.

The moral effect of the insurance system upon the employers is less open to doubt. It has evidently given them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a keener sense of their responsibility for the welfare of their workmen. Their standard of social duty has been raised by the regular payment of the insurance tax; they are less inclined than formerly to treat all labor matters from the standpoint of hard cash. They certainly take more readily to improved methods of constructing factory buildings; it has almost grown to be a rule with German manufacturers to go even beyond the requirements of law in building for the best sanitary results. Just as with the laborers, too, manufacturers and other employers have been drawn together by the insurance system. The compulsory organizations for accident insurance gave them a new feeling of solidarity, and acted as a powerful stimulus toward the formation of trade combinations, which have become more numerous in Germany than in any other land.

But German society does not regard its duty to the working classes as exhausted with the insurance systems already described. In many other ways the State, the municipality, and private organizations, extend a helping hand to the laborer. Bismarck once, in a speech in the Reichstag, explicitly recognized the laborer's right to work. Some twenty German cities have given practical effect to his words by organizing insurance against non-employment; and the governments of Bavaria and Baden have taken steps to encourage this movement. Under the systems adopted, the laborer pays the larger part of the insurance money, and the city the rest; in a few cases money has been given by private persons to assist the insurance.

A fine example of what German municipalities and other bodies are doing in behalf of the working classes is presented by the public employment offices. These are well organized, succeed in keeping up close communication between all classes of working persons and possible employers, and have thus become an important factor in the economic and social life of the country. An Imperial law for their regulation and promotion went into effect in October, 1910. An annual convention of the various employment agencies has been held for some six years, at which methods of work and other matters of special interest to the managers are discussed. The good work accomplished by the German agencies has stimulated a similar movement in other countries. The Scandinavian states and Switzerland have passed laws and organized employment agencies after the German model; and in 1909, England passed a law under which over one hundred agencies have been organized. A year ago the French Minister of Labor recommended to the municipalities that they establish agencies like those of Germany.

One of the latest tendencies of legislation in Germany is to place in the hands of the laboring classes the means for protecting themselves. Several years ago a dreadful disaster causing a heavy loss of life occurred in a coal mine of Westphalia. The miners believed that the explosion could have been prevented by more frequent and thorough inspections of the mine, and they thereupon began a general agitation in favor of a law authorizing them to elect supplementary mine-inspectors from among themselves. Such a law was passed within a year. The miners at each colliery elect their own inspectors, who must examine safety conditions underground at least once a month, and at the owner's expense.

Just now the Reichstag is occupied with a bill of similar tendency, providing for the establishment of so-called Chambers of Labor. To make clear to the American reader what this means, attention must be called here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the difference between the German and the American chamber of commerce. Such a body is in America a voluntary, self-pepetuating organization; it represents the broad commercial interests of the city only in so far as its members are public-spirited business men; but the merchant community itself has no means in its hands to enforce its views and interests within the chamber of commerce; hence independent organizations spring up in cities where the merchants believe that their interests are not adequately looked after by the chamber of commerce. In Germany this is different. The chamber of commerce is elected under the law by the entire body of merchants, for stated periods; thus all classes can secure representation in it, and the membership can be changed from time to time to meet the wants of the community. Moreover, the chambers of commerce thus organized are the legal organs of advice to the governments, national, state, and municipal, on all matters pertaining to commercial interests. In the same way the farmers of the nation have their legal voice in many chambers of agriculture, having a central organization which represents the farming interests of the entire nation.

The Chambers of Labor are designed to bring together the laborers and the employers of each industry by districts, in organizations in which each shall have equal representation. Their functions shall be to assist in fixing the terms of the wage-tariff where men are employed under a collective contract; to further the establishment of employment agencies under the joint auspices of employers and employed; to take part, when called upon, in the settlement of strikes and lock-outs; and to collect information by circular or otherwise regarding labor matters in their territory. The bill for establishing these chambers has passed its second reading in the Reichstag; but there is still some doubt as to its ultimate fate. The Reichstag amended it by extending its provisions to the State railway employees, and by making the secretaries of labor-unions eligible to membership in the chambers — changes which the Government declared that it would not accept. Whatever becomes of the bill, however, it is highly significant as showing the willingness of the Government to recognize the equal position of the working men along with their employers in the adjustment of labor interests. It is worthy of mention, too, that working women have an equal voice with men in voting for representatives in the Chambers of Labor.

Of course, organized means for preserving peace between employers and their men have not been neglected in Germany during all these years. Courts of arbitration after the English model were established many years ago, and these have been developed and improved from time to time through new legislation. They are for the most part organized under municipal auspices; and an official, usually of the municipality, presides over them. The four other members are elected equally by the employers and the employees. Their duty in cases of labor difficulties is first to try to effect a settlement by putting forth conciliatory proposals; but if these fail the court has then the right to adjudicate the matter. The arbitration courts have at present only a local jurisdiction; but, in view of the wide extent often reached latterly by strikes and lock-outs, it is growing evident to all concerned that a national court of this kind is needed to deal with them.

Systems of taxation in Germany have been influenced by the social-reform movement to only a limited extent. The Imperial revenues are still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

derived almost wholly from indirect taxes, which are always, from their very nature, a relatively heavier burden upon the poor than upon the rich. The German import duties are only in part graduated with a view to lightening the tax on cheaper goods. The worst feature of protection in Germany is that it greatly enhances the cost of bread and meat to the people; and in the internal revenue system are included such 'unsocial' taxes as the sugar, the salt, and the match tax. But the principle of sparing the poor man is better recognized in the State and municipal systems of taxation. The most important State tax is that on incomes, which is in all cases graduated down to a very low rate on the smallest income; in Prussia there is no tax on incomes less than $214. The cities also collect the bulk of their revenues from incomes, using the same classification and sliding scale as the State.

A highly interesting innovation in taxation is the 'unearned increment' tax on land-values, first adopted by Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1904, and already applied by above 300 German cities and towns. It is based upon the sound social-reform idea of recovering to the community a part of new value that a growing population gives to land. It is a fact strikingly proving the popularity of the new tax that the Reichstag adopted with practical unanimity a resolution favoring it in the summer of 1909, at a moment when that body was hopelessly divided as to all other forms of taxation; and a law on the subject has just been enacted.

The position and influence of the Social Democracy throughout all this movement, together with its future prospects, call for a few concluding remarks. It has already been said that the hope of conciliating the working classes and winning them away from radical Socialism was one motive leading to the adoption of the insurance laws. The same hope, accentuated certainly by grave apprehensions as to the growing power and confidence of the Socialists, has also been a strong incentive with the governing classes for undertaking other social-reform measures. But at times, it cannot be doubted, the Government has also been held back from undertaking reform measures by the policy of the Socialists, who avail themselves with avidity of every opportunity placed in their hands for building up their party's strength, and tightening their hold upon the working classes. They elect mining inspectors, members of insurance boards, and other representatives of labor on public boards, on grounds of party expediency only. Hence not a few of the friends of social reform deplore the Socialist movement as a hindrance to many good measures which were else feasible and would receive the support of the governing majority.

For the moment the prospects of the Socialist party appear very bright. They had lost half their voting strength in the Reichstag at the elections of January, 1907, but during the past two years they have elected their candidates in nearly every by-election in which they made a contest, and their votes have heavily increased. It is now expected in all quarters that they will make great gains in the general election to be held this year. Such a result would probably quicken the pace of social reform on the part of the Government. But it is to be regarded as very doubtful — looking further into the future — whether the Socialists will be able to continue their onward march. It is a well-known fact that, for some years, many voters have been helping them who by no means subscribe to the Socialists' creed, — doing so as the most effective means of protesting against the general policy of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Government. It is equally certain that a large part of the regular Socialist membership is composed of discontented men who have but a lukewarm interest in collectivism, or believe that it can ever be realized.

The best propaganda work for Socialism is done by the Government and its immediate supporters. To them the common laboring man is not an equal, but an underling; he has no political rights which they would be willing to concede except under stress of circumstances. Germany is committed to democracy in form only, not in spirit. That is shown in hundreds of ways, — most of all by the refusal of suffrage reform in Prussia. The working people know, too, that the whole social-reform movement has been largely tainted by an undemocratic, condescending spirit; by a willingness to give money, but not more precious things than money. If a change should come over Germany, if Prussia should get rid of its plutocratic suffrage law and give real ballot reform, if the protective duties should be reduced in the interests of the poorest class of consumers, — it may be safely assumed that the tide of Socialism would soon begin to ebb. That is the conviction of a growing number of the intelligent people of Germany.

THE TWO LOOKS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE old Director of the 'Yew Trees' Cemetery walked slowly across from his house, to see that all was ready.

He had seen pass into the square of earth committed to his charge so many to whom he had been in the habit of nodding, so many whose faces even he had not known. To him it was the everyday event; yet this funeral, one more in the countless tale, disturbed him — a sharp reminder of the passage of time.

For twenty years had gone by since the death of Septimus Godwin, the cynical, romantic doctor who had been his greatest friend; by whose cleverness all had sworn, of whose powers of fascination all had gossiped! And now they were burying his son!

He had not seen the widow since, for she had left the town at once; but he recollected her distinctly, a tall, dark woman with bright brown eyes, much younger than her husband, and only married to him eighteen months before he died. He remembered her slim figure standing by the grave, at that long-past funeral, and the look on her face which had puzzled him so terribly — a look of — a most peculiar look!

He thought of it even now, walking along the narrow path toward his old friend's grave — the handsomest in the cemetery, commanding from the topmost point the whitened slope and river that lay beyond. He came to its little private garden. Spring flowers were blossoming; the railings had been freshly painted; and by the door of the grave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wreaths awaited the new arrival. All was in order.

The old Director opened the mausoleum with his key. Below, seen through a thick glass floor, lay the shining coffin of the father; beneath, on the lower tier, would rest the coffin of the son.

A gentle voice, close behind him, said, —

'Can you tell me, sir, what they are doing to my old doctor's grave?'

The old Director turned, and saw before him a lady well past middle age. He did not know her face, but it was pleasant, with faded rose-leaf cheeks, and silvered hair under a shady hat.

'Madam, there is a funeral here this afternoon.'

'Ah! Can it be his wife?'

'Madam, his son; a young man of only twenty.'

'His son! At what time did you say?'

'At two o'clock.'

'Thank you: you are very kind.'

With uplifted hat, he watched her walk away. It worried him to see a face he did not know.

All went off beautifully; but, dining that same evening with his friend, a certain doctor, the old Director asked,

'Did you see a lady with gray hair hovering about this afternoon?'

The doctor, a tall man, with a beard still yellow, drew his guest's chair nearer to the fire.

'I did,' he answered.

'Did you remark her face? A very odd expression — a sort of — what shall I call it? — Very odd indeed! Who is she? I saw her at the grave this morning.'

The doctor shook his head.

'Not so very odd, I think.'

'Come! What do you mean by that?'

The doctor hesitated. Then, taking the decanter, he filled his old friend's glass, and answered, —

'Well, sir, you were Godwin's greatest chum — I will tell you, if you like, the story of his death. You were away at the time, if you remember.'

'It is safe with me,' said the old Director.

'Septimus Godwin,' began the doctor slowly, 'died on a Thursday about three o'clock, and I was only called in to see him at two. I found him far gone, but conscious now and then. It was a case of — but you know the details, so I need n't go into that. His wife was in the room, and on the bed at his feet lay his pet dog — a terrier; you may recollect, perhaps, he had a special breed. I had n't been there ten minutes, when a maid came in, and whispered something to her mistress. Mrs. Godwin answered angrily, "See him? Go down and say she ought to know better than to come here at such a time!" The maid went, but soon came back. Could the lady see Mrs. Godwin for just a moment? Mrs. Godwin answered that she could not leave her husband. The maid looked frightened, and went away again. She came back for the third time. The lady had said she must see Dr. Godwin; it was a matter of life and death! "Death — indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Godwin: "Shameful! Go down and tell her, if she does n't go immediately, I will send for the police!"

'The poor maid looked at me. I offered to go down and see the visitor myself. I found her in the dining-room, and knew her at once. Never mind her name, but she belongs to a county family not a hundred miles from here. A beautiful woman she was then; but her face that day was quite distorted.

'"For God's sake, Doctor," she said, "is there any hope?"

'I was obliged to tell her there was none.

'"Then I must see him," she said.

'I begged her to consider what she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was asking. But she held me out a signet ring. Just like Godwin — was n't it — that sort of Byronism, eh?

'"He sent me this," she said, "an hour ago. It was agreed between us that if ever he sent that, I must come. If it were only myself I could bear it — a woman can bear anything; but he'll die thinking I could n't come, thinking I did n't care — and I would give my life for him this minute!"

'Now, a dying man's request is sacred. I told her she should see him. I made her follow me upstairs, and wait outside his room. I promised to let her know if he recovered consciousness. I have never been thanked like that, before or since.

'I went back into the bedroom. He was still unconscious, and the terrier whining. In the next room a child was crying — the very same young man we buried to-day. Mrs. Godwin was still standing by the bed.

'"Have you sent her away?"

'I had to say that Godwin really wished to see her. At that she broke out: —

"I won't have her here — the wretch!"

'I begged her to control herself, and remember that her husband was a dying man.

'"But I'm his wife," she said, and flew out of the room.'

The doctor paused, staring at the fire. He shrugged his shoulders, and went on: 'I'd have stopped her fury, if I could! A dying man is not the same as the live animal, that he must needs be wrangled over! And suffering 's sacred, even to us doctors. I could hear their voices outside. Heaven knows what they said to each other. And there lay Godwin with his white face and his black hair — deathly still — fine-looking fellow he always was! Then I saw that he was coming to! The women had begun again outside — first, the wife, sharp and scornful; then the other, hushed and slow. I saw Godwin lift his finger and point it at the door. I went out, and said to the woman, "Dr. Godwin wishes to see you; please control yourself!"

'We went back into the room. The wife followed. But Godwin had lost consciousness again. They sat down, those two, and hid their faces. I can see them now, one on each side of the bed, their eyes covered with their hands, each with her claim on him, all murdered by the other's presence; each with her torn love. H'm? What they must have suffered, then! And all the time, the child crying — the child of one of them, that might have been the other's!'

The doctor was silent, and the old Director turned toward him his white-bearded, ruddy face, with a look as if he were groping in the dark.

'Just then, I remember,' the doctor went on suddenly, 'the bells of St. Jude's close by began to peal out for the finish of a wedding. That brought Godwin back to life. He just looked from one woman to the other with a queer, miserable sort of smile, enough to make your heart break. And they both looked at him. The face of the wife — poor thing — was as bitter hard as a cut stone, but she sat there, without ever stirring a finger. As for the other woman — I could n't look at her. He beckoned to me; but I could n't catch his words, the bells drowned them. A minute later he was dead.

'Life's a funny thing! You wake in the morning with your foot firm on the ladder — One touch, and down you go! You snuff out like a candle. And it's lucky when your flame goes out, if only one woman's flame goes out too.

'Neither of those women cried. The wife stayed there by the bed. I got the other one away to her carriage,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down the street. — And so she was there to-day! That explains, I think, the look you saw.'

The doctor ceased; and in the silence the old Director nodded. Yes! That explained the look he had seen on the face of that unknown woman, the deep, unseizable, weird look. That explained the look he had seen on the wife's face at the funeral twenty years ago!

And peering wistfully, he said: —

'She looked — she looked — almost triumphant!'

Then, slowly, he rubbed his hands over his knees, with the secret craving of the old for warmth.

THE TRAIL OF THE ARGONAUTS

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

On a January day, apparently only one more of a series of monotonous days, in a place where he had been working for months, James W. Marshall, superintending the building of a sawmill, picked up some yellow dust from the excavated earth in the tail-race of his mill, and counted the first sands of a new era in his own life, and in the history of the world.

The day was January 24, 1848. The place, which belonged to John A. Sutter, was near the present little town of Coloma, in Eldorado County, on the South Fork of the American River — a stream which, forty miles to the southwest, flows into the Sacramento at what was then Sutter's Fort, but afterwards became the city of Sacramento, the capital of California. The yellow dust was gold.

From the days of De Soto and Coronado, three centuries earlier, thousands of adventurers had sought that metal in many places within the present area of the United States, and some obscure and sporadic 'finds' of it had been made. Marshall's, however, was the first real gold discovery, the first to be registered in the story of his country.

At the very hour which sounded the new fortune of California and of the United States, down at Guadalupe Hidalgo, a little suburb of the City of Mexico, twenty-five hundred miles away, the American and Mexican commissioners were arranging the terms of the treaty of peace which was to end the war between their respective countries. In that pact, signed nine days later, Mexico ceded California and New Mexico, including the present Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming, to the United States. But at that moment nobody in either nation dreamed of the treasure thus transferred, or of the significance of that discovery near the foothills of the Sierra.

Even in the absence, however, of railroads, telegraphs, and steamboats, in that wilderness on the sunset border of the newly acquired lands, the secret could not long be kept by Sutter, Marshall, and their men. It penetrated to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other settlements in California, made its way to San Francisco, and thence by ship to Hawaii, Australia, China; to the Hudson Bay Company's posts in British Columbia; to Mexico, South America, and round Cape Horn to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, and to Europe. Some of Sutter's Mormon employees, journeying to the newly established Zion of their sect in the Salt Lake Basin, told it there. Government couriers crossed the Sierras and Rocky Mountains, carrying the news eastward and telling it, as they went, to the west-bound immigrants whom they met on the Oregon Trail.

A tale it was of lands of gold
That lay toward the sun. Wild wing'd and fleet
It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
Unbridled men, and reached to where Ohio
roll'd.

A prose translation of these lines is to be found in a letter dated from Monterey, at that time the capital of California, August 29, 1848, and published in the New York *Journal of Commerce*: —

'The people are running over the country and picking gold out of the earth here and there, just as a thousand hogs, let loose in a forest, would root up ground-nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces a day; the least active get one or two. . . . There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale-faces want to do with it. They will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coined silver, or a thimble-full of glass beads, or a glass of grog. And white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth at our mint eighteen dollars or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda-powders, or a plug of tobacco.'

But prose itself becomes poetic in an article on 'The Age of Gold,' attributed to Horace Greeley, and printed in the New York *Tribune* in November, 1848: —

'It is coming — nay, it is at hand — there is no doubt of it. . . . We are on the brink of the Age of Gold. . . . And after the earth shall all be washed (and we don't believe one half the gold is secured by the rude methods of washing in vogue in California), we have still the mines untouched, of which the gold thus obtained is manifestly but the waste — the overplus — the superabundance — cast about, as some lucky gambler might throw away a handful of change in stepping out of the room where he had won a vast fortune. The mines are in the solid earth, — amid the rocks and crags of the Sierra Nevada, — they are clasped by jealous walls of granite, and run radiant and priceless down to the earth's centre. . . . We look for an addition, within the next four years, equal to at least a thousand million of dollars to the general aggregate of gold in circulation and use throughout the world.'

And even the unemotional President Polk, in his message to Congress on December 5, 1848, says in referring to a report made to the War Department by Col. R. B. Mason, the military commander in California, 'The accounts of the abundance of gold in that territory are of such an extraordinary character as would scarcely command belief were they not corroborated by the authentic reports of officers in the public service who have visited the mineral district and derived the facts which they detail from personal observation.'

By this time, in the sailing-vessels of the period, bands of adventurers were beginning to cross the Pacific from Hawaii, Australia, and China; hordes from New York, Boston, Baltimore, London, Havre, and other ports on the west and east side of the Atlantic were starting for Cape Horn, thence to sail northward along the big Western sea;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and ships were landing their loads at Mexico, Nicaragua, and Panama, to cross to the Pacific side of the continent, and make their way California-ward either by boat or on foot. All roads led to San Francisco. Along the coast, companies and battalions of soldiers abandoned their posts, sailors deserted their ships, and whole towns were virtually depopulated.

More than two hundred vessels left the Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States in the winter of 1848–49 alone, and the ports of Europe and Asia contributed to the procession. In one day in September, 1849, sixty-six vessels passed in through the Golden Gate. Into the valleys and foothills of the Sierras poured representatives of all the colors — white, black, red, yellow, and brown — into which the sons of Adam had divided themselves, speaking more tongues than Babel ever heard.

By far the larger portion, however, of the immigrants to California crossed the United States overland, and of course most of these were Americans. Proximity gave Oregon the precedence in sending them, and among the earliest of them we find a man whom we met in the pages of this magazine a few months ago.[1]

II

'Next morning we left for the Yuba; and, after traveling eight or ten miles, we arrived at noon overlooking Long's Bar. Below, glowing in the hot sunshine, and in the narrow valley of this lovely and rapid stream, we saw the canvas tents and the cloth shanties of the miners. There was but one log cabin in the camp. There were about eighty men, three women, and five children at this place. . . . It was the first mining locality we had ever seen, and here we promptly decided to pitch our tent. We drove our wagons and teams across the river into the camp, and turned out our oxen and horses to graze and rest. . . . No miner paid the slightest attention to me, or said a word. They were all too busy. At last I ventured to ask one of them . . . whether he could see the particles of gold in the dirt; . . . and, taking a handful of dirt, he blew away the fine dust with his breath, and showed me a scale of gold about as thick as thin paper, and as large as a flaxseed. This was entirely new to me.'

These were the words of Peter H. Burnett. The camp which he mentions was in the present Sutter County, California, near the Yuba, a tributary of the Feather River, which is one of the branches of the Sacramento; and the date of his arrival was November 5, 1848. In the five years since we saw him, when he was one of the leading spirits in the great column of immigrants which left Independence, Missouri, in the spring of 1843, for the valley of the Columbia, he had assisted in organizing the Territory of Oregon, and had been successively a member of its legislature and a judge of its supreme court.

Burnett makes his appearance in 1848 as the head of a wagon company which journeyed down from Oregon City, by the Willamette, and was the first regularly organized party of prospectors to enter California from the outside.

As a gold-miner on the Yuba, as the first governor of the state (1849–51), as a member of its supreme court (1857–58), and as one of its leading bankers, Burnett, for many years, played an important rôle in the life of California.

Many of the Oregon gold-seekers followed Burnett's route, leading by way

[1] See 'On the Road to Oregon,' in the *Atlantic* for May, 1910, page 636.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Lake Klamath, Goose Lake, and the upper waters of Pitt River. It had already been partly blazed by Peter Lassen, a well-known Oregon and California character of those days, who was overtaken by Burnett. But most of the immigrants came from east of the Rocky Mountains, some from the Atlantic seaboard, but a majority from the Mississippi Valley. They heard of the gold discoveries later than the Oregonians, and were behind them in starting, besides having a longer way to go.

These overland companies, with many of the sea-voyagers of the earlier inrush, constituted the famous 'forty-niners,' who made such an indelible impress upon the social and political life of California during the era preceding the Civil War.

For a large part of the distance to the gold diggings the overland travelers had two thoroughfares to guide them. These were the Santa Fé and the Oregon trails, both of which were well marked by 1849, each having still its starting-point near Independence, Missouri. The conveyances ranged from the heavy prairie schooner, which had for many years been a familiar vehicle in the trade between the Missouri and the capital of New Mexico, to the light wagon, the cart, and the pack-animal. In these migrations were many entire families, with household furniture and utensils.

Those who went by way of Sante Fé distributed themselves along several routes westward from that town — on that traversed by the army of General Stephen W. Kearny on its march to the conquest of California in 1846; on that followed by the Mormon battalion, under Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, on the same errand and in the same year; and on the more northerly course called the Old Spanish Trail. By all those routes the travelers reached the coast not far from Los Angeles, and thence proceeded northward to the Sacramento Valley.

The main current, however, of overland immigration to California in 1849 and subsequent years surged along the Oregon Trail. Starting from either Independence or St. Joseph, Missouri, the caravans reached the Platte, a hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, at a point now on the Union Pacific Railway; followed the river for many miles, passing Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluffs, Fort Laramie, and Independence Rock; crossed the continental divide at South Pass, and pressed onward to Fort Bridger and Fort Hall, the former in southwestern Wyoming, on Black's Fork of the Green River, one thousand and seventy miles from Independence, and the latter more than two hundred miles beyond, near where the Portneuf flows into the Snake River, in Idaho.

At Fort Bridger most of the gold-seekers diverged southwestward from the Oregon Trail, and followed the course taken by Brigham Young, Orson Pratt, Heber C. Kimball, and the rest of the Mormons, in the exodus from Nauvoo in 1847, which led them to Salt Lake. Those who went by way of Fort Hall traversed the valleys of the Snake and Humboldt rivers, and each track crossed the Sierras at one or another of the passes discovered by the fur-traders or, later, by Frémont and Kit Carson.

And they were in numbers such as were never seen in any gold hegira before or since, not even in the wild rush for the Klondike in 1897. As soon as the grass began to peep out of the ground in the latter part of April the advance parties started from the mouth of the Kaw, and as early as the middle of June there was an almost continuous procession from that point to South Pass. By the Fourth of July

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of the earlier voyagers had reached Fort Bridger.

Except when small parties drifted away from the main course, their numbers protected them from molestation by the Indians: but a far more formidable foe was on their trail. Asiatic cholera, which ravaged many cities in the East, and along the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans, in the summer of 1849, overtook the later immigrants before they left the Missouri, spread through the caravans before they reached high ground at South Pass, and scored several thousand victims. When midsummer came, the heat, fatigue, lack of verdure and of water, and diminution of the food-supply, brought other thousands to the verge of death; and scores did die from these causes, from July till November, when the snow closed the mountain passes, and the stream of forty-niners poured into the valley of the Sacramento.

If we had made a survey of the gold diggings by the end of that year we should have found the settlements of Bidwell's Bar, Coloma, Spanish Flat, Tuolumne, Table Mountain, Horseshoe Bar, Dry Diggings, Diamond Springs, and many other camps with whose strange denizens of a few years later Bret Harte has made the world familiar.

With so great an influx, the necessity for establishing stable and effective government among the heterogeneous elements of its population was so imperative that California was knocking for admission as a state before the authorities at Washington had time to organize it as a territory. Its admission was one of the features of the Clay Compromise of 1850; it had Burnett as its first governor, and Frémont as one of its first Senators.

And what reward did fate extend to the original gold-discoverers? Disaster. In the mad scramble of a horde of treasure-seekers, Sutter and Marshall were thrust aside. 'My grist-mill never was finished,' said Sutter, in his *Personal Reminiscences*. 'Everything was stolen, even the mill-stones. My men all deserted me. I could not shut the gates of my fort and keep out the rabble. There was no law.' Saved from actual want in his latter days by a pension granted to him by the State of California, he died in Washington, D. C., in 1880, aged seventy-seven.

Marshall's end was still more pathetic. Threatened with hanging by casual adventurers when he failed to repeat for them his original discoveries; having his 'claim' appropriated by others when he chanced to make a 'strike'; unable to seize any of the opportunities which were creating millionaires — Ralston, Crocker, Flood, Fair, Huntington, Mackay, Sharon, Stewart, and dozens of others — in many parts of California and in many fields of activity, Marshall passed the latter part of his life in poverty, dying in 1885, at the age of seventy-three, within sight of the spot where he had made the first of that series of 'finds' by which California by that time had added more than a billion dollars to the gold stock of the world. Counting from Marshall's discovery to the end of 1910, it has produced gold to the amount of $1,573,000,000.

III

In the spring and summer of 1858, just as California had lost its distinctive aspect as a mining community and had developed activities of a more stable character, a few parties of Cherokees and whites, prospecting in the foothills of the present Colorado, struck gold in several spots. The most important of these discoveries was made by William Green Russell and three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or four associates on Dry Creek, seven miles south of the site of Denver. A diary kept by Russell fell into the hands of another prospector, D. C. Oakes, who printed it with some embellishments of his own in Mills County, Iowa, in the early winter of 1858–59, under the title of *Pike's Peak Guide and Journal.*

This and other publications issued about the same time, all of them studded with exaggerations, spread the story of the new gold field through the country. Pike's Peak, the most conspicuous landmark in that region, gave its name to the whole locality.

The spring of 1859 saw the scenes of 1849 repeated, and the prairies of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska alive with pack-animals and all sorts of vehicles, all heading for the valley of the Platte, and all bound for Pike's Peak. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand people started for Colorado in the spring, summer, and early fall of that year, but fifty thousand of these were turned back by the adverse reports of discouraged miners who had left the diggings.

On the canvas covers of many of the wagons in that westward current of immigrants was inscribed 'Pike's Peak,' sometimes with a facetious remark attached. The story of the 'Pike's Peak or Bust' wagon was a true one. When the wagon brought its disappointed owner back toward the Missouri, its inscription had the addendum: 'Busted by Thunder.'

But George Jackson, on May 7, 1859, and John H. Gregory, on May 10, made discoveries which, as soon as they became known, checked the homeward movement, and encouraged prospectors to extend their search through the mountains. Jackson's was on Clear Creek, near Idaho Springs, about forty miles west of Denver, while Gregory's was a few miles farther west, on the North Fork of Clear Creek, and was the richest gold 'find' ever made in Colorado until the Cripple Creek discovery a third of a century later.

Before the aforementioned prospectors were born, gold had been found by an American adventurer named James Pursley, or Purcell, on the South Fork of the Platte, near the centre of the present Colorado. When Captain Zebulon M. Pike, on his exploring expedition of 1806–07 along the western verge of the Louisiana Purchase, wandered into Spanish territory in the southern part of Colorado, he was carried a prisoner to Santa Fé, and there he met Purcell. 'He assured me,' said Pike, in his report, 'that he had found gold on La Platte, and had carried some of the virgin mineral in his shot-pouch for months, but that, being in doubt whether he should ever again behold the civilized world, and losing in his mind all the ideal value which mankind had stamped on that metal, he threw the sample away. He had imprudently mentioned it to the Spaniards who had frequently solicited him to go and show a detachment of cavalry the place; but, conceiving it to be in our territory, he had refused, and was fearful that the circumstance might create a great obstacle to his leaving the country.'

This refusal was probably fortunate for the United States. Had Purcell led the Spaniards to South Park, where he had found the gold, the riches of the Pike's Peak and Cripple Creek region might have gone to another race than that which obtained them many decades later, the territory from the western verge of the Rocky Mountains to California might have been prospected by its Spanish owners, and the subsequent history of our present Southwest have been a wholly different one. As the record stands, however, the real gold-producing era of Colorado begins

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the discoveries by Russell, Jackson, and Gregory. Denver, Central City, Golden, and other towns in the state, date from 1858. William N. Byers began the publication of the *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver on April 22, 1859, when that place had about five hundred inhabitants. Colorado was organized as a territory in 1861, and admitted as a state in 1876.

But the supremacy of gold, undisputed till 1871, was shaken in 1876 by the rich silver discoveries, beginning with those in the San Juan country, followed in the same year by others in the vicinity of Leadville, and later by the opening up of silver-mines in the Gunnison Country, in 1879, and near the present town of Creede, in Mineral County, in 1889. To each of these districts in succession there was the familiar rush of prospectors and adventurers from all over the country.

Then came another turn in Fortune's wheel. One day in 1891, in a region which had been trodden by hunters, trappers, soldiers, explorers, and argonauts ever since the time of Purcell and Pike, and used for years as a pasture ground for cattle, where no one had dreamed of the treasure lying underfoot, Robert Womack, a cowboy, made the famous Cripple Creek discovery which opened up the richest gold deposits of the United States. Beginning with a yield of $200,000 in 1891, which had reached $7,000,000 in 1895, and $22,500,000 in 1900, Cripple Creek quickly sent Colorado to the front among the gold-producing communities of the country, a rank which she maintains to this day.

IV

'You've struck it, boys.' Thus said Henry Paige Comstock to Peter O'Riley and Patrick McLaughlin, who were his fellow prospectors in a search for gold in Six-Mile Canyon, near the present Virginia City, the capital of Nevada. The date was June 10, 1859, just a month after John H. Gregory, six hundred miles to the eastward, discovered the gold-bearing ledge which helped to make Colorado's fortune.

In that remote spot in the American wilderness, by these three obscure men, a discovery was made that day which was destined to affect the current of American politics for many years, and to have for long a disturbing influence on the world's finances. The thing which was 'struck' on that June day of 1859 was the vein covering what came to be known as the Comstock Lode, in which were hidden the richest deposits of silver ever found anywhere on the globe. Their development, years afterward, simultaneously with that of the silver-mines of Colorado, started the downward flood in the price of silver, which broke the old ratio between the money metals; changed the monetary system of the leading nations from the double to the single gold standard; incited the movement, beginning in 1877, under the leadership of Richard P. Bland, for the reopening of the mints to silver on the same terms as to gold; led hence to the passing of the Bland-Allison limited silver-coinage law of 1878, and to that of the Sherman silver-bullion-deposit act of 1890; and was the issue which split the two great parties and made havoc among the smaller ones in 1896, resulting in the act of 1900, which gave statutory recognition to the gold standard in the United States.

In some respects, Nevada repeated the experience of California and Colorado. Several unimportant discoveries of minerals had been made there before the one with which history concerns itself; the news of this 'find' of 1859 brought columns of adventurers from all over the country; and the original discoverers profited comparatively

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little by their good fortune. Lacking the money with which to work their mine, and believing that the deposits would be exhausted in a year or two, the partners sold out in a few months, and dropped again into the obscurity from which they had just emerged. With eleven thousand dollars as the entire product of his interest in the mine, Comstock drifted to Oregon, then to Idaho and Montana, turning his hand to several sorts of employment, with but little success, and committed suicide in Bozeman, Montana, in 1870.

At the time Comstock made his discovery, Nevada had as its population only a few hundred adventurers scattered through its wide spaces. In 1861, when it was organized into a territory, it had about 7000 inhabitants, and the number had increased to 20,000 by 1864, when it was admitted to statehood. Its great days as a mining community, however, came later. For several years after it got fairly into operation the Ophir, the first mine on the Comstock Lode, yielded an annual average of about $4,000,000 in gold and silver, chiefly the latter, a sum which might have supported its discoverer and godfather, had he remained in the region.

But the 'strike' which made Nevada's fame was still to be made. It came in a group of mines near the Ophir, and on the same lode, which were merged in 1867 under the title of the Virginia Consolidated, purchased for $80,000 in 1869 by James G. Fair, John W. Mackay, James C. Flood, and William S. O'Brien. Fair and Mackay were practical miners, Fair being also a man of considerable learning and of some mechanical skill. He was one of the Senators from Nevada in 1881–87. Flood and O'Brien were liquor-sellers in the mining regions, and were admitted to partnership with the other two because of the money which they contributed, a large cash outlay being necessary in all quartz-mining, especially in a formation like the Comstock reef. All were natives of Ireland except Flood, who was born in New York, of Irish parentage; and all were about thirty-five years of age when they purchased the Virginia Consolidated.

After spending an additional $200,000 for the development of the mines, the new owners had their hour of triumph in March, 1873, when a fifteen-foot stratum of ore was reached, milling thirty-four dollars to the ton. The vein grew richer and larger as the months passed, until it touched a breadth of four hundred feet. This was the great 'bonanza.' About this time the owners purchased an adjoining mine, likewise on the Comstock reef, named the California, which became a marvelous producer. Stocks of these mines were listed on the exchange in San Francisco, and went up to high prices.

From $645,000 in 1873, the output of the Consolidated went up to $5,000,000 in 1874, to $16,700,000 in 1875, fell back to $16,600,000 in 1876, dropped to $13,700,000 in 1877, and was down to $8,000,000 in 1878. The yield of the California advanced from $453,000 in 1875 to $13,400,000 in 1876, and to $19,000,000 in 1877, but shrank to $10,000,000 in 1878. After that the decline was swift, and the boom collapsed. As a consequence the population of the state decreased from sixty-two thousand in 1880, to forty-five thousand in 1890, and to forty-two thousand in 1900.

But Nevada's fortunes are again improving. Gold and silver discoveries, chiefly the former, in the past ten or fifteen years, the richest being in the Goldfield, Tonopah, and Rhyolite districts, on the southwestern verge of the state, have materially increased

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its mineral yield, and have aided in diversifying its activities. Scattered through its vast vacant spaces on the map of to-day are more dots than were there a few years ago. Its gold production in 1909, $14,000,000, was seven times as great as in 1900, while its silver output, $4,657,000, was two and a half times as large as in the earlier year. It is now fourth on the list of the gold-producing communities of the United States, being preceded only by Colorado, California, and Alaska. Montana, Utah, and Colorado are the only states which go beyond it in output of silver.

V

At this stage of the chronicle of the days and deeds of the Argonauts the Missouri River and its tributaries come into view as highways to the mineral fields. The discoveries by Russell, Jackson, Gregory, Comstock, and their associates in Colorado and Nevada in 1858 and 1859, heightened the ardor and largely increased the number of the prospectors, and scattered them through the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges, and their outlying spurs, principally to the northward; and in the next few years the rich 'finds' in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and South Dakota were made.

By carrying the gold-seekers and their supplies to the eastern terminals of the Santa Fé and Oregon trails, to Independence and Westport (the site of the present Kansas City), or by conveying them to Leavenworth, the Missouri rendered great service in the earlier migration to California. In the rush ten years later to Pike's Peak it was sometimes used to great advantage as far up as St. Joseph. But in the gold-mining and in the general development of the Northwest the Missouri and its navigable affluents bore a yet larger and more important part.

The advent of the steamboat on the Missouri took place in 1819, when the Independence ran up that stream a few hundred miles. In 1831 the Yellowstone, owned by Astor's American Fur Company, the first steamboat to appear on its upper waters, went as far as the site of the present Pierre, the capital of South Dakota. That company's Chippewa and Key West reached the head of navigation at Fort Benton, far up in the present Montana, in 1860. Thus the Missouri stood ready to lighten the labors of the gold-seekers of the Northwest by the time that the first of the more important discoveries in that region were made.

With a few associates, E. D. Pierce, a trader among the Nez Percés, struck gold at several points along the Clearwater River and Orofino Creek in 1860, creating a stampede in 1861 from the diggings in Colorado, Nevada, and California, and also from points along the Missouri. In a few weeks a line of settlements was planted from Lewiston eastward to Pierce City. This was in western Idaho, on the sunset side of the continental divide. Steamboats began immediately to run up the Snake River to the western verge of the Idaho mines, carrying prospectors and supplies.

Discoveries along the Salmon, John Day, and Powder rivers shortly afterward, and on the upper waters of the Boisé in 1862, by George Grimes and a party of prospectors (Grimes being killed by the Shoshones later in that year), sent in a sufficient number of persons to oblige Congress to organize Idaho as a territory in 1863. Before that time, communication had been opened between the headwaters of the Missouri and the mines. Four steamboats arrived in 1862 at Fort Benton from St. Louis, all of them carrying prospectors and supplies for the Idaho diggings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For diggings nearer and richer than those of Idaho the Missouri was now to be pressed into the service. William Fairweather and other prospectors, on the trail of another party of gold-seekers, being captured and robbed by the Crows in the southwest corner of the present Montana, were turned back, and thus accidentally struck gold on Alder Creek, near which immediately rose Virginia City and other settlements. The place was two hundred miles south of Fort Benton, and four hundred miles north of Salt Lake City. The date was May 26, 1863. On July 21, 1864, John Cowan and a few others struck gold in Last Chance Gulch, at which point rose Helena, now the second largest town in Montana, and its capital.

Many gold and silver discoveries were afterwards made in different parts of Montana, some of them of greater richness than were known elsewhere except for the gold of California and Colorado and the Nevada silver. In 1864 copper was found near the present Butte, which is the largest city in Montana to-day, and the centre of the copper-mining industry there. On an appeal from the miners, Congress gave a territorial government to Montana in 1864.

Strangely enough, the great thoroughfare from the central West to the Pacific slope was for many years inhospitable to the prospectors. Father DeSmet, the Jesuit, who passed through our present Wyoming as early as 1840, on his way westward to establish a mission station among the Flathead Indians, said he saw traces of gold there, but that his object was the saving of souls and not the acquisition of earthly treasure. A quarter of a century later gold was struck there (the Cariso Lode) by a group of men — Harry Hubbell, Noyes Baldwin, Henry Ridell, and others — who were not above wanting and looking for it. This was in the spring of 1867, on the upper reaches of the Sweetwater, near South Pass, the principal natural gateway through the Rocky Mountains before the advent of the railroad. Before the end of the year other deposits, placer and quartz, were found in the same locality. As a consequence, South Pass City and other hamlets sprang up with the usual rapidity of mining towns, while to the southward, the Union Pacific Railroad, pushing west to meet the Central Pacific, which was moving east, laid the foundations of Cheyenne, Laramie, and other towns along its course. By the creation of the Territory of Wyoming in the summer of 1868 the miners wrote their work into the statutes.

VI

What was the Indian doing while the gold-hunters were so busy in the land in which he was born, and of which he supposed himself to be the owner? In California the tribes were comparatively peaceful when the first of the Argonauts reached there. Thousands of their members worked in the diggings, some of them independently, but most of them as employees of white men.

In the hegira to California in 1849 and to Colorado in 1859, the whites were protected, as was said above, by their numbers, though in each migration detached parties were often attacked and many of their members slain. Moreover, at the outset many of the Indians probably thought that the passage of the gold-seekers would be only temporary, like the incursions at an earlier day of the hunters and trappers belonging to Manuel Lisa's Missouri, to Ashley and Henry's Rocky Mountain, to Astor's American, and the other fur companies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the Indians quickly roused themselves to their peril and struck back. They annihilated Colonel Fetterman's command of ninety soldiers and a few citizens near Fort Philip Kearny, on the eastern base of the Bighorn Mountains, in Northern Wyoming, in 1866. They fought the track-layers of the Union Pacific Railroad until after they had crossed the Rocky Mountains to join the Central Pacific in Utah. They murdered Agent Meeker and all the other white men at the White River Agency in Colorado in 1879, and carried off the women; then they proceeded to kill Major Thornburg and many of his soldiers, and besieged the remnant of his command for six days, until a large body of troops went to their rescue.

But the most terrible attack made by the red men in the whole history of Indian warfare west of the Mississippi, took place a few years earlier than the Meeker massacre, and a few hundred miles farther north.

Gold had been found near Harney's Peak, in the Black Hills (how vividly that name comes to the mind of the reader of the frontier fiction of a quarter of a century ago and earlier!), in the present South Dakota, in 1874, but the danger from the Sioux, then very troublesome, impelled General Sherman to shut out immigration until 1875, when the Indian title to that region was bought by the government. In the wild foray of adventurers which followed, further gold discoveries were made, chiefly in Deadwood and Whitewood gulches, and Deadwood and many other towns within a radius of forty or fifty miles were laid out at once.

For the protection of the gold-seekers and settlers in the Black Hills and the rest of the region east of the continental divide, a great expedition marched against the Sioux in 1876, in several columns, under Generals Crook, Terry, and Gibbon, Colonel Custer and the Seventh Cavalry being a part of the latter division. Coming upon the Indians, in unsuspected numbers, under Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face, and Sitting Bull, on the Little Bighorn, in southern Montana, on June 25, Custer and five troops of his regiment charged them, and met the fate described by Longfellow in his '*Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face*': —

> Into the fatal snare
> The White Chief with yellow hair
> And his three hundred men
> Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
> But of that gallant band
> Not one returned again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CROOKED STICK

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

In nearly every young orchard is at least one tree whose main stalk, instead of directly seeking the zenith like its neighbors, is disfigured by an inclination at a certain point, making a hip or a knuckle. Sometimes Nature seems to realize that, having permitted this tree to acquire a surface blemish, she owes it due compensation; and, whether it be fact or imagination, I have heard more than one farmer boast that he could depend on the 'crooked stick' in his orchard for surer bearing and better fruit than the average of his straight, symmetrical trees. Yet if you were looking for a sapling to buy, you would take a straight one in preference to this.

We seldom find a large family without its human crooked stick. I do not mean a monstrosity, incapable of bearing normal blossoms or fruit; or a scamp, who is like a tree rotten at the core; or a ne'er-do-weel, who has the chronic weakness of a tree from which every wind whips off a branch or two. The human crooked stick may be as sound inside as the best member of his group, but simply different from the rest. Their ambitions are not his, or their points of view, or their methods, or their tastes. If you ask him why, he cannot tell you. All he will say is that he and they are not interested in the same things, and there your hope of persuading him into conformity runs up against a dead wall.

The most salient characteristic of the crooked stick may be, in one case, a calm contempt for the conventions; in another, a secretive tendency; in a third, an amiable irresponsibility; in a fourth, lack of the social quality, or absorption in some subject which does not attract others of the same age; in a fifth, an ascetic disposition to self-punishment for trifling misdeeds, or morbid self-pity. A different mode of handling may be needed for each of these types; but before we attempt any, it is well to inquire into some of the antecedent conditions.

If you have watched the crooked stick in your orchard from the seed-leaf period, you can pretty surely tell at what stage of its growth the stalk was diverted from the perpendicular, and by what circumstance. Perchance, when you marked the spot where you had planted your seed, you did not drive your marking-stake far enough to one side, and the tender young shoot, crowded out of its course, took a bend in order to escape an obstacle it was not equal to wrestling with. Or a stone may have rolled out of the fence, and settled right in the treelet's pathway toward the upper air. Or the first winter's blizzard may have dropped a branch from an adult tree where its infant neighbor, after the snows were melted, had this weight to lift with every inch of its own growth, though still too puny for such a burden. In short, since the law of its being requires it to press straight upward, no sapling ever left the perpendicular save through some external influence; and it behooves the parent who discovers a crooked stick in his family to reflect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that this young replica of himself may be only paying vicariously the penalty of his mistakes or neglect.

Take Alice as an example. She is the only one of a houseful of girls who revolts against the conventions which hedge about her sex; and I sympathize with her, not because I disbelieve in the conventions, but because I know that Alice was forced in childhood to obey a lot of rigid rules for which she could see no reason, and for which, to tell the truth, there was n't very much. What she needs now is a stimulant for her intelligence. Release her from peremptory obligations as far as practicable, and encourage her to look into the origins of the generally accepted social canons, and to figure out what would happen if they were expunged to-morrow. It is no answer to her protests to say, 'These rules were adopted a hundred years before you were born'; for she will probably retort that by the same token we ought still to be depending on the tallow-dip and the stage-coach. The subject is hard to debate, because you are bound to confess that institutions like chaperonage, for instance, though starting as measures of protection against real perils, have mostly shrunken to mere forms. Still, a form may serve good purpose as a danger-signal. We lock the door at night under no illusion that it can keep out a skilled burglar; but the turning of the key gives notice that we wish to be left in peace, and that any intruder will take his fate in his hand. So, when we throw even the most flimsy safeguard around girlish ignorance, we warn the minions of scandal to keep their distance.

Often an explanation like this will appeal to the common sense of a girl on whom bludgeon-logic or acrid sarcasm would be wasted. On her strictly feminine side she might be approached with a reminder that she bows every day to unwritten laws of custom no deeper-rooted than the law of chaperonage. Why does she not wear a tailor-made costume when she dines out, or a dinner-gown on the street promenade? Because her modesty revolts at the idea of making herself conspicuous by an act of bad taste. What she needs to learn is the relation between 'must not' and 'better not' — that public opinion is only the raw material of which the statute is the finished product. With Alice, moreover, it might not come amiss to counterpoise your defense of harmless conventions by condemning mere idolatry of forms, emphasizing the fact that the girl who would not, in a genuine emergency, face perils to body or reputation without flinching, deserves as little admiration as one who would wantonly flaunt her contempt for such things when there is no need. Finally, make her see that all of us have to submit, in the cause of the common weal, to restraints which we do not require, because we are only individual units in a great aggregation of which the majority are the better for a little curbing, and the laws have to be made to control all, not to fit the few.

The peculiarity of John, the crooked stick in another family, is non-communicativeness. From all I can learn of his habits, he has nothing unworthy to conceal; but whereas Will and Helen and Amy lack even prudent reserve in their self-expression, no one is sure what John thinks about anything. To the stranger, his inscrutability would appear temperamental; but we who remember him as a little fellow know that his volubility then was often so embarrassing as to call forth sharp rebukes from his elders. At first this wrought no outward change; as he passed, however, from the elasticity of babyhood and became an uncommonly sensitive boy, he felt such treatment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not the less keenly because of his belated consciousness that he had brought it upon himself. Here was his mother's mistake. With her diplomatic gift, she might have diverted, instead of strangling, his ill-timed deliverances, and, by later seeking occasion to give him a full hearing in private, have encouraged him to come to her alone when he had personal problems to settle or judgments to pronounce. The irritation caused by repeated public admonitions to 'talk less and think more,' simply crystallized into a chronic indisposition to speak his mind about anything.

To his parents he is respectful in demeanor, and of his obligations toward his brothers and sisters politely observant; but he enters little into their counsels, and has formed his own circle of friends apart from theirs. Somebody proposes an expedition, and all the family except John are enthusiastic over the plans: he finds that he has 'an engagement' — nature unspecified — which will prevent his taking part. A bit of news about a neighbor is announced at breakfast; and, while all the rest are bristling with eager comment, John excuses his lack of an opinion by saying that he 'does not know all the facts.' There is no tartness in his tone, no covert reflection on the others for founding conclusions on premises insufficient for him, yet his colorless response throws a damper upon the vivacity of every one else.

Albeit his uniform negativity offers no clear ground for reproach, his mother is painfully conscious that John's position in the household is more that of a guest than a member. She wonders what she can do to overcome this. It would be fruitless, madam, to try argument, for he would deny that he cherished any but the kindest feeling toward all, and you have no tangible proof to the contrary. A change in your manner toward him, if in the direction of coolness, would only intensify the situation you now deplore; whereas any additional warmth would so plainly be forced that you would risk arousing his distrust. Your best course for the present is to ignore the difference between John and the others and go on as you have been going. When opportunity offers to become acquainted with any of his special friends, cultivate them, to the end of attracting them to the house, where they can get a little of the society of Will and Helen and Amy. Make it, in brief, as easy as possible for John to have the companions he likes without going too far afield to find them, and thus cut away one of the excuses which he is probably making to himself for his subtle estrangement from the inner life of the home.

Meanwhile, keep up your spirits. Conditions which separate a healthy, clean-hearted boy from his own are not natural, and therefore not everlasting. The day will come when not everything will go so smoothly with John: he may fall ill; he may form an unprofitable business connection; he may lose the girl he had hoped to marry. Whatever its source, his trouble doubtless will make a breach in his defenses of reserve, opening a way for you to put in your claim to his confidence and a closer personal bond. Don't brood over by-gones, whether the mistakes were his, or yours, or evenly divided between you: remorse is the poorest investment ever made by one who has anything to live for. You know that the past is past; so does John; therefore drop it. Prove to him, by your mode of approach rather than by any form of speech, that you never were really away from his side for an hour, even when the invisible barrier seemed to thrust itself most persistently between you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warm him with your unobtrusive sympathy. Grant his mishaps and disappointments all the weight that he gives them, even though they may seem less momentous to one of your wider experience. Remember that his is only a boy's soul in a man's body, and that, till age has hardened us, our griefs are liquid, and flow at a light touch; let him pour out his without check. Damming a stream does not dry up the springs that feed it. When the flood is spent, your soothing words can avail much. Admitting the seriousness of what he has suffered, show him how many worse things might have happened, and how much it helps to turn a brave face toward fate. Remind him that the general who converts defeat into victory does not waste time counting his dead between fights. When inward quiet is restored in John, you will observe that, no matter how stiff may be his self-reliance, he will still like to keep his hand where it touches yours. And, having found something in you whose presence he had not before recognized, the new love he gives you will be all the more intense because mixed with the joy of discovery.

Negative faults in the young, though sometimes hard to deal with, do more than positive faults toward curing themselves, because contact with the world makes up many of the deficits left by nature. The little child, toddling cautionless about the highway, will learn, after being knocked down once or twice, to keep out of the way of moving objects larger than itself; so the youth who at the outset ignores the obligations resting on him, comes to a lively sense of them after enough of his ethical oversights have brought their punishments.

Edward, a boy who inherited a really bright mind, was at the age of nine still wholly irresponsible. He was not trusted to dress himself, because he was liable to leave off any of his most important garments. At school he regularly forgot what lessons had been assigned him, and in a reading exercise he was the only pupil in his class who invariably lost his place. Advised to wean him of his habitual untidiness by giving him some dainty decorations for his room, his mother embroidered a cover for his bureau-top; but he used to light his matches where their live embers fell upon it and dotted it with holes, and one day, experimenting with his button-hook to see whether it would heat white in the gas-flame, he laid the incandescent metal down on the cloth and finished the work of destruction.

When sent with a bank-note to make a trifling purchase, he would come home without his change, and quite unable to remember whether the shopman gave him any. To impress upon him the value of money, his parents made him a small weekly allowance to spend as he chose, at the same time establishing a system of petty fines for acts of carelessness; but the fines soon ran up so much faster than the allowance that the account had to be closed in consequence of the hopeless insolvency of the debtor. With no malicious intent, he amused himself one idle Sunday afternoon bedaubing with mud-balls the windows of a neighbor who had gone out to walk; but, when told that this was a real offense, of his own accord he hastened to call upon his victim and apologize.

The uniformly good behavior of his brothers and sisters made Edward's derelictions seem heinous by contrast, and the friends of the family generally set him down as an incorrigible. They erred. Put early upon his own resources, some concepts of accountability were driven into him by blows so hard that they hurt; and the orderly evolution of the sense followed, till, while he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still a very young man, I found him filling an important position in a big manufacturing plant, won in competition with colleagues who had begun life under auspices far more promising than his.

The trouble in his case undoubtedly was neglect at an age when no one thought of him as yet trainable. His parents were so occupied with the education of their older children that they did not notice how Edward was shooting up. Since no one guided or guarded his expansion, his precociously active mind was bent according to whatever happened to get in its way; and it did not resume a continuously straight growth till the pressure of certain practical needs forced it into normality and kept it there.

In one case I knew, the warp of unsociability was given to a young mind through excessive benevolence. Wallace, a little boy with a preternatural memory, an unadjusted imagination, and a very languid reasoning faculty, was thrown by circumstances into constant contact with a household of adult relatives who were satisfied, by his ability to rattle off rhymes and assimilate long words, that he was an intellectual prodigy. What he needed at that stage of his career was a tonic for one part of his mind, a vigorous kneading for another part, and rest for a third. He received none of these.

A childless aunt took his education in hand. She was a good woman, but a sentimentalist; and her dominating impulse was to make the gifts of her nephews a force for the moral advancement of the race. She began by playing on his emotional nature. Most of the books she read aloud to him had pathetic endings. The few glints of humor that filtered through her mind into his were of the evasive sort used to lighten up 'addresses to youth' on sober topics. In their talks she would personify the objects of nature, to make them contribute toward his apprenticeship in philanthropy. He ought not to break the branches of the trees, she told him, because it made the trees weep; it was cruel to knock off the heads of the field flowers with his stick, because the Baby Daisies would feel so badly when they saw Father and Mother Daisy lying dead on the ground; it would be a pity to kill the mosquito that haunted his bedchamber, because all it was doing was to sing a little song, the only one it knew; and so forth. As a consequence, this boy was seen, at the age when most boys are semi-barbarians, to halt in his walk through the streets and shed tears over a defunct beetle he found on its back with its claws lifted tragically skyward.

Did Wallace grow into a leader of humane movements, or a poet of nature? On the contrary, his respectability to-day is due to his inheritance of a moral constitution robust enough to resist the pernicious influences of his infant environment. In the common boy-world he presented a queer little figure, pitiful indeed in its isolation of thought and motive. He looked at everything through the medium his aunt had artificially tinted for him. Other boys, accustomed to view life in its own crude colors, had scant patience with his oddities. A few, who were fond of his brothers and who recognized his good native traits, held open for him a share in their intimacies and pleasures, but, finding him unresponsive, let him alone.

Being human, he could not help realizing the cause of all this remoteness; and, as his reason slowly ripened and he began to see things as others did, he became soured at the thought of the false start given him. This is an unfortunate state of mind for a boy: it makes a pessimist of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him at a time when his outlook ought to be only bright and hopeful. The emotions which nature gave him as resources to be drawn on when some real joy or sorrow came his way having been exhausted by premature and unwholesome excitation, he sees nothing left of life except a juiceless routine. So he lives mainly to himself, like one who has lost the sense of sight or hearing; and it is well for him if a subject offer itself in which he can bury and busy himself to the exclusion of the introspective habit.

Introspection, viewed in the large, is a valuable thing, but much of its virtue lies in its discreet use. Let it become a fixed habit, and heaven help its victim! He is almost sure to grow into a crooked stick of the ascetic or morbid class. Our internal analysis ought to be carried only so far as to convince us that our ethical judgments and our self-esteem are not all solid, but partly gaseous. When it proceeds to the separation of these constituents, have a care; for as soon as the fluid elements are forced out, the residuum will weigh down our spirits in proportion to its loss of leaven. That is what is the matter with us when our complaint is popularly diagnosed as New England conscience.

Laura, before she turned seventeen, had the introspective habit so fastened on her that sometimes she would abstain half a day from legitimate pleasures with her young friends because she felt constrained to punish herself for a passing mistake, and spend the remaining half in pitying herself because nobody interfered to prevent her martyrdom. Here were vanity, selfishness, and hypocrisy, masquerading as conscientiousness: vanity, because she ascribed importance to a misdemeanor of her own which she would not have condescended to notice in any one else; selfishness, because she reveled in ostentatious suffering, even at the cost of discomforting all her family; hypocrisy, because in her innermost heart she knew that the whole performance was a sham.

Laura's parents were long undecided whether she ought to go to college. Whenever they seemed averse to the notion, she became most anxious to go, and this gave her self-pity plenty of exhilarating exercise. When they finally concluded to send her, she lapsed into sluggish indifference, as who should say, 'Pray don't consider *me* in the matter. I am nothing but a sacrificial offering on the altar of discipline.' Her shifting attitude doubtless gave her a keen morbid enjoyment, since it held for her the centre of the stage.

Her mother's chief misgiving had been lest Laura, being thrown among a number of girls with no ties of kindred or old association to stir their charity for her, might be humiliated by their treatment of her tantrums. And so it proved. As soon as the novelty of her unfamiliar environment had worn off, she began the self-punishing and self-pitying business. On the first occasion a few soft-hearted fellow students, older than she, were touched by her dispirited condition, which they attributed to homesickness. By the second time, only one had failed to see through her; and at the next recurrence she had not a single sympathizer, but was obliged to nurse her morbidity in seclusion. This aroused her resentment; but, as there was no home audience to play to, and the college audience had no taste for such comedy, she found herself disregarded almost as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. A fourth fit of the same sort was so mortifying in its sequel that a fifth never got fully under way. The needed remedy had been found; but she might have lived to a ripe old age in the bosom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of her family without obtaining what was best for her soul.

The way out is not always so plainly marked. The unsociable and the self-absorbed may find some rational occupation for their solitude, and get along; the morbid may drop their morbidity when compelled to seek sympathy from strangers or nobody, and develop into genial companions. But there is grave danger to be faced in the case of a Wallace, or of a boy with Laura's bent, if he has passed his most plastic years away from his brothers and sisters and in the company of adults. A career without a childhood is as unnatural as a day without a dawn; and when a lad who has been thus bereft takes his place among others who have not, they find him like an alien, unable to share their thoughts or speak their language. Too many a young man, thus waking to the discovery that he has been cheated into leading an unreal life, resolves to make up for it by plunging into a real one, consisting chiefly of excesses. Though he may not be vicious by nature, he has been bent so far in one direction that the backward swing carries him equally far over in the other; and before the equilibrium is restored he has been irreparably hurt. Pride forbids his seeking the society of his equals as long as they show no especial desire for his; so he takes up with inferiors, distilling from their adulation a salve for his wounded sensibilities. Of all the paths into which a young man's feet may stray, none leads so directly downward as this.

In such a situation, the easiest course for the parent is to sit still and say, 'Ah, boys must have their fling! When these wild oats have been sown, he will come to himself!' A harder one, but more common, is to read the transgressor a lecture on the outrageousness of conduct which is killing his father and mother by inches. An extreme course, when the culprit continues to misbehave after due warning, is to banish him from home and cut him off with a shilling. There are serious objections to any of these methods. The first has the sound of worldly wisdom without its substance. The father who reasons that, because so many other sons survive the dissipation of their powers, his is safe to do so, might as well say that, because pneumonia is not invariably fatal, he will not call in the doctor when it attacks a member of his household. He may shirk his responsibility with a verbal formula satisfactory to his ears, but it will not satisfy his soul or deceive any one into believing him sincere.

The second alternative is both tactless and selfish. If your boy is acting outrageously, he knows it; the more you declaim, the less temperate you will grow, unless you have a superhuman control over your temper and your manners; and the effect of anything like an outburst will be to irritate him further, and give fresh poignancy to the very feeling which led him into trouble, the sense of detachment from those with whom nature meant him to affiliate. Your protest, moreover, would be in behalf of yourself, your own rights, your own pride, your own comfort, instead of his manhood, his potential worth, his self-respect. Even worse, if possible, would be the third plan, which contemplates severing the last tie that had bound him to his place in the scheme of things.

No. Two ideas should underlie whatever you do: first, that your boy's case needs tonic and not drastic remedies; next, that you are only trying to help him help himself. Convince him that every leverage within reach will be used to keep his moral system up to its work while it is undergoing treatment, but take for granted that he is a rea-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soning being and a free agent. Deplore frankly and sympathetically the causes which led to his morbid condition of mind, but appeal to his common sense in as sanguine a spirit as if you were trying to restrain him from throwing good money after bad in an impolitic business investment. Your hopefulness will insensibly infect him. Demonstrate your faith in his inherent manliness so that he cannot harbor a suspicion that he has sacrificed your love because you dislike the disorder from which he is suffering. Hold fast to him at any cost to your own self-complacency.

I am not advising you to play the weakling; do not mince phrases when the situation calls for strong ones, or skim lightly over critical conditions. But remember always that you are attacking the disease and not the patient. Beware of choosing inopportune times for your discourses, or misplacing your emphasis when you speak: there is always a psychological moment when your lightest word will find its mark, and nothing so impoverishes an argument as magnifying its negligible factors. To straighten a bent sapling, you would not tie it to a stake with a cross crack in the middle; you would not use gauze for your thongs when you could get stout leather; you would not watch for results in the autumn or winter, but in the growing season. Study the case of your crooked stick of a boy with at least the sagacity you would use in your tree-plantation.

The straightest trees, of course, are those which stand close enough together to form a grove. Here is a fine exemplification of the competitive principle in inanimate nature. Every young tree is reaching up after a larger share of the sunlight than its neighbors enjoy. Its top may prosper while its lower members are smothering to death; but its perpendicular attitude is perfectly preserved throughout its growth, because there is no lateral expansion to distract the forces which make for height. Go into a close-growing forest and you will note, too, that as a rule one trunk differs from another of the same variety only in size, the uniformity being most pronounced in the case of those trees which furnish the standard lumber of commerce.

Leave the forest for the open. Here stands an oak or a walnut tree with a body big enough to shelter yours from the wind and rain, and generous arms outstretched to protect your head from the sun. You can hide in the forest as you could in the crowd of a city street; but the lone tree, by the special friendliness of its proffered refuge, and the sense of trust with which its unbolstered stability inspires you, attracts you more fondly than the cluster. Though it may be far from straight, its shape is its own, whose very gnarls and twists impress your memory and spur your imagination. Its scars record the storms through which it has passed. Its slight leaning indicates the direction whence the worst gales came during its youth. You could use its variegated bark as a compass. In a word, your isolated tree has a distinctive character not possessed by the trees which interlace their boughs; which help support each other, yet persist in competing for the largest measure of light and warmth; which through close and constant contact acquire a regularity of habit that gives joy to the lumberman, but lacks inspiration for the philosopher or the poet.

Does this contrast appeal to you as fairly symbolic of the difference between the human being who stands by himself, and his contemporary whose identity is partly merged in the mass? Look among your own friends, and contrast the characteristics of those who are rooted in the social forest, and those who stand out in the sun-burned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and storm-swept field. So far as life can be reckoned in terms of quantity and units of subsistence, the forest products will make the better showing. In their length, breadth, and thickness, you can read their density and weight, and the uses to which the timber in them can be put. On the other hand, you may not be so sure of what the isolated tree had in it till its fall enables you to apply your scaling instruments at leisure; and for the present the business eye will see chiefly its non-conformity. Yet who will deny that an unsymmetrical tree here and there holds a more grateful place in the associations of his past than any of the smooth growths he has been taught to respect as the merchantable standard?

So, if all your efforts to straighten out your crooked stick of a child prove unavailing, console yourself with the reflection that humanity owes a heavy debt to its eccentrics. Every outward swing of the pendulum of progress takes its impulse from the hand of some one who is not afraid of being adjudged a lunatic. When he succeeds, we cannot speak too well of him; but, long before that, he will probably have been marked as peculiar, and with an unflattering characterization. Linnæus wore out his father's patience by his contempt for the conventional studies of his day. At Audubon, as a lad, friends wagged their heads to think what a fool he was. Young Darwin was so absent-minded that on one of his lonely tramps he walked off an embankment and narrowly escaped being crippled. Watt was scolded for his indifference to the books and sports which interested other boys, and the fascination he found in his aunt's steaming kettle. Trollope, who gave to literature its best portraits of English social life in his era, was at school so destitute of the social gift that he was everybody's butt and nobody's companion. Moses and Demosthenes were stammerers, Cæsar and Napoleon epileptics, Goldsmith was a sloven, Thoreau a crank, Emerson a mystic dreamer. These men overcame their handicaps of physique or temperament as Lincoln, Burritt, Dickens, and Carnegie surmounted the barriers with which poverty had threatened to hem them in.

Underneath the unusual exterior of your child may lie equally unusual qualities of mind and heart, which the world will one day wake to find itself admiring. Heroism, genius, prophetic insight, are as far from conformity to the ways of the multitude as those modes of speech and action at which we sneer as eccentricities. The power to command men is rarely combined with a faculty for mingling with them; the best writers are seldom glib talkers; the profound thinker often must seek a quiet place in which to do his thinking. The hero does not make a calling of his courage: it is revealed by some accident which exposes the deficient mettle of other men. Your crooked stick may never astonish the world by the brilliancy of his intellect or by his moral grandeur; you may never be able to eliminate the one early kink in him which has stiffened with the passage of time. Still, you can keep him from growing zig-zag, or becoming weak and punky. And if, thanks to your patience, your tact, and the everlasting faith in him which is born of your broad optimism, you bring him through his most perilous period with a sound heart and a generally upward purpose, your work will need no apologist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKING OFF ONE'S HAT

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

In parodying the ballad form, Dr. Johnson made that memorable couplet,

> I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand.

Nor did he see, as Stevenson would say, how highly he was praising the art of hat-lifting.

Taking off the hat, — its manner, method, gesture and generosity, style, swing, and symbol, truly show the man. (For Providence forbid that I should venture to speak here of the feminine process!)

As a man progresseth in removing his hat, so is he in his heart. First it is, 'Take off your hat to the lady, my son.' And then by leaps and bounds it becomes the low bow of fashion, the eager but bashful sign of love, the cold convention of civilization, or the patient attitude of reverence.

There be seven stages of removing the hat, and they are the seven ages of man.

First, he pulls at his strings and yells lustily while Mother looks up and down the street, wondering if the whole neighborhood sees and hears. 'Oh, dear; why won't he leave his bonnet alone; was ever such a child born?' Yes, madam, every mother's son of them, save in Africa, where lace-frilled baby-caps trouble not the sensitive gifts of heaven.

Secondly, he flings his hat across the dining-room when he comes in from school, or leaves it in all manner of places in the house: in the coal-bin, or on sister's bureau. He loses it just at church time, and spoils the spirit of family reverence and piety. As the family enters the church the anthem is being sung, and the disgrace of being late again is laid on the innocent head-piece clutched in the hand of the small boy who has already forgotten the confusion of which he was the cause twenty minutes ago. In this stage also one's hat is removed on the way to school by the hand of one's bosom friend, passed down the line of surrounding boon companions, stuffed into others' pockets, while dire thoughts of ultimate loss hold one in their grip, and the reckoning to be paid at home wraps the world in tragedy.

In the third stage, reached at about the age of fifteen, the burning problem is how to get one's hat off gracefully. The whole world that one passes on the street is but a huge moving audience come out to see if I, the growing masculine, the unsophisticated amateur, the germ of a man that is to be, have yet learned the art of greeting — especially the art of greeting that feminine half of the world which never removes its hat in the street. I see her coming! She approaches! She looks at me, already in expectation! The one supreme gesture that shall declare me a man must be made! The inevitable does not turn down a side street, as I had hoped. It has come! I must salute; must someway, somehow, anyway, anyhow, get that hat off my head. I must make the great surrender even now, when still the superiority of the other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sex is an unsolved question in my mind.

I make my preparation. I try to raise my hand; it sticks fast in my pocket, until, just as she passes me, I look helplessly across the street, cast down my eyes, sullenly drag my hand forth, and — She has gone by me! I come to my senses by feeling my numb fingers foolishly pulling at my hat as if it were fastened on with nails! The whole thing is an ignominious failure, shattering my self-respect for many days. Ah, well, I will do better next time; but who knows what destiny has been overturned, what life-plan thwarted, by this defeat? When will she pass me again? And will she give me another chance when she does so? Who knows? In a dim way it seems to me then that something, said to be made in heaven, has been forever spoiled by a failure to connect between my fingers and the rim of my hat.

But in the fourth stage I rise triumphant over this. Supremely confident as Beau Brummel himself, I have now learned to execute one long swing with my right forearm. Looking dazzlingly in front of me, I utter a clear 'Good-afternoon!' I lift my hat from my head in a majestic sweep as the sound of a dress goes by me; and low, down to my very knees, in a beautiful circle, goes my hat; then back again to my unruffled hair, — by which time I have gained the next tree or lamp-post in the street, and pursue my even way. The smile fades from my lips, and satisfaction reigns in my being. There is also just a tinge of pride at mastering the great game of mutual deception with the one who disappears in the distance behind me.

In the fifth stage I do not know how I took off my hat. Perhaps it came off of its own accord. At any rate there it is, lying on the grass under the trees. It is forgotten and out of mind, even as the woodland all about me is forgotten. The June sun is setting, but it is a long twilight and there is no need to hurry. The face beside me is content to be careless of time, too, for her hat is in her lap. The even-song of the birds matches our unspoken words, and our music is the harmony of the brook there just below us. In the presence of the sacred choirs we had unconsciously taken off our hats; and, because of the due reverence we paid them, their tones were echoed in our spirits. As she and I at last rise to go homeward and out of the woods, I carry my hat in my hand, never again to remember how I took it off that day, never again to replace it over cold companionless thoughts, but over the spaces of a mind changed by the music of love. Strange, very strange, this utterly unconscious removal of a man's hat after so many years of skillful practice! Neither she nor I can remember just how it occurred that day.

The sixth stage is when I remove my hat exactly as all other men do. There in my office is my peg, here at home is my hat-rack, and in between the two I find no difficulty in taking off my hat to those I chance to meet. Without emotion I lift it, seldom varying the manner of the doing. I lift it in tune with habit, citizenship, tradition, convention, too, if you please. Yet this is a noble thing in its way. Bare-headed now and then I stand before the turning mysteries of routine even as one stands at Niagara's roar. The waters do not change their sound, there is nothing new to come from the ageless stream. Yet still I lift my hat. I lift it to brotherhood, duty, friendship, success, failure, and hope; to all the worn-out platitudes that still have strength to hold mankind together. I lift it to the men who have gone down in the race as truly as to those who have moved in an ascending scale; to those who are dead, and 'to the next man who dies.' I lift it both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to age and youth, and it is a cause of rejoicing in this stage that my world is a double world, having in it many who have come through changes and yet have remained unchanged, who have seen theories rise and fall, yet themselves remained original men and women. To the gray hairs I lift my hat as to a crested peak whose snow keeps pure in spite of the village improvements, factories, and social revolutions that go on at its base. I lift it to the changelessness of man's heart and to the substantial things that abide, like sunshine and rain and bread-making and smiles and tears.

It is here, in the sixth stage, that I learn of renewal going on beneath routine, lasting values beneath changing forms, and the tireless spirit alive under the tiresome way. Before this I stand bare-headed, for it is one of the marvels of the world. If one day a gust of wind uses my hat as a plaything, and I must pursue it across the street, to the undignified delight of the onlookers, let me soothe myself with this thought: Had I been less absorbed in my air-castles and more intent on my routine, on the walk to my office, the air would not have dashed my castles in ruin. Forgetting to hold my head erect before the commonplace, the kindly wind stepped in and removed my hat for me. And thereby she simply meant to say, 'Next time don't forget.'

Seventh, last stage of all, — I seldom put my hat on now. The thing which it has taken me all my life to learn is useless to me. I shall no more be criticized for the awkward lifting of my hat. I sit by my low-burning fire, and as a lingering sportive flame shoots up, I remind myself with a smile that my bill for hats has gradually decreased to the vanishing point. And was it really I who only yesterday ran over the house shouting in knickerbocker tones, 'Where's my hat? Who knows where my hat is, anyhow? Can't a feller lay his hat down 'thout losin' it?' It must have been I, yet, if you will believe it, I have not even needed my hat for a week, although I am told that the weather is quite cold outside. And, if you will believe it, no one in the house is much troubled to know where my hat is, and those who once were troubled have left an easy duty to their heirs.

Yes, it must be I, for I do not myself know where my hat is at this minute. What further proof would you have of my identity? Did I not lose it then, and have I not lost it now? If I have changed every seven years, still some small particle of my being has gone on and on, refusing the slavery of the hat, entering a lasting protest against covering the glory of man that looks toward heaven. The loss of my hat at seven and at seventy is one and the same thing. One complete circle is marked out plainly, and I return to myself, through the labyrinth, by means of many hats, ranging from bonnet-strings to a dull soft black which lasts long because seldom worn. As I look at my low-burning fire I do not doubt my identity, for when one loses his hat he finds himself.

This is simpler, far simpler, than St. Paul's theories about hats. For he wrote in the days of turbans and caftans. I cannot imagine him in anything else, scarcely even in a turban. And as for taking off one's hat, I do not suppose he would care one mite for what I have said about it. It would be Greek to him!

As the fire goes out I see more than the seven stages. The little hillock of ashes there does make an eighth. Familiar words of an ancient litany come to my ears. The carriages make their way through crowded city streets to a hillside that I have often visited for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a friend's sake. Mourners crowd the green turf, and a bird sings in the fir tree near by. Human kindness and heaven's sunshine meet here. No matter how keen the winter storm may blow on that day, no matter how bare and fruitless the life of this soul has been, all men lift their hats in gracious tribute. So happens it to every man once in his course to have all the world lift its hat to him. It is but fit return to a man, thus to receive a diploma from a world which took so long to instruct him in the noble art of uncovering before its joys and its habits and its love.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOME ADVANTAGES OF BEING A PHILADELPHIAN

WHY need we pretend to ignore our advantages? Let us rather endeavor to live up to them.

I think it is Sherlock Holmes who says that he cannot agree with those who rank modesty among the virtues, because, to the logician, all things should appear exactly as they are; and it is Mr. Chesterton who has discovered that, 'All that is the matter with the proud is that they will not admit that they are vain.' Let us admit that we are both proud and vain, not indeed by our own merit, but by right of being born so, for being a Philadelphian is like being a Jew, — you cannot *be* one unless you *are* one; you cannot hope to become one; — and it has this at least in common with being a gentleman, that you have to begin several generations back.

There are those who have been born in my city, and who are called by her name, who yet, in some of the most ordinary affairs of life, betray the blood of an alien ancestor. For instance, your true Philadelphian is cautious in money matters, but dislikes to appear so. He has not that unfailing ability to extract a dollar's worth for a dollar, which savors of the commercial rather than of the professional spirit. He can travel with frugality, and often does so, but he scorns to haggle. He will take a back room on the third floor, but it is beneath his dignity to dicker with the landlord. Not so a charming friend of mine with whom my happy lot was sometimes cast. I would turn a discreet and unconscious back to the hotel desk, while she interviewed the clerk; and I own that I would unblushingly accept the palatial accommodations (bath included) which resulted from her bargaining. Yet her very success betrayed the lurking taint: a New England grandfather! 'Yankee' was the opprobrious title by which we christened her, even while enjoying the free picnic luncheons which she convinced the landlord it was his duty to provide.

Then again, a genuine Philadelphian has a solemn and dignified sense of the responsibilities of hospitality. When you meet a charming hostess who welcomes you and your next of kin to dinner at a half-hour's notice, or who throws wide her hospitable doors, for weeks at a time, to your daughters on their vacation, you may know that she is not the real article. *Her grandmother came from South Carolina.* A person of that easy-going nature might be guilty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of dark meat in the salad, or of veal in the chicken croquettes, or she might even be capable of not serving those delicacies at all.

In the matter of things to eat, I think that a Philadelphian's advantages are so well known as to be generally conceded. Do not 'Philadelphia squab,' 'Philadelphia capon,' figure on *menus* from New York to San Francisco? and among the delicacies, mind you, not the vulgar fare, like, shall we say, Baked Beans? In fact, when I consider the case of dwellers in other cities in respect to good eating, I see that it is questionable indeed. Suppose you live in Chicago, or Cleveland, or even Pittsburg, your oysters shall not be above suspicion, and your soft-shell crabs will figure so frequently at your company feasts as to prove that you consider them a delicacy. If you are a New Englander, your clams will be of a tough and uncanny variety, gruesome things with tails to them; if you live in Baltimore, you may be guilty of serving terrapin with white sauce; and if you are a dweller in San Francisco, you will probably eat shrimp salad. You may even eat it every day. I have an aunt (by marriage) who claims the doubtful advantage of being a New Yorker by birth, but who annually returns to her native flats, laden with two pounds of butter and a White Mountain cake. It was a friend and co-citizeness of hers who, upon a visit, was once heard to murmur that *she missed her condensed milk!* O haughty Gotham!

Your true Philadelphian is a person of forethought and precision. He prefers to take no chances. Such an one I once knew, who, planning a picnic, rode carefully beforehand over the route on horseback, and had the chickens for the sandwiches cooped up two weeks ahead, to be fattened.

The advantages of our manner of speaking the English language are not always recognized by our fellow countrymen. Last summer I met an old man from Providence. He was not a pleasant old man. I did n't like him. 'People from Philadelphia,' he announced, 'say "Kiarr" for "Cah."' He was oblivious of the fact that he said 'Philadelphier.' A gentle Brooklyn lady wished to save my feelings. 'Why, I don't think *you* talk like a Philadelphian,' said she. She meant it for a compliment! For those who may be ignorant of the fact, I would explain that we, in Philadelphia, speak the English language in a plain and dignified and Doric manner, giving to each letter its full and proper value. We speak it without needless prettinesses; we do not, so to speak, quirk our little finger over the tea-cup, but grasp it boldly and solidly by the handle; and I defy any one not to understand what we mean. We speak the language, I repeat, plainly, clearly, and may I add, grammatically? We do not say, 'Up to Portland,' or 'Standing back *to*,' as do the dwellers in a certain pleasant town in Maine. We do not 'Stop by for you,' as our Louisville friends have been known to do; and although dwelling near Mason and Dixon's line, we do not say 'You all.' A German friend consulted me lately as to the latter phrase. 'Is it a Western expression?' he asked; 'I found it in a book of Jack London's.'

It has not been our custom to parade our advantages. 'Why, where do your rich people live?' asked a Western friend, surveying our discreet exteriors, with manifest leanings toward North Broad Street. So it is with our best silver, which we habitually keep at the bank, and even with our art treasures. It is not in New York that you hang your Botticellis in the back entry, and your Raphaels in the bathroom. Delightful people as many of you are, your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goods are in the shop-window, you put the best foot foremost, we feel that we know all about you. Now, you never know all about us. We always keep a little something in reserve.

We have been reproached in the past with a too great interest in ancestry, and twitted with a lack of proper parallelism with present-day affairs. I would merely gently remind you that it is not in Philadelphia, but in Boston, that a daily paper runs a column of genealogies, presumably as items of current news.

Even in matters in which certain localities are supposed to excel, I have been struck by the easy supremacy of my native town. On a visit to New Orleans in the month of May, I naturally expected to see roses, but a cursory inspection of the gardens revealed nothing more interesting than sweet peas and nasturtiums, the mark of the lazy gardener all the world over. (I grow them myself.) No roses were to be bought, but a kind and attentive friend, hearing of my desire, returned triumphant with some magnificent carnations. 'Where did they come from?' I demanded. 'From Philadelphia,' he admitted, crestfallen.

So, my fancy likes to picture us, seated upon the Keystone of the Arch, smiling gently down at those in less fortunate situations. I knew at least one man who was thus conscious of his advantages. At the time of the Chicago Exposition, when asked why he did not go to it, his reply was, to what purpose? He had seen the Centennial. Behold the Keystone attitude! And there — as a distinguished gentleman might say — we are.

ON MAKING AN EFFORT

'Now really, Fanny, my dear, I shall have to be quite cross with you if you don't rouse yourself. It's necessary for you to make an effort. . . . This is a world of effort. . . . Come! Try! I must really scold you if you don't.'

Thus spoke Miss Louisa Dombey, standing by the bedside of her pale sister-in-law, while that unfortunate lady drew her last fleeting breaths. — Miss Dombey's example has not been lost upon a heedful generation. Everywhere I note, amid the general relaxation of New-England consciences among the well, a growing tendency to proffer counsels of perfection to the sick. The modern invalid has fallen on evil days. In and out of season he is reminded what a drug on the market he and his once interesting ailments have become. 'Nobody wants to hear,' he is delicately reminded, 'how many things you are forbidden to eat. Nobody wants a chart of your rheumatism mapped out on his back and shoulders.' Invalids are expected to be rather witty and sparkling in their conversation. Their friends have not come in to amuse *them*, — perish the thought! — they have come to be amused.

And when invalids awake in the morning, they must begin the day with cheerful thoughts and speeches. Even when they know they are worse, they must think they are better. They'll never get well so long as they admit that they are ill. 'Christian Science is the thing for *you!*' 'Try auto-suggestion.' 'I'll send you the latest bulletin of the New Thought.'

Ten to one, the visitor shrewdly guesses, they don't really want to get up. They actually like lying in bed, he does believe! The invalid protests in vain, and vainly winces at the stab of truth in what his robust friend is saying. He really *does n't* want to get up. He discovered that on about the fourth day of his illness. He has been privately wondering, for a week or more, why people like being up and dressed, and especially why they dote on going out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the raw cold air. When the doctor says that perhaps he can get up on Friday, he makes a hollow-sounding exclamation of joy, but in reality he would rather put it off for a day or two.

I think of having cards printed for invalids, uniform with Dr. Channing's 'Symphony,' and 'The Footpath To Peace.' They shall express with terse elegance the indignant sympathy now burning in my breast. 'Be True To Your Symptoms'; 'Don't Be Bullied Out of An Honest Ailment,'

'Dare to be a sick man,
Dare to stay in bed,'

and (with a new and more literal meaning) 'Take Your Medicine Like A Man.'

I am in favor of turning over all the counsels of perfection to the well person. Let *him* make an effort. Let him make a great effort of the imagination, and think how differently from himself must feel the person who is content to dwell within that narrow room or bare white ward. Let him make an effort to take along some black Hamburg grapes, or a bottle of wine. Let him make an effort to vote for housing reform, and employers' liability. Let her make an effort to join the Consumers' League. Let her pack a box for the Sunshine Society, or hold a bazaar for the Fresh Air Fund.

Effort is, I think, our only moral property, the only talent we can put out at interest. Virtues that 'come natural' to us are surely entailed on the next generation. For the *Atlantic's* readers to be financially honest and law-abiding citizens, is but to dwell in an apartment courteously placed at their disposal for a term of years by the real owner, — the person who first learned not to appropriate a war-club even when no one was looking, and to submit his blood-feud to the decision of the braves in council. It is not thus that one can build a mansion for one's self on the Street of the Many Mansions.

'There is no effort on my brow,' cries Nature in Matthew Arnold's poem, 'Mortality.'

'I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres . . .
And when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once — but where?
. . . . . .
'T was when the heavenly house I trod.'

Effort is, I think, the conservation policy, the perpetual Arbor Day, of the soul. It is the training-table, the scrub-game, the practice-field, of our big University. It is the camp and drill of the (real) National Guard. In such environment the invalid seems out of place. He seems entitled, rather, to a shaded room, long dozes, oranges, hammocks, and sea-voyages. We may trust the fierce ambition of the newly recovered. They will be in the midst of the scrimmage next week. O spare them a little, that they may recover their strength!

— Excuse me, gentle reader, while I glance through this note which has just been brought to me. It is from the Amalgamated Order of the Shut-In. It seems to be somewhat in the nature of a protest. Is it possible? Yes — they object to the awnings and oranges which we have just been ordering for them. They particularly object to being told off to doze while the Colonel is making speeches in the West. Do I read aright! Yes — they call upon me for an apology!

Epithets are applied to me, in this communication, which I would scorn to repeat. Mollycoddle is the most polite of them. They close by challenging me to a battle of ice-bags and ammonia.

Perhaps these Knights of the Pillow are, after all, the best judges of their own affairs. Perhaps they but accept the order of the universe. Is it, then,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always the handicapped who lead the sortie, and the able-bodied who sit ensconced behind the breastworks and look on? St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh. Nelson, dizzy and fainting, won the battle of Trafalgar. Sidney was prostrate when he achieved his immortality.

There is some comfort in all this for you and (especially) for me, gentle reader. We, who have been (*unberufen!*) such long strangers to illness and to toil, may now cease to vex our consciences over our easy and self-pleasing way of life. What the gods ordain is just! Let us continue to sequestrate fine fruit, and to indulge in naps on summer afternoons. Here is the latest magazine. Will you have a cigar? Hang out the hammock, please, and bring along the palm-leaf fan.

QUATRAINS

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

If you could live your life again,
Despite all pain
You'd choose to be his wife again,
Would n't you, Jane?

BOSWELL

What would our Johnsons be
Without such fellows?
Mute as an organ, sure,
Wanting the bellows.

THE RUBÁIYÁT

The pleasures of the vine, alas!
But sung with such consummate art,
That clergy and girl graduate
Have got the deathless song by heart.

SAINT BRIDGET'S DAY

A Sister's days were sweet at Rydal Mount,
Yet had I given them for just one other: —
A rare and cloudless day at Mackery End,
With the incomparable Brother.

QUOTER'S EVIL

The faculty of memory sits in a compact chamber of the brain, where, at the pressure of suggestion, person or date, apt line or verse, springs automatically from its neatly ticketed drawer. One speaks of that walk across the meadows from Winchester to St. Cross, and out pop data regarding early editions of the *Angler*. A grove of birches whispers the schedule of its botanical variety, — *betula lenta*, *lutea*, *populifolia*, *nigra*.

This is as it should be; yet some of us, alas, are served by no such methodical workman. Our memory is, rather, an enchanter who hands us the key of a playground vast and vague, wherein Richard Cœur-de-Lion may swing Scheherazade to his saddle-bow, and Petrarch pass the time of day with Beatrice. In the distance, fair dim ladies of the past melt into the misty lowland, and out here in the sun a conjuror keeps his six balls whirling in the air, while no word of his limerick reaches our ear. We may envy other minds their careful accountant, yet we would not take him for the magician who knows the open sesame to our garden of delight. For here, when we will, we find all the familiar dears, from Alice in her ankle-ties to sweet white Milly Thaw, judging exquisitely the best part of love. We may not recall what they said then, and then; but we have lived with them so long that we guess what they may be thinking.

Or, again, it is as if we recalled a delightful person we may have met last year, whose estate and place have gone from us: we have him, not his appurtenances. Then, as the throng passes and dissolves, we know that we have walked with friends. What was that name? Where did we meet? How long since, — this year, or centuries ago? Who shall say! But we see them, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture of their lives: the dear women who have been companions of many an hour, the adorable children one would play sedately with through a summer afternoon, the man who wins us to a delightful stage of half-in-love which invites no disillusionment, the villain one can safely cheer behind the barrier of printed page. We have known them as intimates, — their individual repellence of charm, the fragrance of their personality. Their talk or precise adventure? Not a vestige remains. We can only say what such a one might do at any given moment. He is thus and so, therefore will he so think and act.

And so our pictures come and go. What pale girl is that who makes votive offering to her star shining dimly through the London night? All her life was she swept back and forth on the restless sea of temperament, dragging anchor in every port, until, the worn slave of warring passions, she was cast upon the shore. And then we look through the twilight of virginal New England springs, when the smell of fresh-turned earth summons elemental life, and man and maid melt to love in a purity as moving as the latent savagery of wild English moors. There, clear above all, stands the great Wizard who fashions men and women, low, high, bad, good, humorous, demure, real as if they were living in the next county, and then turns to make such sweet music of the fields that the melody must flow forever in all hearing ears. And beyond, the immortal Spirit of Greek verse chants of unconquerable fate, or sings of the love of shepherd lads at dawn in soft upland meadows, and of the beauty of blue Ægean seas.

For we are divided into two camps: those who remember with precision, against those who treasure pictures and the cadence of a verse. And what dismay smites the second company when, in their dim recalling as of a dream, a quick sensation as of something lived before, they are pulled up short by the incisive, apt quotation, the easy allusion to character or scene, of the facile men of the first camp. Then the pleasure of meeting an acquaintance stiffens into the apprehension which waits upon his darting memory; and as he neatly caps the moment with its counterpart in some book which has been the friend of years, we meet his word with a blank demeanor shrieking ignorance. We recognize the person, the familiar chime of the sentence, the setting of the scene. But who, and when, and where? What players walk upon the stage we know so well? And while our wits are wool-gathering, that sheep is clipped, and other business is in hand; yet the hesitating smile which had accompanied the performance was not the pretension it had seemed: it meant only that we saw the affair by another light.

But let that ready quoter beware, for he stands in peril of the pitfall digged by his own prideful memory, and he may quote too much. Then it is that the thud of the expected makes us wince, and a commonplace person who merely chats about his day may give us more genuine pleasure and even variety; for his babble is spontaneous, his day is real and human and fits into a general scheme of things more convincing than a simile; and his gift of relaxation is more precious than the neat parcel delivered by the man who presents us with an analogue in exchange for some light word and rouses in us only a dull resentment at his readiness. Our living must be richer than our learning or the pattern of such culture will be out of focus, as if we drew too much without the model; and a 'prehensile memory,' as it has been called, may be only the development following upon feats of conscientious agility, when we may have wondered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a display which called for no originality, but only an amazing cleverness in swinging from other people's trees. As his muscles decline in strength, such a one may even fall upon a middle-aged degeneration of 'Well, what's the good word?' or 'The sun is pleasant; it is pleasant to see the sun.'

With just enough of learning to misquote

may be our sad estate, envy may point the finger of our scorn; yet it is a question not so much of the cultivation as of the texture of the mind, and we hug our memory that can hold a picture and personality, that can recall the pace of clever talk and the flow of verse, even though word or circumstance evade us: for ours is a joy made for no practical use under heaven, a luxury, a largess of delight; and not for any orderly inclosure would we exchange the dear secret playground which is all our own. Here we remember just for fun, and here we shall find the precious charm of a character, a thought, the shifting lights of many a lovely day.

BALANCED RATIONS

How far have we departed from the antique virtues! A 'practical' farmer, writing to my agricultural mentor, requires 'an idea of what class of food farm-hands can be fed, and the approximate quantity which they require. Do they require meat three times a day? If you can give me suggestions for a weekly menu, I should appreciate it.'

Shades of Hiram! Is the farm-hand of to-day an animal, nourished on balanced rations? Is a muzzle placed on him who treadeth out the corn? Not thus was it in my consulship of Plancus, when, as a small boy, I snatched a fearful joy in contemplation of Hiram, my fellow boarder, *parem inter pares*,—Hiram, my guide, philosopher, and friend,—as his knife safely transported a carefully 'balanced ration' of peas to the rear of that portentous orifice in his face. Who but Hiram could surmount a bastion of griddle-cakes as high as that behind which his ancestors, the embattled farmers, stood?

No question as to the 'class of food' perplexed Hiram. It was the class received by all of us, except mother, who, cumbered by too much serving upon us,—and Hiram,—pretermitted eating till the baskets full of fragments were collected. But as to quantity,—there Hiram shone, differing from us minor denizens of the Milky Way as one star differeth from another in magnitude. 'It takes coal to run an ingine,' was his classic remark, as he stoked in his fifth doughnut; to which father, only a lap behind, was wont to respond antiphonally, 'Well, Hiram, food's meant to be e't, I cal'late.' No Fletcherism or Parsimony in Nutrition could disturb the calm of such applied Calvinism.

And now Hiram is no more and Ivan Rincsievicz, his successor, sniffs about the kitchen like a hungry hound, awaiting his scientifically balanced ration to be doled out in carefully calculated amounts. For does not my mentor say, 'I have never seen a "stuffer" who was worth much.' Shades of Hiram,—Ichabod! Thy glory has departed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED